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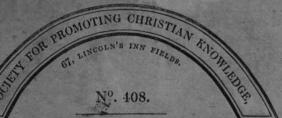




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FIRST TRUTHS;

OR,

LESSONS AND HYMNS

FOR

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

LONDON:

Printed for the

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE;

SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY,
GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

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[408]

1843.

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PREFACE.

THE following Dialogues and Hymns may be taught to children. in illustration of that part of the Church Catechism which states our obligation "to renowace the Devil and all his weeks," and "to believe in God the Father, God the Sen, and God the Holy Ghost." The second Dialogue refers particularly to that sad event in the history of our first parents, which brought sin into the world, and produced the occasion for the interference of the Son and the Holy Ghost for man's restoration to the Divine favour. We cannot too early, nor too carnestly, impress on the human mind, that what we see passing in this world is but a small portion of a long chain of events, of which we know neither the beginning nor the end; those facts only respecting the past and the future having been revealed to man, the knowledge of which may serve to enable him to understand the conditions on which he is placed in this life, and the duties he is called upon to perform in it. We learn from our Bibles, that, owing to circumstances which occurred before our birth, we are born under the displeasure of God, and that the earth, which

we inhabit, is not now in the state in which it came out of the hand of its Creator, but has lost somewhat of its original fertility on our account: in the language of Scripture, "is cursed for our sake." Instead of being in a condition to pay that obedience to our Maker, to which a sense of gratitude for our existence, and our admiration of the benevolence, wisdom, and holiness of the Almighty, might be supposed naturally to incline us, we are represented in Scripture (and the truth of the representation is confirmed by every day's experience) as fallen from our allegiance to our Creator, and as being in some degree under the dominion or influence of an evil spirit, from whom we are warned to withdraw, under the penalty of being condemned to share in his doom, in case we refuse or neglect to comply with the warning given to us; while we have, on the other hand, the most gracious assurances, that if we endeavour to avail ourselves of the opportunity now offered us, of being restored to the Divine favour, we shall receive all necessary aid from heaven in this world, and shall be rewarded with happiness in the presence of God himself, in that which is to come.

N.B. The first four poems being in the form of question and parts of they are to be committed to memory, those parts only be learned which are included in brackets.

THE CREATION.

CHILD.

Who made the ground on which I stand,
And sun that shines above my head?
From whose large stores and bounteous hand
Do men receive their daily bread?

MOTHER.

'Tis God, my child, who doth provide
The blessings which around thee flow;
That man with bread may be supplied,
God makes the fruitful corn to grow.

He made the earth in time of old;
By Him ourselves were made, and live;
The heavens and all thou dost behold,
Their being from His power derive.

The earth was void, and hid in night, God's voice was in the darkness heard; "Let there be light," He said, and light Came forth obedient to His word.

He took the waters from the land; Land, He called Earth, and water, Sea; And earth brought forth, at His command, Green herb and flower and stately tree.

He made the sun and moon arise,
Mark day from night, and rule the year;
With hosts of stars He fill'd the skies,
Each moving in its separate sphere.

When next His power the Lord display'd,
Their scaly race the waters bare;
And fowls in plumage bright array'd,
On flutt'ring wings uprose in air.

Again God spake,—and at His call
Burst into life a various throng,
All cattle, beasts, each insect small,
With serpent tribes that creep along.

Man, lord of all, the last He framed,
With reason and with speech endued;
Who every living creature named,
As each in turn he passing view'd.

Man, man alone, above the ground,
Tow'rds heav'n is made his thought to raise,
To scan the whole creation round,
To know his God, and give Him praise.

Then do not thou, my child, neglect
To bless His name and do His will;
For so thy youth He shall protect,
And keep thee in thine age from ill.

His gracious promise is declared

To all who shall His laws obey;
But pain and grief hath He prepared

For those who walk not in His way.

THE FALL OF MAN.

CHILD.

Look, mother, look, on all around,
What havoc hath the tempest made,
The corn is lodged upon the ground,
The hay is floating down the glade.

'Twas God, you told me, caused the plain Its fruits for our support to yield, Why lets He then the wind and rain Commit such ravage on the field?

MOTHER.

Think not, my child, to comprehend God's secret counsels, or His ways; Sooner to heaven couldst thou ascend, Than find out Him whom heaven obeys.

Yet still in pity to our state,

His word makes known what pass'd of old.

And hence we learn the ills that wait

On those who sinful courses hold.

The earth in radiant beauty shone, When first its Maker stay'd His hand; Nor change in after times had known, If man had kept the Lord's command. When Adam first in Eden placed,
With Eve, in innocence abode,
Nought there of evil could be traced,
But all was good that God bestow'd.

In Paradise were they possess'd
Of all they wanted or desired,
With fruitfulness the ground was bless'd,
Nor labour at man's hand requir'd;

Nor winter's cold, nor summer's heat, Their frame disorder'd or annoy'd; Nor tempest, in that happy seat, Things perfect in their kind destroy'd.

Of all that in the garden grew,

They freely were allow'd to take,

One tree alone reserved they knew,

One only law they must not break.

You ask, what of such happiness
Our parents and their sons bereaved?
Alas! they ventured to transgress
The one commandment they received.

Bad angels, ere the earth was made,
Against th' Almighty dared rebel;
We know not why they disobey'd,
But from their place in heaven they fell.

Beneath a form that pleased the eye,
Their chief our mother's faith assail'd;
O'er Eve, while Adam was not nigh,
By lying speech the fiend prevail'd.

He told her, she had been misled,
That death was but a fable feign'd.
That if upon the fruit she fed,
Thence godlike knowledge would be gain'd.

Oh shun, my child, the tempter's voice,
Which bids thee disbelieve thy God;
The wicked ever will rejoice
To see thee walk where they have trod.

Lend not thine ear to speech profane,
Nor let vain thoughts to thee be told;
No virtuous mind, without some stain,
With wicked lips can converse hold.

The fatal fruit Eve rashly took,
And tasting, part to Adam gave;
Till he with her his God forsook,
And bound himself to sin a slave.

No godlike knowledge then they found,
Their knowledge led to shame and fear;
They hid them at that voice's sound,
Which they had joy'd till then to hear.

Compell'd to leave their hiding place, They heard the righteous Judge declare, That they, and all their future race, Should eat the bread of toil and care.

Untill'd, no longer should the earth
Her treasures offer to the sun,
But slowly to her fruits give birth,
With thorns and noxious weeds o'errun.

How true His word,—since that dark hour To labour doom'd, man eats his bread, Now sinking 'neath the sun's fierce power, Now tempests bursting o'er his head.

Nor long our bodies shall the strife Of warring elements sustain; From dust we quicken'd into life, And into dust shall turn again.

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The stains of sin have render'd base
The work, which God created fair;
Yet is th' Almighty full of grace;
And though offended, loves to spare.

New bodies after death His power,
To those who serve Him here, shall give;
Neglect not then the passing hour,
But seek the Lord, my child, and live.

REDEMPTION.

CHILD.

MOTHER, thou saidst that, when in death
This mortal flesh was laid aside,
God would recal his servants' breath,
And new abodes for them provide.

His mercy, those who serve Him here, Again may quicken from the dust; But much, dear mother, much I fear, That God, though merciful, is just.

Tell me, oh! tell me, do you think
He will His grace to me extend?
I feel my heart within me sink,
When daily 'gainst Him I offend.

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In vain I urge my stubborn mind
The duty which I owe to pay;
A power within myself I find
That forces me to go astray.

MOTHER.

Fear not, my child, or with thy fear
Let hope within thy bosom dwell;
Let it rejoice thy heart to hear
God's word of peace and pardon tell.

Betake thee to the sacred book,

Its pages will true wisdom yield;

Nor think thyself concern'd to look

Beyond what God hath there reveal'd.

To His high counsels to ascend,
And scan His secrets, suits not thee;
Think not on earth to comprehend
How grace with justice can agree.

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Though man could ne'er for sin atone, By aught that he could do or say, Yet God is pleased to make it known, That He will put our guilt away.

A ray of hope on man forlorn,
With pitying eye, His mercy shed,
And show'd that "one of woman born,
Should bruise the treach'rous serpent's head."

Prophets were sent, with purpose kind,
These mystic words to make more clear,
And to reveal th' Almighty's mind,
While days of brighter hope drew near.

They show'd that one of royal birth
Should from a spotless virgin spring,
Whose suff'rings should, on all the earth,
A blessing in due season bring.

They show'd that God in later days,
His Spirit on all flesh should send;
And that to all who give Him praise,
A willing ear should always lend.

They show'd that all the nations round Jehovah's name in time should learn, Till man in every region found, At length should to His worship turn.

The Son of God, our souls to save,
Was scourg'd with rods, insulted, slain;
For man descended to the grave,
Nor till the third day rose again.

From earth exalted to the skies, Mankind to mercy He commends; Meanwhile, unseen by human eyes, His Spirit in His stead descends. On man that Spirit deigns abide,
Which will his heart for heaven prepare,
Of all the Comforter and Guide,
Who seek His gracious aid by prayer.

Ask not why Christ the earth should tread,
To free us from the snares of vice;
Or why His precious blood He shed,
To pay for man so vast a price:

Why God our parents bade obey,
When He foresaw that they would fall;
Or why He formed them from the clay,
Or why He made the earth at all;

Such knowledge hope not to attain,
It is too wonderful for thee;
Nor thy imperfect vision strain
In search of things thou canst not see.

God's will, and not His plans, explore; So seeking thou shalt surely find; His holy name through Christ adore; His peace shall calm thy troubled mind.

In hope, then, eat thy daily bread,
Securely lay thee down to rest,
Since Christ is risen from the dead,
That man may through His means be blest.

And though the trumpet's awful tone
Must summon all men from the tomb
To stand before their Judge's throne,
And hear Him pass their final doom;

Yet they, who have not scorn'd His grace, But in His truth have here believed, In heav'n shall surely find a place, 'Mongst those, whom He will own received.]

PRAYER.

CHILD.

TEACH me, my Mother, what to say When I to heav'n my prayer address.

MOTHER.

In words like these when thou dost pray,

Thy faith and hope thou may'st express—

[Oh Thou, who mad'st the sea and land, And over all dost reign, This day the creature of Thy hand With daily bread sustain. O Thou, who on the cross didst bleed To save man's guilty race, For my transgressions intercede Before the throne of grace.

O Thou, who once in tongues of fire Didst visibly descend, The aid my weakness doth require, In every trial lend.

Lord, with the Gospel in my hand,
Thy ways may I explore,
And what I cannot understand
With humble faith adore.

Until in heav'n, Thy dwelling-place,
Among the blest enroll'd,
Thy throne I may approach, Thy face
With angels may behold.

All praise and glory be on high,
To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
One God unseen by human eye,
Nor fitly by man's tongue express'd.

We seek not here to comprehend
What lies in mystery conceal'd,
In time shall man to heav'n ascend,
Where things now hid shall be reveal'd.

DEVOTION.

To Thee, O Lord, to Thee the voice of prayer
Shall from my lips each morn and evining rise;
For eviry night I rest beneath Thy care,
And daily bread Thy providence supplies.

By thanks our sense of gratitude is shown,
When men their favours or their gifts bestow;
Then never let my tongue forget to own
The blessings that from Thee unceasing flow.

When thrones and sceptred princes we address,
We mark our decent awe with bended knee;
Thy rule then teach us kneeling to confess;
For what are earthly kings compared with Thee?

Thee, Power Supreme, Thine ev'ry work declares, In Thee all might and majesty reside, And Thou alone hast promised to our prayers, That, when we ask, we shall not be denied.

PRAISE FOR GOD'S MERCIES.

O God, from whom alone proceed
Each holy thought and righteous deed,
Incline our hearts Thy power to own,
And make Thy wondrous mercies known.

When darkness yet was over all, Light came obedient to Thy call; Thy voice from chaos bade arise The fruitful earth and beauteous skies.

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When guilt man's innocence had stain'd, And sin and death in triumph reign'd, Thy love a ransom did provide, And for our crimes the Saviour died.

And now on those who in His name
Thy gracious promises shall claim,
Thy Holy Spirit will abide,
Their hearts will cleanse, their actions guide.

Redeem'd and aided thus, we trust To rise to glory with the just; That glory which by Thee prepared, Nor eye hath seen, nor tongue declared.

Then let us all with hymns and songs Praise Him, to whom all praise belongs, Whose word shall never pass away Though heav'n and earth shall both decay.

THE CREATURES OF GOD.

Wно shall Thy works, O Lord, declare, The earth, the seas, the sky? The fleecy clouds spread out in air The stars that shine on high?

The countless host of living things
That testify Thy might,
Of whom each hour fresh myriads brings
Within our wond'ring sight?

All these Thy sov'reign rule confess,
The heavens Thy voice obey,
The greater light succeeds the less,
And night gives place to day.

The brutes by nature's instinct led,
According to their kind,
All in their proper circles tread,
By Providence assign'd.

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Man only, man, with reason blest,
Is rebel to Thy will;
And favour'd far above the rest,
Thy gift perverts to ill.

And can he think, when he hath known
Thy power on all beside,
That power shall be by him alone
Eluded or defied?

Oh let us then, without delay,
Thy saving grace implore,
Before this world shall pass away,
And pardon be no more.

A PRAYER.

Almighty God, from whom alone proceed All holy thoughts, and ev'ry righteous deed, Give us Thy grace, that so we may obey Thy will, and fear Thee while on earth we stay: And make us fit, when life's short race is run,
And all mankind shall stand before Thy Son,
In heaven's bright realms, from sin and sorrow free,
To dwell with angels, and abide with Thee.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

PRAISE be to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
From man on earth, as from heaven's glorious host:
Praise to three Persons in one God combined,
For thus to praise Thee, Christ hath taught mankind.

Spirit, who didst of old the prophets guide,
Now on Thy church dost secretly abide,
Teach us by faith Jehovah to adore,
His will, and not His nature, to explore:
His works proclaim Him powerful, good, and wise,
His Gospel tells us we through Christ shall rise;
What further can we seek on earth to know,
Save how to pay the duty that we owe?

In heav'n His glory shall unveil'd be shown, And man with angels stand beside His throne.

A THANKSGIVING.

Praise be to God on earth—what tongue can show Thy works, O Lord, or pay the thanks we owe ?— Thy glorious praise in heav'n the angels sung, When light by Thy command from darkness sprung: Our parents' foul transgression they bewail'd; The Saviour's birth in strains of gladness hail'd; With awe beheld Him on the cross expire; And gazed with wonder on the tongues of fire; And now in heaven they wait with longing eyes Till judgment comes to end these mysteries. Lord, let not man the passing hour neglect, Or offer'd pardon impiously reject: The Power that cured the deaf, the lame, the blind, Can melt man's heart of stone, and bend his mind

To bless Thee for the means of present grace, The hope of future glory to embrace. Let not Thy sons, by pleasure led astray, Their souls again to sin and death betray; Or with vain fears disgrace Thy holy name, And join in acts of vice from worldly shame. Widely they err who take for wisdom's rules The sneer of scorners, or the jest of fools; And Thou, O Lord, in heaven ashamed wilt be Of him, who is on earth ashamed of Thee.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

Almight Father, by Thy word
Was light from darkness made;
Thy voice the deep in silence heard,
And sea and land display'd.

Fair forms to life in bright array
At Thy commandment sprung,
The angels hail'd each joyful day,
And loud hosannas sung.

Thy wisdom saw that all was good,
Then all on man bestow'd;
The produce of the ground for food,
The earth for his abode.

But what are these Thy gifts, compared With that high act of grace,
By which Thou pardon hast declar'd
To all our guilty race?

For us Thine only Son the pains
Of death did undergo,
To put away from us those stains
Himself could never know.

On us, unworthy as we are,
That Spirit doth descend
Which with Thy name we join in prayer,
Nor seek to comprehend.

May then the mercies we have known
Our hearts to mercy move,
Our gratitude in deeds be shown
Of charity and love.

Thou wilt not bulls and goats should bleed,
Or smoke of incense rise;
To succour those who are in need,
To God is sacrifice.

And freely will his hand bestow,
Whose heart shall duly weigh
How much to Thee, O Lord, we owe,
How little we can pay.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, When her Son the Virgin bare; Round them, lo! a glorious light Pour'd its radiance through the air.

Angels' voices fill'd the sky,

Thus the strain celestial ran

"Glory be to God on high,

"Peace on earth, good-will to man."

When to Israel God of old
Through the law declared His will,
Lightnings flash'd and thunders roll'd
Round the cloud on Sina's hill.

Bethlehem our Redeemer hail'd In the person of a child; Joy, unmixed with fear, prevail'd When a gracious infant smiled.

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Judah's voice in former days
Own'd in God a mighty King:
Christians, when ye give Him praise,
Of a loving Father sing.

O ye people, of that birth
In each land and region tell,
How th' Almighty down to earth
Sent His Son with us to dwell.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

Praise the Lord!—This sacred day
Must not pass unheeded by;
Earth, to put her guilt away,
Saw this day the Saviour die;

Saw Him torn with many a wound,
Gasping on the cross for breath,
Till the head, which thorns had crown'd,
Meekly was bow'd down in death.

Think how deep was the disease

That required so sharp a cure,

Think how ye should strive to please

Him who did these woes endure.

Nought on Him ye can bestow, But His law ye may obey, And the debt to Christ ye owe, To His brethren ye may pay.

Feed the hungry, help the poor,
All who injure you, forgive;
So shall you for evermore,
Through His grace in glory live.

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EASTER-DAY.

Christ, our Lord, is risen to-day, Death hath yielded up his prey: Be this day in triumph hail'd, Christ o'er Satan hath prevail'd.

God His purpose hath fulfill'd Which before the worlds He will'd; Which in mysteries of old Through His prophets He foretold.

Man to pardon is restored, Blessed be Thy name, O Lord. Powers of hell, ye rage in vain, Sin and death no longer reign. Let the people raise their voice; In Hosannas loud rejoice; Far and wide the tidings spread, Christ is risen from the dead.

ASCENSION-DAY.

"MEN of Galilee, why here
"Stand ye wond'ring at the sight?
"So shall He again appear
"Who to heaven hath ta'en His flight."

Thus the angels, when amazed,
And like men of hope bereaved,
The disciples upward gazed
At the cloud which Christ received.

'Tis not outward force we fear,
But the foe that lurks within;
Spirit blest, Thy servants hear,
Cleanse, O cleanse our hearts from sin.

THE END.



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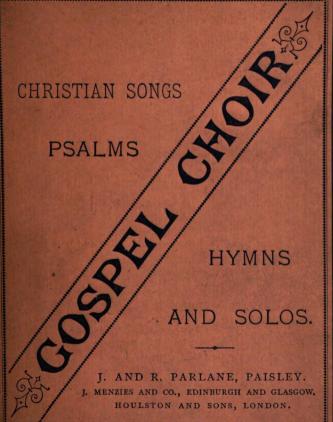
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1 Sept. 1896

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EDITED BY

R. STEWART, S.S.C., Howm. Tonic Sol-fa College.

J. AND R. PARLANE, PAISLEY.

J. MENZIES AND CO., EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.
HOULSTON AND SONS, LONDON.

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THE GOSPEL CHOIR.

I will Praise my Lord. Psalm cxlv. 2.

1 I will praise my Lord when the morning breaks.

And the gladsome earth from its silence

wakes: I will praise my Lord in the still calm

Ere the stars grow dim in the dawning light.

|| I will praise His name, for 'tis joy to sing. With the angel throng as they crown Him

2 I will praise my Lord when the shadows

steep;

When the stars come out in the silent sky. I will lift my heart to the Throne on High'

3 I will praise my Lord in the shining hours.

When the path I tread is a path of flow'rs; I will praise Him still when the bright wreaths fade

And the flow'rs of hope in the dust are laid.

The King's Highway. Numbers xx. 17.

1 Our God will guide us right-and, walking in the light,

We shall win a crown of glory in the day, When Jesus calls His own together round

the throne-Who keep along the middle of the King's Highway-

The King's Highway, the King's Highway — O turn aside from ev'rything that leads astrau!

Our God will guide us right -- and, walking in the light,

We'll keep along the middle of the King's Highwan.

2 Wherever you may be, whatever you 4 may see

That would lead you into evil, say you " Nay "-"I will not turn aside, whatever may

I'll keep along the middle of the

King's Highway.'

3 The meadows may be green where bye-Ito say : path stile is seen; [to say; "Turn aside," the little flowers seem

Be sure you take no heed, they're try-

ing to mislead, Just keep along the middle of the King's Highway.

on enchanted ground, there's 4 For. danger all around,

And a thousand pleasant voices bid

you stay :

With fingers stop your ears, and never mind their jeers-Just keep along the middle of the

King's Highway.

O'er the quiet vale and the mountain 3 Make me Flourish like the Palm.

1 Planted in Thy house, O Lord, 'Mid the trees of righteousness. Water'd by Thy holy word, Beautified with precious grace. Ransom'd child of Thine I am-Make me flourish like the palm.

2 Let my wings of faith, wide spread, Bear me to the Mercy-seat; Blend my spirit with its Head, Make me thus in Christ complete: So my heart—pure, firm, and calm— Lives to flourish like the palm.

3 Let my leaves be green and fair, Cluster'd fruits in me abound ; All my deeds Thy love declare, All my hopes in Thee be found: Life shall be a joyous psalm-Graceful, useful, like the palm.

4 When full age at last has come, When beyond the Jordan-tide. Garner'd to my heav'nly home-Let me with the glorified Sing the triumphs of the Lamb-Bear a conq'ror's fadeless palm.

My Life's a Shade. Psalm xxxix. 5.

1 My life's a shade, my days Apace to death decline; My Lord is life, He'll raise My dust again, ev'n mine-Sweet truth to me! I shall arise, And with these eyes my Saviour see.

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- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep My bones till that sweet day I wake from my long sleep, And leave my bed of clay—
- 3 My Lord His angels shall
 Their golden trumpets sound,
 At whose most welcome call
 My grave shall be unbound—
- 4 I said sometimes with tears,
 "Ah me! I'm loath to die!"
 Lord, silence Thou these fears;
 My life's with Thee on high-
- 5 Then welcome, harmless grave! By thee to heaven I 'll go; My Lord His death shall save Me from the flames below—

5 We Journey through a Wilderness. Exodus iii. 8.

1 We journey through a wilderness Of many toils and dangers, Where, like our fathers in the past, We pilgrims are and strangers.

> O land above —a land of love, With milk and honey flowing; Its visions bright our souls delight, And there we now are going!

- 2 Our glorious Leader makes a cloud By day to go before us, And with the night our eyes behold A flery pillar o'er us.
- 3 The early morn its goodly store Of manna still is bringing, While cooling streams to quench our thirst

From out the Rock are springing.

4 O, soon Jehovah's voice divine Old Jordan's waves will sever; His hand will lead us safely o'er To dwell with Him for ever.

6 When the Mists have roll'd away.

1 When the mists have roll'd in splendour From the beauty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in gladness on the rills, We may read love's shining letter In the rainbow of the spray— We shall know each other better. When the mists have roll'd away. We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone In the dawning of the morning Of the bright and glorious day, In the dawning of the morning When the musts have roll'd away.

2 If we err, in human blindness, And forget that we are dutt! If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just; Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the anguish of the day— When the weary watch is over, And the mists have roll'd away.

When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have roll'd away.

3 If we tread the path before us
With a weary, burden'd heart—
If we toil amid the shadows,
And our work is far apart—
Then our Saviour's—Come, ye blessed—
All our labours shall repay—
When we gather in the morning,
And the mists have roll'd away.

When be cloud, between the state of the stat

And the mists have roll'd away.

When the clouds have soar'd above us, As our Father knows His own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Then the song of our salvation Shall resound through endless day—And our troubles shall be ended When the mists have roll'd away!

Christ receiveth sinful men.*

1 "Jesus sinners will receive!"
Say this word of grace to all
Who the heav'nly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall;
This can bring them back again—
"Christ receiveth sinful men!"

Christ receiveth sinful men!

2 Sick and sorrowful and blind, I with all my sins drew nigh— O my Saviour, Thou can'st find Help for sinners such as I— Speak that word of love again, "Christ receiveth sinful men!"

3 Yes, my soul is comforted; For Thy blood hath wash'd away All my sins, though crimson red, And I stand in white array; I am cleans'd from ev'ry stain— "Christ receiveth sinful men!"

*See alternative setting, No. 409.

4 "Christ receiveth sinful men"—
Even me with all my sin;
Heav'n for me He won again,
And with Him, I'll enter in—
Death hath no more sting nor pain—
"Christ receiveth sinful men!"

Come unto Me.

Matt. xi. 28.

1 "Come unto Me"--

8

in measur'd tones and low, "Come unto Me"--

how sweet the accents flow!

"Come unto Me"—
O gentle voice divine!

"Come unto Me"—
desire and love combine!

Weavyladen souls, whate'er your burden be-Seeking after rest.—"Come unto Me"— "Come unto Me"—"Come unto Me"— "I will give you rest, whate'er your burden be!"

2 "Come unto Me"-

the lips with mercy stream,

"Come unto Me" the eyes with love light beam,

"Come unto Me"-

the out-held hands implore,
"Come unto Me"—
such words none spake before.

3 "Come unto Me" dear toiling ones, obey!

"Come unto Me" – O sinners, hear to-day!

"Come unto Me" the welcome is to all—

"Come unto Me" —
'tis Jesus makes the call!

Christ is Precious. 1 Peter ii. 7.

1 Christ is precious - do you doubt Him? Cast on Him your ev'ry care! Tell Him all your griefs and sorrows—

He will ev'ry burden bear.

Christ is precious — Christ is precious! He's the Life, the Truth, the Way; And His loving arms about me Fold me closer ev'ry day!

2 Christ is precious—only trust Him, Hope and comfort He can give; Jesus-died—from sin to save you, He will teach you how to live. 3 Christ is precious—come and try Him, Come and seek His love to day; At His feet lay down your burden— Bear the joyful song away!

10 Art thou Ready?

1 Soon the evening shadows, falling, Close the day of mortal life; Soon the hand of death, appalling, Draws thee from its weary strife;

Art thou ready? art thou ready? 'T'is the Spirit calling --why delay! Art thou ready! art thou ready! Do not linger longer—come to-day!

2 Soon the awful trumpet, sounding, Calls thee to the judgment throne; Now prepare—for love, abounding, Yet has left thee not alone.

3 O, how fatal 'tis to linger!
Art thou ready—ready now?
Ready, should death's icy finger
Lay its chill upon thy brow?

4 Priceless love and full salvation Freely still are offered thee; Yield no longer to temptation, But from sin and sorrow fiee!

11 The Beautiful Way. Luke i. 79—John xiv. 6.

1 Beautiful Way—hallow'd and blest! Leading us home to a mansion of rest; Wisdom declares—happy are they— Walking with God, in the Beautiful Way!

2 Softly a voice murmurs within, Turn from the world and the pleasures of sin;

Come and rejoice—why will ye stay? Walk in the shining—the Beautiful Way!

3 Beautiful Way! peaceful and bright, Gently from Eden reflecting the light; Cheerful the beam—tranquil the ray, Guiding the soul in the Beautiful Way!

4 Beautiful Way!—gladly we sing; Praise and thanksgiving to Jesus we bring:

Still may His love teach us to pray— Help us to walk in the Beautiful Way!

12 Who are these Arrayed in White?

1 "Who are these array'd in white, And whence came they—

Praising God by day and night?"
He bade me say;
And I answer'd, "Thou dost know;"
And then He said,
"That their robes, as white as snow,
They had wash'd in blood below
By Jesus shed."

Who are these in robes of white? Saints of God whose toils are o'er, Praising God by day and night— For evermore.

2 These are they who bore the shame
For love of God;
And through tribulation came—
By fire and flood;
Palms of vict'ry now they bear—
Their struggle o'er;
They have neither pain nor care;
Their's the heavenly mausions fair
For evermore.

3 They shall never hunger more—
Nor thirst again;
All their sufferings are o'er—
From cruel men;
In the temple of the skies
Tis their's to stay;
God shall meet their wants that rise,
And the tears that dim their eyes
Shall wipe away.

13 The Pearly Gates.

1 The pearly gates are open And you may enter in, Wash'd, spotless and forgiven, Without one stain of sin.

2 The blood-bought hosts are singing— Before the throne they stand; Eternal praises swelling, And thou may'st join the band.

8 Hark! louder hallelujahs, Like surges of the sea, Roll o'er the jasper city, With heav'nly melody.

4 The streets with gold are gleaming, And soon we shall be there; And Christ shall bid us welcome, His loving home to share.

5 No pain, no grief, no sorrow— For night is chang'd to day; In God's eternal morrow All tears are wip'd away! 6 O wilt thou come to Jesus?
In love He calls to thee—
His blood-stain'd arms are open—
To Him for mercy flee!

4 Over Jordan.

Josh. ii 11.

1 With His dear and loving care, Will the Saviour lead us on To the hills and valleys fair, Over Jordan?

Yes—we'll rest our weary feet By the crystal waters sweet, When the peaceful shore we greet, Over Jordan!

Over Jordan! over Jordan!
Yes —we'll rest our weary feet
By the crystal waters sweet,
Over Jordan! over Jordan!
When the peaceful shore we greet,
Over Jordan!

2 Through the rocky wilderness, Will the Saviour lead us on To the land we shall possess Over Jordan? Yes—by night the wondrous ray,

Cloudy pillar by the day— They shall guide us on our way, Over Jordan!

3 With His strong and mighty hand, Will the Saviour lead us on To that good and pleasant land, Over Jordan?

Yes—where vine and olive grow, And the brooks and fountains flow, Thirst nor hunger shall we know, Over Jordan!

4 In the Promis'd Land to be, Will the Saviour lead us on Till fair Canaau's shore we see, Over Jordan?

Yes—to dwell with Thee at last, Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the parted wave be pass'd Over Jordan!

15 Trust, 0, Trust your Father.

1 Lo! the lilies—how they grow 'Neath spring rains descending; 'Tis your Father clothes them so, Their sweet graces blending; Why then are ye full of care—Since His love is ev'rywhere? Trust, 0, trust your Father—

- 2 Take no thought what ye shall eat,
 Trouble never borrow;
 He who gives all creatures meat,
 Will provide to-morrow;
 He who hears the raven's cry
 Surely cannot you deny—
 Trust, O, trust your Father!
- 3 Trust, O, trust your Father's care; Living Bread He's given; Raiment, too, both white and fair, He provides in Heaven; He will there His work complete, For the life is more than meat— Trust, O, trust your Father!
- 16 Come, O come.

 12 Come, O come, with thy broken heart,
 Weary and worn with care;
 Come and kneel at the open door,
 Jesus is waiting there!
 Waiting to heal thy wounded soul,
 Waiting to give thee rest;
 Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall?
 Come to His loving breast!
- 2 Firmly cling to His blessed cross, There shall thy refuge be; Wash thee now in the crimson fount— Flowing so free for thee; List to the gentle warning voice, List to the earnest call, Leave at the cross thy burden now—
- Jesus will bear it all!
 3 Come, and taste of the precious feast,
 Feast of eternal love;
 Think of joys that for ever bloom,

Bright in the life above;
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be sav'd by grace;
Come, for He loves to clasp thee now,
Close in His dear embrace!

Close in His dear embrace!

There is Joy in Heaven.

Luke xv. 10.
There is joy, there is joy . . . in Heav'n.

1 A ransom'd soul returns— The paths of sin forsaking; And while his sad heart mourns,

The harps of God are waking.

All the golden bells are ringing,
All the angel choirs are singing;
All the mighty angels say,

All the mighty angels say,
"There is joy in heav'n to-day—
There is joy, joy, joy to-day."

- 2 A weeping sinner kneels, The chains of death are broken, And soon his glad heart feels The Saviour's welcome spoken.
- 3 No news of pain or care
 The jasper sea o'er-reaching,
 But sweet is echo'd there
 The contrite heart's beseeching.
- 4 0! then to God return— Come back and be forgiven, And soon thy heart shall learn To know the joy of Heaven.

Jesus is a Rock. Isa. xxxii. 2.—1 Cor. x. 4.

- 1 Jesus is a Rock in a weary land, A weary land, a weary land; Jesus is a Rock in a weary land— A Shelter in the time of storm; I love the Lord, I know I do— My Shelter in the time of storm; And that's not all, He loves me too—
 - My Shelter in the time of storm—

 O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
 A meany land, a weary land;
 - A weary land, a weary land;
 A weary land, a weary land;
 Jesus is a Rock in a weary land—
 A Shelter in the time of storm.
- 2 A long time dead in sin I lay—
 No shelter in the time of storm;

 I fear'd to think of-the judgment-day —
 No shelter in the time of storm—
- 3 But now I've fled from Satan's pow'r—
 Found shelter in the time of storm;
 I rest in Jesus at this hour,

My Shelter in the time of storm—

- 4 He hides me from the wrath of God; My Shelter in the time of storm; He-has eas'd my conscience of sin's load; My Shelter in the time of storm—
- 5 He shields my soul from ev'ry harm; My Shelter in the time of storm; He gives me peace amidst alarm; My Shelter in the time of storm—
- 6 Come, brother, flee for refuge too, Find shelter in the time of storm; There's room beneath its shade for you— This Shelter in the time of storm—
- 7 And when on earth we need no more A shelter in the time of storm, We'll praise Him on the golden shore, Our Shelter in the time of storm—

19 So Tender, so Precious.

1 So tender, so precious, My Saviour to me, So true and so faithful; I've found Him to be; How can I but love Him;

But love Him—but love Him! There's no friend above Him, Poor sinner, for thee!

2 So patient, so kindly
To all my sad ways;
I blunder so blindly,
He love still repays.

3 Of all friends, the fairest And truest is He; His love is the rarest That ever can be.

4 His beauty, though bleeding And circl'd with thorns, Is then most exceeding, For grief Him adorns!

20

Freely to All. Acts xiii. 38, 39.

1 Jesus now offers forgiveness of sin Freely to all, freely to all; Pardon and purity—peace within— Freely, yes, freely to all!

Come! to Jesus—His blessing receive— Come! to Jesus—in Him you may live; He is waiting salvation to give— Freely, yes, freely to all!

2 Jesus the water of Life will give . . . Life unto all who on Him believe . . .

3 Jesus has promis'd the bread of Heav'n,... Ne'er shall they hunger to whom it is giv'n . . .

4 Haste, then, accept of His proffer'd love, . . .

So you may win the crown promis'd above . . .

21

On the Lord's Side. Exodus xxxii 26.

1 Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?

By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm Enter we the army, Raise the warrior-psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom He died; He whom Jesus nameth

Must be on His side:
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

8 Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood, For Thy diadem;

With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free:
By Thy great Redemption,

By Thy great Redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

4 Fierce may be the conflict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own army None can overthrow; Round His standard ranging, Vict'ry is secure—

For His truth, unchanging,
Makes the triumph sure:
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,

We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine!

22 Sons of God—Belov'd in Jesus.

1 Sons of God, belov'd in Jesus!
0, the wondrous word of grace!
In His Son the Father sees us,
And as sons He gives us place.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear... we shall be like Him..., for we shall see Him as He is.

2 Blessed hope now brightly beaming! On our God we soon shall gazeAnd, in light celestial gleaming, We shall see our Saviour's face.

3 By the pow'r of grace transforming, We shall then His image bear: Christ his promis'd word performing, We shall then His glory share.

The Race set Before Us. 23 Hebrews xii. 1.

1 There is a path our feet inviting. There is a good we may obtain, There is a hope our hearts inciting. There is a goal that we may gain.

O then away! thy course pursuing. O yes, away ! nor linger here : Awan! awan! thu strength renewing. O yes, away! the end is near.

2 There is a sin our steps impeding. There is a weight to lay aside. There is a cheer for patient speeding. There is a help that doth abide.

3 There is a crown laid up before us. There is a prize for those who win, There is a host around and o'er us. There is a sound of joy within.

All who would be Disciples. John xii. 26.

1 All who would be disciples of Jesus. Striving a crown of glory to win-Many temptations have to contend with, Luring them back to folly and sin

Trust in His promise, yes, trust in His promise -

Trust in His promise and He will fulfil; Trust in His promise, yes, trust in His 3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld. promise-

Trust in His promise and all will be well.

2 All who would be disciples of Jesus, Must in His vineyard toiling be found, Never complaining small though the (ground. wages. And though all hard and sterile the

3 All who would be disciples of Jesus, With willing hearts His bidding must 4 My heart is resting, 0 my God:

heed. Taking His cross with gladness upon

Doing His will in word and in deed.

O. 'tis Glory in my Soul. Col. i. 27.

1 To Thy cross, O Christ, I'm clinging, All my refuge and my plea;

Matchless is Thy loving-kindness. Else it had not stoop'd to me.

O'tis alory - O'tis alory -O'tis aloru in mu soul! For I've touch'd the hem of His garment, And His pow'r doth make me whole!

2 Long my heart hath heard Thee calling. But I thrust aside Thy grace; Yet. O boundless condescension. Love is shining from Thy face.

3 Life eternal—light eternal— Close me safely, sweetly in; Saviour, let Thy balm of healing Ever keep me free from sin.

My Heart is Resting. 26 Psalm xxxvii. 7.

1 My heart is resting, O my God! I will give thanks and sing: My heart is at the secret source Of ev'ry precious thing;

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made No hand but Thine shall fill; For the waters of the earth have fail'd.

And I am thirsting still.

2 I thirst for springs of heav'nly life. And here all day they rise:

I seek the treasure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies; And a new song is in my mouth.

To long-lov'd music set--Glory to Thee for all the grace I have not tasted yet.

For want and weakness known,

And the fear that sends me to Thyself For what is most my own:

I have a heritage of joy, That yet I must not see;

But the hand that bled to make it mine

Is keeping it for me.

My heart is in Thy care; I hear the voice of joy and health Resounding ev'rywhere:

"Thou art my portion saith my soul"*

Ten thousand voices say-And the music of their glad "Amen" Will never die away!

* Lam. iii. 24.

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1 O precious grace of God's dear Lamb, The grace that makes me what I am! Thro' all my life my cry shall be— See what His grace has done for me!

Free grace shall be my song
Till all the saints the sound prolong;
No works of mine can e'er atone,
For I am savd by grace alone!

- 2 'Twas grace that led my wand'ring feet To find at last the Mercy-Seat; And grace arrays me in the dress Of my Redeemer's righteousness.
- 3 'Tis all of grace, the light, the strength,
 That brings my soul to heav'n at
 length;

That brightens all the cloudy way, Till clouds are lost in endless day.

No-not Despairingly.

- 1 No, not despairingly cleave I to Thee; No, not distrustingly bend I the knee: Sin hath gone over me, Yet is this still my plea, Jesus hath died for me— Jesus hath died.
- 2 Lord, I confess to Thee—sadly my sin; Now, tell I all to thee—all I have been; Purge Thou my sin away, Wash Thou my soul this day, Take Thou my sin away— Lord, make me clean.
- 3 Faithful and just art Thou—forgiving all;
 Loving and kind art Thou—when sorrows call:

Lord, let the cleansing blood— Let that dear healing flood— Blood of the Lamb of God— Pass o'er my soul.

4 Then all is peace and light, this soul within:

Thus shall I walk with Thee—Thou
Lov'd Unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God —

Leaning on Thee, my God — Foll'wing where Thou hast trod— Guided along the road— Nothing between!

29 Our Letter from the King.

1 We have a Great and Mighty King!
Who rules a famous land;
And music floats through gates of pear!

That always open stand!

While bells of heaven ring,

While bells of heaven ring!

white betts of heaven ring!
And music floats through gates of pearl,
While bells of heaven ring!
And here's a letter calling us—

2 And here's a letter calling us— A letter from the King— Inviting all to come to Him— While bells of heaven ring!

3 Our King is called the Wonderful, The Mighty and the Fair; His names are in our bible here, Our letter, too, is there.

4 So, day by day, we read it o'er— Our letter from the King! And marching to'ard the open gates Break forth in joy and sing.

30

O could I find.

While leaning on His word!

1 O could I find from day to day
A nearness to my Lord,
Then would my hours glide sweet away

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live Anew from day to day, In joys the world can never give

Nor ever take away.

3 Bless'd Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may nevermore depart,

Nor grieve Thy love divine,
4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;

And when my frame dissolves in death
My soul shall love Thee more.

31 For ever Thine.

John xvii. 10.

1 O Thou who hast my ransom paid, On Thee my load of sin was laid; To Thee my all I now resign, For I am Thine, for ever Thine!

For ever Thine! can words express
Thy wondrous love. Thy tenderness?
Thy mercy, love, and grace combine
To make me Thine, for ever Thine!

- 2 Afar from Thee I wander'd long, Redeeming love is now my song— On me the beams of mercy shine— For I am Thine, for ever Thine!
- 3 The world no more enchains my soul, I bow alone to Thy control; I only know Thy will divine— For I am Thine—for ever Thine!
- 4 With grateful heart Thy praise I sing, My hopes, my fears, to Thee I bring; Faith's sweet assurance now is mine— For I am Thine—for ever Thine!

32 Where He may Lead I'll follow.

1 I know not what awaits me, God kindly veils mine eyes, And o'er each step of my onward way He makes new scenes to rise; And ev'ry joy He sends me comes,

A sweet and glad surprise.

Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose:
And ev'ry hour in perfect peace
I'll sing He knows, He knows.

2 One step I see before me, "Tis all I need to see;

The light of heav'n more brightly shines
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence comes

And sweetly through the silence cor His loving "Follow Me."

3 O blissful lack of wisdom, 'Tis blessed not to know;

He holds me with His own right hand, And will not let me go,

And lulls my troubled soul to rest In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go, not knowing,

I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;

I'd rather walk by faith with Him Than go alone by sight.

33 I trust, O Lord, in Thee.

1 I do believe that Jesus died, To save a world from woe, That on the cross the Crucified His mighty love did show; I do believe Thy gospel true

Would come at Go is commend; But how to come, or what to do; I cannot and are ind! 2 I ask'd a little child—her face With angel light a-glow, How she obtain'd forgiving grace,

That I her joy might know –
A look she gave of sad surprise –

That I should doubting be;
While tear-drops fill'd the wond'ring eyes,
She answer'd—"He loves me."

3 "I would see Jesus, sir," said I,
To one in manhood's prime,
"For refuge to the rock would fly

"For refuge to the rock would fly In this accepted time; Tell me, for I would come to day,

Tell me, for I would come to day, Shew me the way, and how;" He read the words—"I am the way"— And said—"Just trust Him now."

4 "Dear aged pilgrim, drawing near To death's dark, shad'wy vale, How dost thou read thy 'title clear,' Does saving grace avail?"

He answer'd, as he near'd the shore, And earth's lights grew more dim— "For ever and for ever more

"For ever and for ever more Trust all, alone to Him."

5 Jesus, Thou Son of God, to Thee I breathe this pray'r sincere; Thine, Thine for ever, would I be, O save me now and here; It was Thy plan, and not my own

That Thou should'st die for me;
Thine is the pow'r, and Thine alone—
I trust, O Lord, in Thee.

34 A little Talk with Jesus.

1 A little talk with Jesus!
It smooths the rugged road,

It seems to help me onward,
When fainting neath my load:
When, worn by care and sorrow,

My eyes with tears are dim,
There is nothing can give me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

A little talk with Jesus — A little talk with Jesus! There is nothing giveth me comfort Like a little talk with Him!

2 A little talk with Jesus Alone in secret pray'r—

It gives me strength and courage, Life's many toils to bear; And though I sometimes falter

Because the way is dim,
There is nothing can cheer me onward
Like a little talk with Him!

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3 The way is long and dreary
To yonder far off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Doth while away the time;
The more I learn to know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It sets me ever longing
To know Him more and more.

4 I'll trust and wait with patience Till my appointed time, And glory in the knowledge That such a trust is mine; Then, where no hearts are weary, No eyes with tears are dim, He will talk with me for ever, And I will talk with Him!

35 'Tis found above—in Heaven. Revelation xxi. 4.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast— 'Tis found above, in Heav'n.

2 There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driv'n— When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear—but heav'n.

3 True faith lifts up her cheerful eye To brighter prospects giv'n; And views the tempest passing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all screne—in Heav'n.

4 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are giv'n; There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the confines of the tomb Appears the dawn of Heav'n.

The Call of the Roll. Psalm exxvii. 2.—Acts vii. 60.

1 Sadly from the field of conflict, Where the wounded and the slain Lay with pale and upturn'd faces, Some in peace and some in pain— Slow we bore a dying soldier, Who had fallen in the fight; And to us he faintly whisper'd, "Comrades, let me sleep to night."

> Let him sleep, calmly sleep, While the days and the years go by ; 12

Let him sleep, sweetly sleep, Till the call of the roll on high— Let him sleep, calmly sleep— While the years go by.

2 On the ground we softly laid him,
Thinking he no more would wake;
But, with eye-lids widely open,
Pointing upward thus he spake;
"Comrades—listen—don't you hear it—
Hear the roll-call there, on high?
Hark! my name the Saviour's calling,
Jesus—Captain—here am I!"
Let him sleep—

3 O, from many a field of battle—
Earmst pray'r has gone to God
From the lips of dying soldiers—
As their life-blood drench'd the sod;
And, to many, came the message—
"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n'"—
And their lips with joys responded
When the roll was called in Heav'n!
Now they sleen—

37 It's all taken away. Hebrews ix. 26.

1 Among the ransom'd, glad and fair,
Who crowns of light and glory wear,
There'll not be one whose soul shall bear
One trace of sin's dark sway.
It's all taken aveay, aveay....

2 May I be one? I sinn'd and stray'd,

God's holy word I disobey'd,
And broke commands which Jesus
made—

O yes, indeed I may.

I left my soul in Satan's pow'r,
I made God angry ev'ry hour,
Eternal woe did o'er me low'r—
And yet I'm saved to-day.

4 The debt was paid when Jesus died, And when His pard ning grace I tried, In Calv'ry's deep and crimson tide My sin was wash'd away.

5 Of Jesus, while I live, I'll sing, To Him a loving heart I'll bring, For me He bore death's cruel sting— He gives me faith to say:

38 Come unto Me, ye Weary.

1 "Come unto Me, ye weary, And I will give you rest"—

O blessëd voice of Jesus, Which comes to hearts oppress'd!

It tells of benediction. Of pardon, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no ending. Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wand'rers, And I will give you light"-

O loving voice of Jesus,

Which comes to cheer the night! Our hearts were fill'd with sadness. And we had lost our way: But morning brings us gladness,

And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting, And I will give you life"—

O cheering voice of Jesus, Which comes to aid our strife! The foe is stern and eager, The fight is flerce and long But Thou hast made us mighty, And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh I will not cast him out"-

O welcome voice of Jesus, Which drives away our doubt, Which calls us, very sinners, Unworthy though we be Of love so free and boundless. To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

Glory-Glory to the Lamb. Jude 24-25.

1 Precious Jesus! Thou hast sav'd me; Thine and only Thine I am;

O, the cleansing blood hath reach'd me! Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah! Glory, glory to the Lamb!

O, the cleansing blood hath reach'd me! Glory, glory to the Lamb!

2 Long my yearning heart was striving To obtain this precious rest; But, when all my struggles ended -Simply trusting -I was blest.

3 Trusting-trusting-ev'ry moment, Having now the blood applied,

I am bathing in the fountain -Dwelling near my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to Thy service -I will live and die for Thee -Let me witness to the glory Of salvation full and free!

5 Yes—I will stand up for Jesus, He has truly sav'd my soul --Freed me from my sins' dominion-Sanctifies and makes me whole.

6 Glory to the Lamb who bought me -Glory for His saving pow'r: Glory to the Lord who keeps me -

Glory --glory --evermore !

A Little More Faith. 40 Luke xvii. 5.

1 My burden 's great—what can I do?— A little more faith in Jesus; Ah, that's the trouble with me and with

A little more faith in Jesus!

My burden's great -my faith is small -Ah, that's the trouble with us all! A little more faith ! a little more faith ! A little more faith in Jesus!

2 My pathway's dark-I cannot see-A little more faith in Jesus; Ah, that's the trouble with you and with

A little more faith in Jesus!

3 The struggle's hard—the flesh is weak— A little more faith in Jesus :

Ah, that's the trouble-for strength, we nwst seek --

A little more faith in Jesus.

faith in Him will take us 4 More through --

A little more faith in Jesus : We can do all things -- to Him if we're true-

A little more faith in Jesus.

Days and Moments. 41 Psalm ciii. 15.—2 Cor. v. 15.

1 Days and moments quickly flying Speed us onward to the dead: Soon will you and I be lying Each within his narrow bed!

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them Will have sped their rapid flight; Able now by grace to save them,

O, that while we can, we might.

3 Jesus-Merciful Redeemer-Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice; Wake, O, wake each idle dreamer Now to make th' eternal choice.

- 4 Soon before the Judge all glorious We with all the dead shall stand; Saviour, over death victorious, Place us then on Thy right hand.
- 5 Life passeth soon; death draweth near; Keep us, dear Lord, till Thou appear, With Thee to live, with Thee to die, With Thee to reign through eternity!

42 Hymn for New Year.

- 1 As a shadow life is fleeting; As a vapour so it flies; For the old year, now retreating, Pardon grant, and make us wise:
- 2 Wise that we our days may number, Strive and wrestle with our sin; Stay not in our work nor slumber Till Thy glorious rest we win.
- 3 Soon before the Judge all glorious We with all the dead shall stand; Saviour, over death victorious, Place us then on Thy right hand.
- 4 Life passeth soon; death draweth near; Keep us, dear Lord, till Thou appear, With Thee to live, with Thee to die, With Thee to reign through eternity;

43 Praise the Saviour.

- 1 Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him? Gladly let us render to Him All we have and are!
- 2 Jesus is the Name that charms us, He for conflict fits and arms us; Nothing moves and nothing harms us When we trust in Him.
- 3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever, He is faithful, changing never; Neither fear nor guile can sever Those He loves from Him.
- 4 Keep us, Lord, O keep us cleaving To Thyself, and still believing Till the hour of our receiving Promis'd joys in heav'n.
- 5 Then we shall be where we would be Then we shall be what we should be, Things which are not now nor could be Then shall be our own!

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee!

E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me, Still all my song shall be.

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee!

2 Tho' like the wandërer—sun now gone down, [stone— Darkness come over me—my rest a

Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee!

3 Christ upward beareth me, where Thou dost shine;

Joint heir He maketh me—true child of Thine;

In Him my soul shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee!

4 Then in my waking thoughts, bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise— So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to Thee-nearer to Thee!

5 Then let my way appear steps unto heav'n, All that Thou sendest me, in mercy

giv'n—
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to

Thee!
6 Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot, upward I

fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to
Thee!

45 Saviour, I cling to Thee.

1 O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen! Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,

Help me throughout life's changing scene,

By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine, Take what Thou wilt I 'li ne'er repine, Since, blessed Saviour, I am Thine, And I may cling to Thee.

- 3 Far from my home, fatigued, opprest, In Thee I 've found my place of rest; An exile still, yet not unblest— While I can cling to Thee.
- 4 Without a murmur I dismiss
 My former dreams of earthly bliss,
 My joy—my consolation—this,
 Each hour to cling to Thee.
- 5 Though faith and hope may oft be tried, I ask not, need not aught beside, So safe, so calm, so satisfied — My soul that clings to Thee!

Tis Old—Yet ever New. Rev. xiv. 3.

1 There is a story sweet to hear,
I love to tell it too;
It fills my heart with hope and cheer,
Tis old, yet ever new!

'Tis old, yet ever new;
'Tis old, yet ever new;
I know, I feel it's true!
'Tis old, but ever new!

- 2 They tell me, God the Son came down From His bright throne to die, That I might wear a starry crown, And dwell with Him on high.
- 3 They say He bore the cross for me, And suffer'd in my place, That I might always happy be, And ransom'd by His grace.
- 4 O wondrous love! so great, so vast, So boundless and so free! Lord, at Thy feet my all I cast— I covet only Thee!

47 My Soul will Overcome.

1 Christ is the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.

My soul will overcome By the blood of the Lamb.

- 2 'Tis Jesus gives me life within, And nerves me for the fray; He spoil'd the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'r away.
- 3 In darkest shades, if He appear, My dawning is begun; He is my soul's sweet "Morning Star," He is my Risën Sun!

- 4 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine With heams of sacred bliss, When to my heart His voice divine Bears witness I am His.
- 5 My soul would leave this heavy clay At His transporting word; And up with joy the shining way To meet my dearest Lord.
- 6 Fearless of hell and ghastly death, I'll break through ev'ry foe; The wings of love and arms of faith Shall bear me conq'ror through.

The Golden Gate. Isaiah lx. 11.

1 Our hearts are fill'd with foy to-day—
We've sighted the golden gate;
Its light is beaming o'er our way—
We've sighted the golden gate;
Toss'd on the sea, we've sigh'd for home;
O'er oceans wide for this we've come,
The voyage now is almost done—
We've sighted the golden gate.

Then sing, O sailor, sing, Let joy each heart elate; The light has come, we're almost home— We've sighted the golden gate.

- 2 They've signall'd us from off the land—We've sighted the golden gate; Our friends are gath'ring on the strand, We've sighted the golden gate; That we of entrance should not fail—We answer'd to the Pilot's hail; With Him on board we safely sail—We've sighted the golden gate.
- 3 How light the trials that have come—
 We 've sighted the golden gate;
 Forgotten now, in sight of home—
 We 've sighted the golden gate;
 The storms and clouds will soon be past,
 Then, shelter'd from the stormy blast,
 With sails all furl'd and anchor cast—
 We 've sighted the golden gate.
- 4 Our God—with grateful hearts to Thee,
 We've sighted the golden gate;
 Once lost on life's tempestuous sea—
 We've sighted the golden gate;
 Our Lord and Saviour, soon at home,
 The grace that sav'd we'll gladly own—
 Twas all of grace, and that alone—
 We've sighted the golden gate!

49 Immanuel's Land.

1 The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The sunmer morn I 've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land

2 The King there, in His beauty, Without a veil is seen; It were a well spent journey, Tho' sev'n deaths lay between; The Lamb, with His fair army, Doth on Mount Zion stand,

And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's Land.

3 O Christ—He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I 've tasted,
More deep I 'll drink above;
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

4 With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were luster'd with His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that plann'd
When thron'd where glory
dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

5 O! I am my Beloved's,
And my Belov'd is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "House'of Wine";
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

50

I am Coming. John vii. 37.

1 Sad and weary, lone and dreary, Lord, I would Thy call obey; Thee believing, Christ receiving, I would come to Thee to-day.

I am coming, I am coming—
Coming, Saviour, to be blest;
I am coming, I am coming—
Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest!

2 Thou the holy, meek, and lowly, Jesus, unto Thee I come; Keep me ever, let me never From Thy blessed keeping roam.

3 Here abiding, in Thee hiding, Seeks my weary soul to rest, Till the dawning of the morning, When I wake among the blest.

4 Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and stormy way; Turn my sadness into gladness, Turn my darkness into day.

5 1 O Jesus-Joy of Loving Hearts.

1 O Jesus — Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From all the bliss that earth imparts
We turn untill'd to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchang'd hath ever stood; Thou savest those that on Thee call; To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee—O Thou Living Bread, And long to feast upon Thee still; We drink of Thee—the Fountain-head, And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast; Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay! Make all our moments calm and bright; Chase the dark night of sin away, Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

52 Gather them into the Fold.

1 Go to the hedges and broad highway, Gather them into the fold! Hasten! the Saviour's command obey! Gather them into the fold!

Gather them, gather them into the fold! Gather them, gather them into the fold! Gather them carefully! gather them pray'r Gather them into the fold! [fully!

2 Gather them in, both the rich and poor... Open to all is the gospel door

3 Gather them in from the lane and street . . . Gather them in with your songs so

thee for rest! sweet . . .

16

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4 Gather them in with a glowing love, Gather them into the fold! Lead them along to the home above, Safe to the heav'nly fold.

Hear the Master Say.

1 Hear the Master say, "Go and work to-day,
For the lab'rers still are few:"

For the lab'rers still are few:"
Shall His earnest cry pass unheeded by,
When there's work for all to do?
He has need of thee, and His urgent plea
Is, "The harvest now is white!"
Let us quickly haste, lest the sheaves lie

waste,
For too soon will come the night!

2 Go—the hungry feed, and the weary lead To the rest of Jesus' love; Though your strength be small, God is over all.

With a blessing from above; Seek for souls to win, from the ways of

sin;
Work with cheerful heart and true;
And the jewels rare that have been your
Shall at last be giv'n to you. [care

3 Go and work to-day; O do not delay, For the night is coming on:

And the least you do shall be bless'd to
If for Jesus it is done; [you,
Though the seeds that fall may be few

and small,
They shall not be sown in vain;

In the garner'd sheaves, which the Lord receives.

Will be found the ripen'd grain.

Note.—The first four lines are used as Refrain.

54 Behold, a Stranger at the Door. Rev. iii. 20.—Luke vii. 34.

1 Behold, a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knock'd before, Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the very friend you need; The Man of Nazareth—'tis He,

With garments dyed on Calvary!

3 O lovely attitude! He stands With melting heart and laden hands; O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Admit Him—for the human breast Ne'er entertained so kind a guest! No mortal tongue their joys can tell With whom He condescends to dwell.

5 Admit Him! ere His anger burn, Lest He depart, and ne'er return; Admit Him! or the hour's at hand When at His door denied you'll stand.

6 Sov'reign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door—each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind!

55 Lead, Kindly Light.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene—one step's enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me on;

I lov'd to choose and see my path; but Lead Thou me on! I lov'd the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride rul'd my will; remember not past

Though the seeds that fall may be few 3 So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still

Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone; And with the morn those angel faces

Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

John x. 9.

1 O what shall I do to be sav'd? The gath ring storm I behold; Expos'd to the wrath of my God— O is there no sheltering fold?

I am the Door-by Me if any man enter in-he shall be saved.

2 O what shall I do to be sav'd? No light, no hope, can I see; No help in myself can I find— Then is there no mercy for me?

3 O what shall I do to be sav'd? So vile, so burden'd with sin, O how to the fold may I come— And how may I enter in!

4 I enter the wide open door— In Christ I now have believ'd— I'm cleans'd from my sins by His blood— So, trusting Him—now I am sav'd!

57 The Mighty Anthem.

1 Rise, ye soldiers of salvation, All who cleave to Christ the Head; Wake, arise, O mighty nation, Ere the foe on Zion tread.

Pour ye forth the mighty anthem Like the thunders of the sea; Through the blood of Christ our ransom More than conquerors are we!

2 Saints and heroes long before us Firmly on this ground have stood; See their banners waving o'er us, Conquerors thro' Jesus' blood.

3 Deathless, we are all unfearing, Life laid up with Christ in God; In the morn of His appearing We'll go forth a glory flood.

4 Soon we all shall stand before Him, See and know our glorious Lord; Soon in light and joy adore Him, Each receiving His reward.

Hallelujah for the Cross.

1 The Cross! it standeth fast—Hallelujah Defying evry blast—Hallelujah— The winds of hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not over-thrown— Hallelujah for the Cross! Hallelujah for the Cross! Hallelujah—it shall never suffer loss!

2 It is the same cross still, . . . Its triumph let us tell, . . . The grace of God here shone Through Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin atone— Hallelujah for the Cross!

3 'Twas here the debt was paid, . . .
Our sins on Jesus laid, . . .
So round the Cross we sing
Of Christ our Offering—
Of Christ our living King—
Hallelujah for the Cross!

Joy Cometh in the Morning. Psalm xxx. 5.

1 O weary pilgrim, lift your head, . . . For joy cometh in the morning!
For God in His own word hath said, That joy cometh in the morning!

Joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may endure, may endure for a night!

But joy cometh in the morning.

2 Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears, . . . And weeping mourners, dry your tears, For . . .

3 Let ev'ry downcast eye look up . . . And ev'ry trembling sinner hope . . . 4 Our God will wine all tears away

4 Our God will wipe all tears away, . . . Sorrow and sighing flee away,

60 Complete Surrender to Christ.

1 When, My Saviour, shall I be Perfectly conform'd to Thee? Poor and vile in my own eyes, Only in Thy wisdom wise!

2 Only Thee content to know, Ignorant of all below; Only guided by Thy light: Only mighty in Thy might!

3 So I may Thy Spirit know, Let Him as He listeth blow; Let the manner be unknown, So I may with Thee be one!

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love!

61 Not My Own.

1 "Not my own" but sav'd by Jesus, Who redeem'd me by His blood; Gladly I accept the message; I belong to Christ the Lord;

> Not my own—O not my own— Jesus, I belong to Thee; All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all eternity!

2 "Not my own!" to Christ my Saviour I, believing, trust my soul; Ev'rything to Him committed While eternal ages roll.

3 "Not my own!" my time, my talent. Freely all to Christ I bring. To be us'd in joyful service For the glory of my King.

4 "Not my own!" the Lord accepts me One among the ransom'd throng. Who in heav'n shall see His glory. And to Jesus Christ belong.

Give Me thy Heart. 62 Pro. xxiii. 26.

1 "Give Me thy heart"-the sweet words

Like whisper'd music on the ear; "Give Me thy heart," the pleading call Floats like a harp note soft and clear: "Give me thy heart."

2 And when the noon tide scatters round Its golden tints, its richest hues. Then, then, is heard that self-same sound.

"Give Me thy heart"-do not refuse-"Give Me thy heart."

3 O! 'tis the Lord who speaks to thee So kindly—can'st thou from Him stay? He woos thee yet more tenderly, "Give Me thy heart" - without delay, "Give Me thy heart."

4 Give God thy heart—be His alone: Love, work, and watch, and strive, and

pray, That when His will in thee is done Thy heart, already His, shall say, "Take Thou Thine own."

We are Sailing o'er the Sea. Mark v. 1.

 We're a happy pilgrim band, Sailing to the goodly land; With a swelling sail we onward sweep; Tho' the tempest rages long, There is One among the throng

> We are sailing o'er the sea . . Praise the Lord, we'll soon be free.

2 Tho' the mighty billows swell, 'Mid the strife His praise we'll tell; Tho' the rollers drive us down the 3 Then seek first for the kingdom of lee-

They shall never overwhelm, For we've Jesus at the helm. And He'll steer us safely o'er the sea.

3 Tho' for many ages past She has brav'd the stormy blast -She's the old ship "Zion" as of yore; For, amid the sands and shoals She has landed many souls --

Safe at home on Canaan's happy shore. 4 Ho! ye sinners, list to-day, There is danger in your way --By the chart of folly you're misled -

There is danger from beneath, And, above, the storm of wrath -And the rocks and breakers right ahead!

Sleeper, Awake! 64 Eph. v. 14.

1 Sleeper, awake! the sun is high; The morning hours will soon pass by; Sleeper, awake! why idling here, When earth's wide fields all white appear?

Sleeper, awake, the day is passing by! Sleeper, awake, the night is drawing nigh!

- 2 Sleeper, awake! heav'n's joys I fear Are not for those who loiter here; Sleeper, awake! life's meaning learn, From slumber rise - to labour turn.
- 3 Sleeper, awake! how can'st thou rest, When souls are lost, and hearts opprest? Sleeper, awake! God calls to-day Lead now to Christ those souls that stray!

65 Seek ye First the Kingdom of God. Matt. vi. 33.

1 Would you claim the sweet promise of Jesus,

To those who belong to His fold-The Lord who has fashion'd the lilies In beauty so sweet to behold?

Then seek ye first the kingdom of God Who will guide the sailor o'er the and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

> 2 Would you find a true pleasure in living, As daily new graces unfold-

Be cloth'd in the beautiful garments Belonging to those in His fold?

Jesus, O enter this wonderful fold!

When all His rich gifts shall be added— The raiment, the silver, and gold—

1 For God so lov'd the world that scorn'd 1 O precious words that Jesus said -That He sent His Son: (Him. Sent Him to do the work that saves us-And that work is done!

And thou shalt call His name Jesus; for 2 O precious words that Jesus said-He shall save His people from their sins.

2 Now all is done, yes, all is finish'd,

All the debt is paid: For on the Lamb who died for sinners. All our guilt was laid.

3 Twas God the Father call'd Him "Jesus."

When He sent Him down In love, for us to bear the judgment-Win for us the crown.

4 And all the ransom'd call Him "Jesus"-Him as Lord we own: Once lifted on the cross to save us. Now upon the throne.

5 0 weary wand'rer-call Him "Jesus," Thus doth God implore,

And then thou shalt. His name con-Know His saving pow'r! [fessing.

67 Redeeming Love. Titus ii. 14.

1 Now begin the joyful theme, Sing aloud in Jesus' name; Ye who His salvation prove, Triumph in Redeeming Love!

2 Ye who see the Father's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praise and bless Redeeming Love!

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears: Banish all your guilty fears, See your guilt and curse remove. Cancell'd by Redeeming Love!

4 Ye, alas! who long have been Willing slaves to death and sin, Now from bliss no longer rove, Stop and taste Redeeming Love!

5 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd, Welcome to the Saviour's breast ; Nothing brought Him from above, Nothing but Redeeming Love!

6 Hither, then, your music bring, Strike aloud each tuneful string; Mortals—join the host above, Join to praise Redeeming Love! O Precious Words. John vi. 37.

The soul that comes to Me I will in no wise cast him out. Whoever he may be.

Behold, I am the Door;

And all that enter in by Me Have life for evermore.

3 O precious words that Jesus said --Come, weary souls, opprest : Come, take My yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.

4 O precious words that Jesus said-The world I overcame; And they who follow where I lead Shall conquer in My Name.

69 Confession and Restoration. I John i. o.

1 Weary of wand'ring from my God. And now made willing to return -I hear and bow me to the rod; For Him,* not without hope, I mourn: I have an Advocate above. A Friend before the Throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace-More full of grace than I of sin; Yet once again I seek Thy face, Open Thine arms and take me in : And freely my backslidings heal And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back. My fallen spirit to restore; O for Thy truth and mercy's sake, Forgive and bid me sin no more: The ruins of my soul renair And make my heart a house of pray'r.

4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart. That trembles at th' approach of sin; A godly fear of sin impart,

Implant and root it deep within; That I may dread Thy gracious pow'r And never dare offend Thee more.

*"And they shall mourn for Him" (Zech. xii. 10).

Glory to God the Father. John iii. 16

1 "For God so lov'd!" O wondrous theme! O wondrous key to wondrous scheme! A Saviour sent men to redeem-Glory to God the Father!

2 In love God gave, in love Christ came That man might know the Father's

> And in the Son salvation claim— Glory to God the Father!

- 3 As man, He tarried here below, The pow'r and love of God to show; To help and heal all human woe— Glory to God the Father!
- 4 Upon the cross His life He gave— His people from their sins to save, For them descended to the grave— Glory to God the Father!
- 5 By God exalted from the dead, He reigns on high, the living head; Of ev'ry soul for whom He bled— Glory to God the Father!

71

Consecration.

1 Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee; Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

- 2 Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love; Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing, Always, only, for my King; Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold; Take my intellect, and use Ev'ry power as Thou dost choose.
- 5 Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no longer mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store; Take myself, and I will be,

Ever, only, all, for Thee.

72

Know ye not?
1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

1 Redeem'd by Christ who died for me, For Him I 've now to live; By grace divine from death made free, To Christ my life I give. What I know ye not that ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body and your spirit, which are His!

2 In ev'ry action here below The Lord to sanctify,* The motive now in all I do,

His name to magnify!

3 One cherish'd sin within the heart —
One evil thought receiv'd—

One evil thought receiv'd—
The joy of Christ must needs depart—
His Holy Spirit griev'd.

4 O Holy Spirit, have Thy way, The pow'r Thou must supply; Our hearts and wills we yield to Thee, Our God to glorify!

• 1 Peter iii. 15.

73

Fervent Gratitude.

r John iv. 10.

1 O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on Thy fainting, wounded head,
And all Thy sorrows feel!

2 I know this cleansing blood of Thine Was shed, dear Lord, for me; For me—for all—O grace divine— Who look by faith on Thee!

3 O Christ of God- O spotless Lamb! By love my soul is drawn; Henceforth for ever Thine I am, Here life and peace are born.

4 In patient hope—the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthron'd, my soul shalt

spare, On Thy great judgment day!

74 The Banner of the Cross.

1 There's a royal banner given for display
To the soldiers of the King,

As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day, While, as ransom'd ones, we sing -

Marching on—marching on— For Christ, count every thing but loss, And to crown Him King, we'll toil and sing Beneath the banner of the cross!

2 Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood,

Let the standard be display'd!
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the
Lord.

For the truth be not dismay'd!

3 Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell.

Make the glorious tidings known; Of the crimson banner, we'll the story

While the Lord shall claim His own.

4 When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very near;

It is hast'ning day by day—
Then, before our King, the foe shall
disappear,

And the Lord the world shall sway!

75 Kindness One to Another. Ephesians iv. 32.

1 Be ye kind to one another—
Thus hath said our blessed Lord;
Let us seek His gracious Spirit—
That we may obey His word;
O what sorrow oft we've given
To the friends we lov'd most dear—
And what grief to Christ in Heaven
By the harsh words spoken here!

Be ye kind to one another— Tender-hearted, loving, true; Freely, fully, each forgiving, Just as God forgiveth you!

2 Be ye kind to one another—
Brief the life that here we live,
Tears are all around us flowing,
Comfort let us strive to give:
Shed your tears along with Jesus,
All your trouble to Him bring,
Then, with smiles for all around you,
Shed forth sunshine for your King!

3 Be ye kind to one another—
Soon the parting hour will come,
Then what sadness to remember
If we marr'd the earthly home;
Ilave we oft by lack of kindness
Cheerless made an aching heart,
And by selfish word or action
Caus'd the silent tears to start!

4 Be ye kind to one another—
Jesus thus is glorified—
For He said that His disciples
Are by this identified;
"God is love"—and from His children
Nought but love should ever flow;
That the love of God our Saviour,
This sad world may fully know!

76 Substitution. Matthew xxvii. 2.

1 In Pilate's hall behold
The blessed Saviour bound,
His marble brow all deathly cold—
With thorns He there is crown'd.

2 O see those cruel stripes Upon His back laid bare; See, from His bleeding brow, so pale, The blood that trickles there.

3 That blood was shed for thee,
For thee 'twas freely spilt;
From all thy sins to set thee free,
And cleanse away thy guilt.

4 He died that thou might'st live, O come and trust Him now; He'll freely all thy sins forgive, And clothe with peace thy brow.

5 Now say... 'O God, I pray,
For Jesus' sake alone
Take all my guit and sins away,
And make me all Thine own."

77 Calling, O Sinner—Come Home! Revelation xxii. 17. 1 Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling—

Calling for you and for me -See at the gateway He's waiting and
watching -Watching for you and for me!
Come home, come home,

Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home; Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling – Calling, O sinner, come home!

2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading.— Pleading for you and for me? Why should we linger, and heed not

His mercy— Mercy for you and for me—

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing—
Passing from you and from me!
Shadows are gath'ring, death-calls are

coming — Coming for you and for me!

4 O for the wonderful love He has promis'd—

Promis'd for you and for me! Though we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon—

Pardon for you and for me!

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78

Our Sun and Shield. Psalm lxxxiv. 11, 12.

1 Let earth with hallelujahs ring, In honour of the Lord our King, His wondrous goodness prove; Rejoice as children of the light, For ye are precious in His sight, Whose very name is Love,

For the Lord God is a sun and shield, the Lord will give grace and glory; No good thing will He withhold from then that walk uprightly. Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him; No good thing will He withhold from then that walk uprightly.

2 The Lord our Sun and Righteousness Will never leave us comfortless,

On wings of faith we rise;
Though tempests rage and billows roll,
His grace sustains the sinking soul,
Its ev'ry need supplies.

3 The golden gates now stand ajar,
And unto those who roam'd afar
The joy of heav'n comes down;
Made heirs of God, with Christ the Son,
The Lord who hath the work begun
Shall grace with glory crown!

79 Work, for the Day is coming.

1 Work, for the day is coming!
Day in the word foretold,
When 'mid the scenes triumphant,
Long'd for by saints of old,
He—who on earth a Stranger
Travell'd its paths of pain,
Jesus, the Prince, the Saviour—
Comes, evermore to reign.

- 2 Work, for the day is coming! Darkness will soon be gone; Then o'er the night of weeping Day without end shall dawn; What now we sow in sadness, Then shall we reap in joy, Hope will be chang'd to gladness— Praise be our blest employ!
- 3 Work, for the day is coming,
 Made for the saints in light;
 Off with the garments dreary—
 On with the armour bright!
 Soon will the strife be ended,
 And all our toils below;
 Not to the dark we're tending,
 But to "the day" we go!

4 Work, for the Lord is coming! Children of light are we; From Jesus' bright appearing Pow'rs of darkness flee; Out of the mist of His bidding, Souls like the dew are born; O'er all the East are spreading Tints of the rosy morn!

5 Work then! the day is coming! No time for sighing now! Harps for the hands that were drooping, Wreaths for the victor's brow; Now morning light is breaking, Day dawns in ev'ry land; Night shades beset no longer—

80 The House upon a Rock.
Matthew vii. 24. 25.

1 O if my house is built upon a rock, I know it will stand for ever; The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock

May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock,

But it never will fall—never will fall— Never, never, never!

My Rock is firm, it is my sure foundation— Tis Jesus Christ my loving Saviour, The Rock of my Salvation!

2 For He, whose word is lasting as the hills — Whose truth is unchanging ever— Hath said—My house on the solid rock shall stand—

He'll hold it by His might in the hollow of His hand.

And it never will fall—never will fall— Never, never, never!

3 O if my house is built upon the sand—;
"Twill fall when the floods are swelling;
The winds will blow, and the tempest
will descend—

And beat upon my house, that is built upon the sand—

And it surely will fall—never to rise— Never, never, never!

4 Then let my house be built upon the Rock-For there it will stand for ever; The floods may come and the rolling

The floods may come and the rolling thunder's shock

May beat upon my house that is founded on the Rock,

But it never will fall—never will fall— Never, never! 1 Will ye not come to Him for LIFE? Why will ye die? O why? He gave His life for you! for you! The gift is free, the Word is true! Will ye not come to Him for LIFE? Will ye not come? will ye not come? Will pe not come to Him for LIFE? O come, come, come to Him!

Come to Jesus, O come to Him! 2 Will ye not come to Him for PEACE? Peace thro' His cross alone! He shed His precious blood for you; The gift is free, the Word is true! He is our Peace! O, is He your own?... Will yenot come to Him for PEACE!...

3 Will ye not come to Him for REST? All that are weary, come! The rest He gives is deep and true, "Tis offered now, 'tis offered you !-Rest in His heart, and rest in His home, . . .

Will ye not come to Him for REST? . . . 4 Will ye not come to Him for JOY? Will ye not come for this? He laid aside His joys for you, To give you joy so sweet, so new ! Sorrowing heart, O, drink of the

bliss! . . . Will ye not come to Him for JOY?...

5 Will ye not come to Him for LOVE? Love that can fill the heart-Exceeding great, exceeding free! He loveth you, He loveth me-Will ye not come? Why stand ye

apart? . . .

Will ye not come to him for LOVE?...

6 Will ye not come to Him for ALL? Will ye not "taste and see?" He waits to give it all to you; The gift is free, the Word is true: Jesus hath said it-"Cometunto Me.". Will ye not come to Him for ALL? . . .

The Rose of Sharon. Song ii. 1.-Isaiah v. 1.

1 The sweet Red Rose of Sharon Unfolds its heart-most bloom. And fills the air of heaven With ravishing perfume! O, to behold it blossom While by its fragrance fann'd, Where glory, glory, dwelleth In Immanuel's Land!

2 I 've wrestled on to'ard heaven. 'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide: Now like a weary trav'ler That leaneth on his guide. Amid the shades of ev'ning. While sinks life's ling'ring sand-I hail the glory dawning From Immanuel's Land!

3 O, well it is, for ever-Yes-well-for evemore; My nest hangs in no forest Of all this death-doom'd shore: Yea-let the vain world vanish. As from the ship the strand-While glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's Land!

4 Deep waters cross'd life's path-way, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now these lie all behind nie-O for a well-tun'd harp

To join the hallelujah Of you triumphant band Who sing, where glory dwelleth. In Immanuel's Land!

5 I shall sleep sound in Jesus— Fill'd with His likeness rise-To live, and to adore Him-And see Him with these eyes: My Kingly King at His white throne My presence doth command-Where glory, glory dwelleth In Inmanuel's Land!

6 The Bride eyes not her garment. But her dear Bridegroom's face : I will not gaze at glory But on my King of Grace-Not at the Crown He gifteth But on His pierced hand: The Lamb is all the glory Of Immanuel's Land!

Courage and Perseverance. 2 Timothy vi. 2.

1 Move forward, valiant men and strong, Ye who have pray'd and labour'd long; The time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun ascends the skies!

Move forward, move forward, All along the line-Move forward, move forward, The light doth brightly shine !

- 2 Meve forward! each and ev'ry one, The golden harvest is begun; Ye respers, come from glen and glade, And wield the sickle's glitt'ring blade.
- 3 Move forward! reaping as ye move; Angels are watching from above— Arouad are witnesses, a host— Arouae ye now, and save the lost!
- 4 Move forward: day will end full soon— How quickly ev'ning follows noon! Now is the time to work and pray— Let glory crown the dying day!

84 My Soul is Redeemed. Psalm cvii. 2.

- 1 O glad "whosoever"—the deed is done, My sins are pardon'd thro' Christ the Son; Of love so precious I never had dream'd, O sweet is the peace of the soul redeem'd!
 - O glory to Jesus, my soul is redeem'd! Of love so precious I never had dream'd! O rapturous story, my soul is redeem'd! O glory, O glory, my soul is redeem'd!
- 2 I came to my Saviour His word believ'd, When He the sinner at once receiv'd, And now His praises I joyfully sing— And dwell in the love of my Lord and King!
- 3 O glad "whosoever"—the crimson tide
 Is free and open, is deep and wide;
 0, come, my brother, and bathe in the
 stream,
 And you shall be fill'd with a joy supreme.

And you shall be mi d with a joy suprem

The Spirit and the Bride. Revelation xxii. 17.

1 O trav'ler lost on the wilds of sin, To life and joy and peace within, And lost to hope and heav'n above, O hear the voice of Jesus' love!

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; And let him that hearth say, Come; And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely!

- 2 Your heart is torn by its sin and care, You travel on—you know not where; With weary step you onward go The broad highway that leads to woe.
- 3 That broad highway which to you seems bright

Will lead you down to endless night;
It farther leads from God and home,
As farther on its way you roam.

4 But hark!—a voice from the jasper A voice of mercy sweetly calls; [walls – O wand'rer, lost and far away, The Spirit calls to you to-day!

86 Abiding in Christ. John xv. 4. 1 O Lamb of God, still keep me

Near to Thy wounded side;
Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me!
What donbts and fears within!

The grace that sought and found me Alone can keep me clean!

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding I know my life secure— Alone in Thee abiding— The conflict can endure; Thine arm the victry gaineth O'er ev'ry hateful foe; Thy love my heart sustaineth In all its care and woe!

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy pow'r and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above!

Fidelity and Trust. Revelation ii. 10.

- 1 O Lord, my Strength, my Hope, On Thee I cast my care; With humble confidence look up, And know Thou hearest pray'r.
- 2 O for a godly fear— A quick, discerning eye, That looks to Thee if sin is near— And sees the tempter fly;
- 3 A spirit still prepar'd, And arm'd with jealous care— For ever standing on its guard, And watching unto pray'r;
- 4 A soul inur'd to pain, To hardship, grief, and loss; Bold to take up, firm to sustain My dear Redeemer's cross.
- 5 Lord, let me still abide —
 Nor from my hope remove,

 Till Thou my patient spirit guide
 Into Thy perfect love.

1 A blessing for you—will ye take it? Choose ye to-day:

A word from the heart-will you speak it? Choose ye to-day;

Will you believe, or your Saviour neglect?

Will you receive, or His mercy reject? Pause, ere you answer, 0, pause and 90 Choose ye to-day. [reflect-

2 A death to be feared—will you fear it?

Choose ye to-day; A voice that invites—will you hear it?

Choose ye to-day: Strait is the portal and narrow the way; Euter, poor soul, and be say'd while

you may ; Think what may hang on a moment's Choose ye to-day. [delay-

3 The cross of your Lord-will you bear it? Choose ye to-day;

There's life in that cross-will you share it? Choose ve to-day:

Soon will your time of probation be o'er, Then will the Spirit entreat you no more, Jesus no longer will stand at the cor-Choose ye to-day.

4 The bondage of sin-will you break it? Choose ye to-day;

The water of Life—will you take it? Choose ye to-day:

Come to the arms that are open for you, Hide in the wounds that by faith you may view;

Death ere the morrow your steps may Choose ye to-day. pursue-

89 Grace and Peace. John viii. 11.

1 "Neither do I condemn thee"-O words of wondrous grace! Thy sins were borne upon the cross -Believe and go in peace!

> "Neither do I condemn thee"-O sing it o'er! and o'er! " Neither do I condemn thee-Go, and sin—no more!"

2 "Neither do I condemn thee"-And there is therefore now No condemnation on thee. For thou to Me dost bow.

3 "Neither do I condemn thee "-I came not to condemn:

I came from God to save thee, And turn thee from thy sin.

4 "Neither do I condemn thee"-O praise the God of grace!

O praise His Son-thy Saviour-For this, His word of peace!

Loving Words. Acts iv. 20.

1 Brethren, 'tis a little thing— Speak a word for Jesus; If no richer gift you bring-Say a word for Jesus.

> Loving words—gentle words, How they melt and please us O there's wondrous pow'r in love-Speak a word for Jesus!

2 When His gospel man assails . He the shame and anguish feels . . .

3 When you hear His name profan'd . . . By His wondrous love constrain'd . . . 4 If His cause should languid lie . . .

Do not silent pass it by . . . 5 0! then—never be asham'd . .

Let your tongue by love inflam'd . . .

Walk in the Light. 91 1 John i. 7, 8.

1 Walk in the light the Lord hath giv'n, To guide thy steps aright! His Holy Spirit sent from heav'n

Can cheer the darkest night. Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God.

Walk in the light, in the light of God.

2 Walk in the light of gospel truth. That shines from God's own word: A light to guide in early youth

The faithful of the Lord.

3 Walk in the light-and sin, abhor'd, Shall not defile again;

The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord Shall cleanse from ev'ry stain.

4 Walk in the light—so shalt thou know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow,

Who reigns in light above.

5 Walk in the light-though shadows dark, Like spectres, cross thy way; Darkness will flee before the light

Of God's eternal day.

- 6 Walk in the light—thy path shall be, Though thorny—plain and bright; For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Himself is light.
- 7 Walk in the light—and thou shalt know The love of God to thee; The fellowship so sweet below, In heav'n will sweeter be.

92 He Pleadeth Still.

1 Behold the Saviour at the door! He knocks, He waits, He pleads once more:

He comes to break the bonds of sin—

O, let the great Deliv'rer in!
"Behold I stand at the door and knock"...
If any man hear Him, and let Him in—

He shall be sav'd!

O, sinner, He's knocking and pleading with thee:

Resist not His Spirit, the promise is free.
If any man hear Him, and let Him in—
He shall be sav'd!

- 2 He comes to give the weary rest— By fear dismay'd, by sin oppress'd; He comes the contrite heart to win— O, hear His call, and let Him in!
- 3 O, should the day of grace be o'er, Should that dear voice be heard no more— The weight of sin how could you bear! The endless night of deep despair!
- 4 Receive the Lord without delay, Before He turns in grief away; Melt hearts of stone—resist no more That pleading voice—unbar the door!

93 Watch, Therefore Watch.

1 When Jesus comes in His glory, With the shining angel band, Faithful may we each be watching, Ready for the Glory-land!

O let us toil for the Saviour— Keep our garments pure and clean— That we may join in the welcome When our blessed Lord is seen.

Watch, therefore watch, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come! . . .

2 Blessëd are those who are watching When the Lord of life shall come; Blessëd are they who are ready For the saints' eternal home. Watch, therefore watch--O, be watching For the Father's peerless Son, That you may hear at His coming [done!" His sweet welcome words—"Well

94 Till He Come.

1 "Till He come!"—O let the words Linger on the trembling chords; Let the "little while "between In their golden light be seen; Let us think how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast?—
All our life joy overcast?
Hush! be ev'ry murmur dumb!
It is only "Till He come."
3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press: Would we have one sorrow less? All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss, Death and darkness and the tomb Only whisper, "Till He come."

4 See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine, and break the bread; Sweet memorials—till the Lord Call us round His heav'nly board; Some from earth, from glory some, Sever'd only "Till He come."

95 Faithfulness of Christ.

1 O Lord, when we the path retrace Which Thou on earth hast trod— To man how wondrous is Thy grace— Thy faithfulness to God!

2 Thy love to man, so sorely tried, Prov'd stronger than the grave; The very spear that pierc'd Thy side Drew forth Thy blood to save.

3 And true amidst unfaithfulness—
'Midst darkness only light—
Thou did'st Thy Father's Name confess,
And in His will delight.

4 Unmov'd by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suff'ring, shame and loss,
Thy path, uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

5 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame, We meekly would confess How little, we who bear Thy Name, Thy mind, Thy ways express!

6 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind— We would obedient be; And all our rest and pleasure find In fellowship with Thee.

96 Patient Waiting for Christ. 2 Thessalonians iii. 5.

1 I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn, When the sorrow and the sadness Of this changeful life are gone.

I am waiting, only waiting, Till this weary life is o'er; Only waiting for my welcome From my Saviour on the other shore!

- 2 I am waiting—worn and weary With the battle and the strife, Hoping, when the warfare's over, To receive a crown of life.
- 3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever For a home of boundless love; Like a pilgrim, looking forward To the land of bliss above—
- 4 Hoping soon to meet the lov'd ones Where the many mansions be; List'ning for the happy welcome off my Saviour calling me—

97 Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

1 I have need of salvation from sin, I know I am lost and undone; In the sight of my God I'm unclean, For sin, I can never atone.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

- 2 As I think, I am fill'd with despair— How awful my failure has been! My past, of all goodness so bare— Has God such a sinner e'er seen?
- 3 My heart is so cold and unmov'd— God's grace I 've refused to receive; And my Saviour so long left unlov'd— His Spirit I know has been griev'd.
- 4 My sins in my heart have so reign'd, So long undisputed held sway; Can it be that the pow'r may be gain'd To live unto God day by day?
- 5 As I am, and with never a plea, O Lord, by Thy blood I draw nigh, Magnify Thy rich grace e'en in me— And pardon and cleanse me, I pray.

98 His Promised Presence.

1 O Lord, we look to Thee, Thy promis'd presence claim; Thou in the midst of us shall be Assembled in Thy name!

2 Thy Name salvation is—
Which here we come to prove;
Thy Name is life and health and peace
And everlasting love.

3 We meet the grace to take Which Thou hast freely giv'n; We meet on earth for Thy dear sake, That we may meet in heav'n.

 4 Here, Lord, we know Thou art, But O Thy pow'r reveal;
 O Lord, let ev'ry bounding heart Thy mighty confort feel.

5 O make Thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our immost souls rejoice
In hope of verfect love.

99 True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

1 True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal—

King of our lives, by Thy grace, we will be!

Under Thy standard, exalted and royal, Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, Song of ovr spirits, rejoicing and free! "True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and

for ever, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!"

2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance Yielding henceforth to our glorified

King!
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience.

Freely and joyously now would we bring.

3 Saviour of sinners, Thou knowest our story,

Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet, Sinful and treacherous! yet, for Thy

glory, Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

4 Holy Redeemer, beloved and glorious, Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone,

Over our wills and affections victorious-

own.

100 My Only Hope is in Jesus. 1 Timothy i. 1.

1 I cannot save my soul from sin — My only hope is in Jesus; I have no peace or joy within -My only hope is in Jesus.

My only hope is in Jesus!...

His blood has cleans'd me from all sin! . . . 2 He is the Life, the truth, the way . . .

He saves me now; and I can say . . . 3 To Christ, my life, my all I bring . . .

In sorrow and in death I'll sing . . . 4 And evermore in heav'n above, I'll sing the praises of Jesus; I'll tell the story of His love,

And live in glory with Jesus.

101

I Shall be Satisfied. Psalm xvii. 15.

1 Soul of mine, in earthly temple, Why not here content abide? Why art thou for ever grieving? Why art thou not satisfied?

I shall be satisfied . . . when I awake in His likeness . . .

2 Soul of mine, my heart is clinging To the earth's fair pomp and pride; Ah!—in this, thou dost reprove me! And thou art not satisfied!

3 Soul of mine, must I surrender? See myself now crucified ? Turn from all of earth's ambition That thou may'st be satisfied?

4 Soul of mine-continue pleading; Sin rebuke, and folly chide; I accept the cross of Jesus. That thou may'st be satisfied!

Decision of Character. 102 Philippians iv. 13.

1 () Lord of Life, Thy searching eye Doth all my inmost thoughts descry; Doth aught on earth my wishes raise, Or this world's pleasures, or its praise? 2 Thy love, O Christ, doth me constrain To seek the wand'ring souls of men: With cries, entreaties, tears, to save--To snatch them from the gaping grave.

Freely surrender'd and wholly Thine 3 Shall I, for fear of feeble man, The Spirit's course in me restrain? Or, undismay'd, in deed and word, Become a martyr for my Lord?

4 For Thee, let men revile my name; No cross I shun, I fear no shame— All hail, reproach—and welcome, pain! Thy terror, Lord, alone restrain.

5 My life, my blood, I here present, If for Thy truth they may be spent; Fulfil Thy sov'reign counsel, Lord, Thy will be done, Thy Name ador'd !

6 Give me Thy strength, O God of pow'r, Then let winds blow, or thunder roar; Thy faithful witness shall I be-'Tis fix'd; I can do all through Thee!

The Spiritual Mariners. 103 Acts xxvii. 24.

1 Salvation is our ship, Our Captain is the Lord, Eternal bliss our port, Our compass is His word;

We wish to take a world on board, A freight of mercy to the Lord.

2 We're sailing o'er life's sea. Where stormy winds prevail, And hellish pirates roam, Who do our souls assail:

But Christ our vessel doth command. And will our ev'ry foe withstand.

3 Our crew-the humble poor Who do in Christ believe— Of ev'ry name and sect

Who do His grace receive; Who count all else but tin and dross Compar'd with Jesu's saving cross.

4 Our officers are men

Appointed by the Lord,

To testify His grace, And spread abroad His word: Their message one—their cry the same— "Behold the sin-atoning Lamb!"

5 O, hasten on that day, When all the world shall know

That Jesus is the Lord, And to His sceptre bow-When men of ev'fy tribe and tongue Shall sing the new and wondrous song!

104 2 Corinthians x. 5.

1 Jesus, in Thy transporting Name What blissful glories rise! Jesus—the angels' sweetest theme. The wonder of the skies.

2 Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy divine control?

Descend-O sov'reign love-descend. And melt that stubborn soul.

3 O may our willing hearts confess Thy sweet, Thy gentle sway-Glad captives of resistless grace. Thy rule of love obev!

4 Come, dearest Lord, extend Thy reign Till rebels rise no more; Thy praise all nature then shall join.

And heav'n and earth adore. Steadfastness. 105

Luke iv. 62. 1 Is your hand on the plough?-hold on, 2 All things are ours-the gifts of God-

And follow in the good old track; And remember the word of the Lord who said.

Take heed that ye look not back.

With a firm steady hand, hold on, hold on, And the end its reward will bring ; For the tried and the true shall receive at A crown from our Lord and King! [last 4 We would not change our blest estate

2 Are you strong in the faith?-hold on, hold on—

No matter what the world may do; Ever look to the Lord, with a calm clear 5 Father, we wait Thy daily willgaze,

And know there is light for you.

3 Are you safe in the Ark?-hold on, hold on-

Though driving o'er a stormy way; It will rise, it will rest on the fair green That bloom in Eternal day.

106 Faith and Communion. John xx. 29.

1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen That radiant form of Thine: The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me: And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot As where I meet with Thee.

Jesus' Power and Grace. ! |3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought.

When slumbers o'er me roll. Thine image ever fills my thought, And charms my ravish'd soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still Must rest in faith alone. I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will, Unseen, but not unknown!

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal, And still this throbbing heart, The rending veil shall Thee reveal All glorious as Thou art.

Gratitude and Praise. 107 T Corinthians iii. 21.

1 How vast the treasure we possess! How rich Thy bounty, King of Grace! This world is ours, and worlds to come— Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home !

The purchase of a Saviour's blood: And then the Spirit shows us how To use and to improve them too!

3 If peace and plenty crown our days. They help us, Lord, to speak Thy praise; If bread of sorrows be our food,

These sorrows work our lasting good.

For all the world calls good or great And while our faith doth keep her hold, We envy not the sinner's gold.

Thou shalt divide our portion still : Grant us on earth what seems the best. Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

What Shall it Profit? 108 Mark viii. 36.

[hills, 1 What are the pleasures of the world, Its honour, joy, and care? -They are but splendid vanities— But trifles light as air?

The things which those who know not God So eagerly pursue,

O, what shall they avail the soul When death appears in view?

For-What shall it profit a man. if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? 30

2 O soul, wilt thou not rue thy choice In that tremendous day, When, by the wrath of God, consum'd, This world shall pass away; When all that earth contain'd for thee Shall perish from thy sight.

Shall perish from thy sight,
Where shall man's glory then appear,
His boasted pow'r and might?

3 O foolish and misguided ones, Who for such worthless toys Will barter their immortal souls.

And lose eternal joys;
The flatt'ring but delusive hopes
To which they vainly cling—
They cannot save from endless woe—
The awful doom of sin!

109 Onward Go. Exodus xv. 15.

1 Trusting in the Lord thy God;
Onward go—onward go!
Holding fast His fragrant word;
Onward—onward go!
Ne'er deny His worthy name
Though it bring reproach and shame;
Spreading still His wondrous fame—
Onward go!

2 Has He call'd thee to the plough? . . . Night is coming, serve Him now . . . Faith and love in service blend; On His mighty arm depend; Holding fast until the end . . .

3 Has He giv'n thee golden grain? . . . Sow and thou shalt reap again . . . To thy Master's gate repair; Watching, aye, and working there; He will hear and answer pray'r . . .

4 Has He said the end is near? . . .
Serving Him with holy fear . . .
Christ thy portion—Christ thy stay—
Heav'nly bread upon the way;
Leading on to glorious day . . .

5 In this little moment then . . . In thy ways acknowledge Him . . . Let His mind be found in thee; Let His will thy pleasure be; Thus in life and liberty . . .

1 10 Constraining Love.

1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?— Behold my heart and see; And turn each cherish'd idol out That dares to rival Thee. 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?— Then let me nothing love; Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not Thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?—
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a fee before whose face

Hast Thou a foe before whose face I fear Thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my ardent spirit vie With angels round the throne To execute Thy sacred will And make Thy glory known!

6 Thou know'st I love Thee, O my Lord;
But O, I long to soar
For from the sphere of mortal love

Far from the sphere of mortal joys And learn to love Thee more.

Any One Here? Psalm cxix. 86.

1 Is there any sad heart that is heavy laden?
Any one here? Any one here?
Is there any poor soul who would love

the Saviour? [way—Come, and we will help you on your

Just as you are the Lord will save you—

Come without delay;
Is there any now soul who would follow

Is there any poor soul who would follow Jesus?

Come, and we will help you on your way.

2 Is there any one thirsts for the living water? . . .Is there any one sighs for the crimson

Is there any one sighs for the crimson fountain?...

3 Is there any one asks for a word of comfort? . . .
Is there any one feels that our pray'rs

would cheer you? . . .

4 Is there any one longs to be own'd by Jesus? . . .

Is there any one says, I believe this moment? . . .

12 A Soul's History. Luke xvi. 25.

1 I sat alone with life's memories,
In sight of the crystal sea,
And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd
With never a crown for me! [ones,

And then the voice of the Judge said, Come_ Of the Judge on the great white throne; And I saw the star-crown'd take their

But none could I call my own, 2 I thought me then of my childhood's

davs. The pray'r at my mother's knee;

Of the counsels grave that my father

The wrath I was warn'd to flee; I said, "Is it then too late, too late? Shut without must I stand for aye?" And the Judge, will He say, "I know thee not.

Howe'er I may knock and pray?

3 I thought, I thought, of the days of God I'd wasted in folly and sin -Of the times I mock'd when the Saviour knock'd.

And I would not let Him in; I thought, I thought, of the vows I'd made.

When I lay at death's dark door-"Would He spare my life, I'd give up the strife

And serve Him for evermore."

4 I heard a voice like the voice of God; "Remember, remember, my son! Remember thy ways in the former

davs_ The crown that thou might'st have

won!" I thought, I thought, and my thoughts ran on

Like the tide of a sunless sea-"Am I living or dead?" to myself I said -

"An end is there ne'er to be?"

5 It seem'd as though I woke from a dream -How sweet was the light of day!

Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells From tow'rs that were far away; I then became as a little child. And I wept and wept afresh; For the Lord had taken my heart of stone And given a heart of flesh.

6 Still-oft I sit with life's memories, And I think of the crystal sea; And I see the thrones of the star-crown'd

ones. I know there's a crown for me: And when the voice of the Judge says, Come, Of the Judge on the great white throne, I know 'mid the thrones of the starcrown'd ones,

There's one I shall call my own!

113 The Joyful Tidings. Mark xvi. 15.

1 Go bear the joyful tidings That first on Judah's plain Awoke the wond'ring shepherds To praise Messiah's name ; Exalt the King of Glory, Who left His throne on high. And came on earth a ransom

For guilty men to die! Go sound the Gospel trumpet Beyond the rolling sea. From chains of sin and darkness, To set the captive free!

2 Go in your Master's vineyard. And labour heart and hand: The word of life eternal Proclaim to ev'ry land-The sweet and precious promise, To all who will believe, Free grace and full salvation For all who will receive!

3 Go tell the broken spirit That vainly sighs for rest. There is a home in glory, A home for ever blest;

Go bring the lost to Jesus, His tender love to share : Go forth to ev'ry nation-

Immortal souls are there. 4 Haste on your work of mercy,

The heav'nly call obey; Go in the strength of Jesus, The true and living way; Go like the old disciples And tread the path they trod:

Your duty lies before you-Go-leave the rest to God.

1 1 4 Jesus "Lifted Up"—Surrender. John xii. 32.

1 Jesus from His throne on high Came into this world to die That I might from sin be free-Bled and died upon the tree.

Yes, Jesus loves me! . . . The Bible tells me so!

- 2 I can see Him even now, With His pierced thorn-clad brow. Agonizing on the tree: O, what love, and all for me!
- 3 Now I feel this heart of stone Drawn to love God's holy Son "Lifted up" on Calvary, Suff'ring shame and death for me.
- 4 Jesus, take this heart of mine, Make it pure and wholly Thine; Thou hast bled and died for me. I will henceforth live for Thee.

Creation and Redemption. 1 John iv. 9.

- 1 Father, how wide Thy glory shines— How high Thy wonders rise-By millions through the skies!
- 2 These mighty orbs proclaim Thy pow'r, Their motions speak Thy skill; And on the wings of ev'ry hour We read Thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view Thy strange design To save our rebel race. Our souls adore with awe divine
 - Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 4 When sinners break the Father's laws— The dying Son atones; How dear the suff'rings of His cross. The myst'ry of His groans!
- 5 Now all the glories of the Lamb Adorn the heav'nly plains; Bright angels learn Immanuel's name And sing their choicest strains.
- 6 0 may we bear our humble part In that immortal song: Eternal joy shall tune our heart And love command our tongue!

16 God Forbid that I Should Glory. Galatians vi. 14

1 In the cross of Christ I glory. Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.

God forbid that I should glory—save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me-Hopes deceive, and fears annoy-Never shall the cross forsake me-Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way. From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified-Peace is there that knows no measure. Joys, that through all time abide.

Be not Deceived. Galatians vi. 7.

1 Do you dream of the joys of the life to come.

As you scatter the seeds of sin? Are you spurning the cross that the

Saviour bore. And yet hoping the crown to win? Be not deceived: God is not mock'd: Known o'er the earth by thousand signs, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he

> also rean! 2 Are you casting your seed to the sweeping wind,

As you follow the evil path? Are you trusting the blossoms of hope to find, (wrath?

When the whirlwind shall come in 3 Are you sowing tares when the golden

grain

Should be springing to life and light: (gather'd in, When the harvest of souls shall be Will you shine as the stars of night?

1 18 None but Christ can Satisfv. Romans v. 11.

1 O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found, And found in Thee alone, The peace, the joy I sought so long,

The bliss till now unknown. Now none but Christ can satisfy. None other name for me! There's love and life and lasting jou.

Lord Jesus, found in Thee. 2 I sigh'd for rest and happiness,

- I yearn'd for them, not Thee, But while I pass'd my Saviour by, His love laid hold on me.
- 3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord. But, ah! the waters fail'd! E'en as I stoop'd to drink they fled. And mock'd me as I wail'd.
- 4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourn'd, But never wept for Thee. Till grace the sightless eyes receiv'd, Thy loveliness to see.

1 19 Redeemed through the Blood.

1 O sing of Jesus, "Lamb of God"
Who died on Calvary;
And fer a ransom shed His blood
For you, and even me!

I'm redeen'd, I'm redeen'd.— Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain; I'm redeen'd, I'm redeen'd.— Halletujah to God and the Lamb!

2 O wond'rous power of love divine! So pure, so full, so free! It reaches out to all mankind, Embraces even me.

3 All glory now to Christ the Lord, And evermore shall be! He hath redeem'd my soul from sin, Yes, ransom'd even me!

120 Jesus—the Lamb of God.

1 How great the wisdom, pow'r, and grace Which in Redemption shine! Angels and men with joy confess The work is all divine.

2 The myriad spirits round the throne Behold, with wond'ring eyes, God's undefil'd and Holy One Once made a sacrifice!

3 In rapt'rous strains they celebrate
The myst'ries of His love;
Redemption doth new joy create
Amongst the hosts above.

4 Beneath His feet they cast their crowns, Those crowns which Jesus gave; And with ten thousand thousand tongues Proclaim His pow'r to save.

5 They tell the triumphs of His cross, The suffrings that He bore; How low He stoop'd—how high He rose— And rose to stoop no more.

6 O let them still their voices raise, And still their songs renew; Our Saviour well deserves the praise Of men and angels too!

121 More than Tongue can Tell.

1 The love that Jesus had for me To suffer on the cruel tree, That I a ransom'd soul night be, Is more than tongue can tell! His love is more than tongue can tell! His love is more than tongue can tell! The love that Jesus had for me Is more than tongue can tell!

2 The bitter sorrow that He bore, And O, that crown of thorns He wore, That I might live for evermore, Is more than tongue can tell!

3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads before the throne of God The merit of His precious blood, Is more than tongue can tell!

4 The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear, The hope in Him so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell!

122 The Ransomed Saints Ascending.—Revelation vii. 9.

1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransom'd saints
 Throng up the steeps of light:
 'Tis finish'd, all is finish'd.
 Their fight with death and sin:

Fling open wide the golden gates, And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptur'd greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting sever'd friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate!

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy pow'r and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations—
Thine exiles long for home—

Show in the heav'ns Thy promis'd sign—
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

123 Faith—the Precious Grace! Ephesians ii. 8. 1 Faith—'tis a precious grace!

Where'er it is bestow'd: It boasts of a celestial birth-It is the gift of God!

2 Jesus it owns as King-And all-atoning Priest: It claims no merit of its own, But looks for all in Christ.

3 On Him it safely leans In times of deep distress; Flies to the fountain of His blood. And trusts His righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness It is our strength and stay ; . Nor can we miss the heav'nly road, While it directs our way.

5 Lord—'tis Thy work alone, And that divinely free; O send the Spirit of Thy Son To work this faith in me!

Rejoice in the Lord. Psalm lxviii. 3.

 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, All ye that are upright in heart! And ye that have made Him your choice, Bid sadness and sorrow depart.

Rejoice in the Lord! rejoice! . . . Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice! . . . 2 Be joyful, for He is the Lord,

On earth and in Heaven supreme: He fashions and rules by His word The "Mighty" and "Strong" to redeem.

3 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, His praises proclaiming in song, With harp, and with organ, and voice. The loud hallelujahs prolong!

Help, Lord, Thine Own. Hebrews iv. 16.

1 0 Thou that hearest pray'r, now from Thy throne [own; Bow down Thine ear to us—we are Thine While in Thy name we plead

Grace for this hour of need, O Spirit, intercede-Help us, Lord, Thine own!

More of Thy righteous will-grant we may know ; [we show: More of Thy precious love, Lord, may Lift up the fainting heart-

Strength to the weak impart;

Thou our Deliv'rer art— Help us. Lord. Thine own!

3 Star of the rising morn - shine on our way; Source of eternal truth - teach us to pray; Still may our souls abide Close to Thy bleeding side, O Spirit, be our Guide -Help us, Lord, Thine own!

Conversion and Revival. 126 Acts. x. 33.

1 O Thou that hearest, let our pray'r Like incense come before Thy face; Behold our Intercessor there,

The pledge and surety of Thy grace! 2 Among us, Lord, Thy work revive, Let Thy almighty pow'r be known;

O bid the dying sinner live, The stubborn bow before Thy throne.

3 Deep fix conviction, like a dart In the gall'd conscience ne'er to move, Till Thou hast won the rebel's heart, Surrender'd all to grief and love.

4 Conduct the doubtful to Thy feet. And make the trembling soul rejoice;

Let crowds around Thy table sit, And bless Thy Name with cheerful voice!

27 We Should Pity One Another. Matthew xviii. 33.—1 Peter iii. 8.

1 We should think how we all feel the pow'r of sin,

And we all should pity one another; Tho' his feet have gone astray From the strait and narrow way. Yet in ev'ry man we meet there's a

brother ! O the sinner may return! may return!

O tell him the wondrous story! Tho' he wander far astray,

Hallelujah! there's a way-There's a free and open way to ~lory! 2 We should think how we all have been

lost and blind-How we all need pity in our sorrow-By the grace of Christ we stand,

Looking to ard the better land— And we need Him for to-day and to-

morrow.

3 We should think how the Lord has been good to us-Not to one, but to ev'ry falling brother-

We should pity all who sin, And the wand rer seek to win- [other. With a tender loving heart, help each

35

128 Behold-I Stand at the Door. |

1 The day is swiftly going, The night is drawing nigh — And still God's grace is flowing To all who hear the cry!

Behold 1 stand at the door and knock! If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me!

- 2 He stands—the King of Glory,
 He pleads, O heart, with thee;
 He tells the pitcous story
- Of death at Calvary!

 3 He came in early morning,
 In life's sweet op ning spring,
 And call'd, as day was dawning,
 Thy heart to Him to bring!
- 4 And now when night is falling, And dull and faint thine ear, Yet still in grace He's calling, O sinner, list, and hear!

129 He is Not Here, but is Risen.

1 O day of awful story— Jesus has died! Sure end to hope of glory— Jesus has died!

Behold the stone is roll'd away, And shining ones have come to say— "He is not here, but is rise'n!" The night of death is past and gone— Arise and greet the glorious morn! "He is not here, but is rise'n!"

- 2 O weary night of weeping— . . . A night that knew no sleeping— . . .
- 3 A day in sadness dawning— . . . A dark and gloomy morning— . . .
- 4 The sun in blackness hidden— . . .
 The earth in horror shaken— . . .
- 5 The Lamb for sin atoning— . . . In deepest sorrow groaning— . . .
- 6 New life for men achieving— . . . Sad death for ever ending— . . .

130 Revival—Love and Zeal.

1 "O Lord, revive Thy work!" Bid show'rs of grace descend; To longing hearts reveal Thy love— And save us to the end: We mourn our languid zeal—
Our unbelief remove;
O take our hearts and make them
Thine:

Lord, fill each soul with love!
2 "O Lord, revive Thy work!"

Regard Thy planted vine; Behold us each, through Christ Thy Son-For Thee, for Thee we pine; This is our heart-felt pray'r, Content we cannot be.

Content we cannot be,
We will not, dare not let Thee rest
Till we Thy glory see!

3 "O Lord, revive Thy work!"
Let many souls be sav'd;
Make bare Thine arm, and rescue men,
By nature all deprav'd;

Endue with pow'r divine; Lord, keep us earnest in Thy cause, The glory shall be Thine!

131 Likeness to Christ.

Then fit us for Thy work.

1 O teach us more of Thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God!
And fix and root us in Thy grace
As those redeem'd by blood.

2 O tell us often of Thy love, Of all Thy grief and pain — And let our hearts with joy confess, That thence comes all our gain.

3 For this, O may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss—
The dearest object of our love,
Compar'd with Thee but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts— Conform our wills to Thine, That so we may, in some degree, Reflect Thy light divine!

132 The Gospel Jubilee.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come:

Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
2 Jesus, our great High Priest,

Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad—

26

3 Extol the Lamb of God, The sin-atoning Lamb: Redemption by His blood Throughout the world proclaim-

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell. Your liberty receive; And safe in Jesus dwell. And blest in Jesus live-

5 Ye, who have sold for nought Your heritage above, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Jesus' love--

6 The gospel trumpet hear. The news of heav'nly grace; And, sav'd from earth, appear Before your Saviour's face : The year of Jubilee is come; Return to your eternal home.

By Grace are ye Saved. 133 Eph. ii. 9.

1 In grace the holy God Did full salvation plan; Electing, in His sov'reign grace. To save rebellious man.

By grace are ye sav'd thro' faith, and that not of yourselves-

Not of works, lest any man should boast-It is the gift of God!

2 This grace of God appears In Jesus Christ His Son-Who, lifted on the cross of shame, The grace of God makes known. 3 Now all who thus believe

In God, through Christ reveal'd, By grace shall full salvation have, And "Sons of God" are seal'd.

134 Nothing but a Broken Reed. 1sa. xlii. 3 1 Dear Lord, Thy precious blood was shed

for me! I love the story to repeat;

And now my sinful heart I bring to Thee, And lay it, weeping, at Thy feet.

I know I'm nothing but a broken reed. That leans, and only leans on Thee; Yet Thou wilt hear me when Thy name I plead.

There's mercy at Thy cross for me. 2 I would be Thine, I give my wand'rings

o'er. O may I never leave Thy side:

I would be Thine, dear Lord, and nothing Behind Thy cross, O let me hide.

3 Now seal Thy bless d name mon my Thy holy temple may it be ; [heart, Renew and sanctify its ev'ry part, And let Thy will be done in me.

Let Your Light so Shine. 135 Matt. v. 16.

1 You have light receiv'd from Jesus! Kindled by His love divine-Let the light that He has given Now on others brightly shine!

Let your light so shine before men. That they may see your good works, And glorify your Father who is in heuv'n.

2 O the depths of God's compassion, Ev'ry morning sweet and new --Show to others of the mercy That the Father shows to you.

3 By the "precious blood" accepted, Living 'neath the heav'nly ray, By the Spirit of the Master --Be a light for all who stray.

4 Spread the gospel's joyful tidings. Brought by angels from above Tell the world that God is gracious, And His very Name is Love!

Devotion and Prayer. 136 Phil. iii. 12.

1 To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour, My spirit turns for rest! My peace is in Thy favour, My pillow on Thy breast; Tho' all the world deceive me, I know that I am Thine,

: ||: And Thou wilt never leave me, O blessëd Saviour, mine!: #:

2 In Thee my trust abideth, On Thee my hope relies,

O Thou whose love provideth For all beneath the skies-O Thou whose mercy found me, From bondage set me free-:1: Thou hast for ever bound me

With threefold cords to Thee! : ||: 3 My grief is in the dulness

With which this sluggish heart Doth open to the fulness Of all Thou would'st impart;

My joy is in Thy merit And holiness divine, :||: My comfort in Thy Spirit That binds my life to Thine. : ||:

4 Alas that I should ever Have fail'd in love to Thee. The only one who never Forgot or slighted me! O for a heart to love Thee More truly, as I ought. : ||: And nothing place above Thee In deed, or word, or thought. : ||:

5 O for that choicest blessing Of living in Thy love, And thus on earth possessing The peace of heav'n above; O for the bliss that by it

The soul securely knows, : I: The holy calm and quiet Of faith's serene repose. : ||:

137 Save, Save, O Jesus, Save! Matt. xiv. 30.

1 My sins appear in dark array: I have no hope of heav'n; I've nought wherewith my debt to pay-

O can I be forgiv'n?

Save, save, O Jesus, save! Save a voor sinner while crying-Save. save, O Jesus, save! Save a poor sinner from dying!

2 I know 'tis just that I should die; My guilt I now confess-But to Thy Son I lift mine eye-For His sake wilt Thou bless?

3 In His own body on the tree. He bore my guilt and shame; 'Twas then He suffer'd death for me, I plead alone His name.

4 Thy law would shut me up in hell-But thanks, O God, to Thee! My Saviour died that I might tell How grace can make me free!

138 Refuge, Rest, and Comfort. Psa. lvii. 1.

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul; On Thee, when sorrows rise-On Thee, when waves of trouble roll, My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief, For Thou alone can'st heal; Thy word can bring a sweet relief For ev'ry pain I feel.

3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail. I fear to call Thee mine : The springs of comfort seem to fail. And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet-gracious God! where shall I flee? Thou art my only trust:

And still my soul shall cleave to Thee. Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? And shall I seek in vain? And can the ear of Sov'reign Grace Be deaf when I complain?

6 No-still the ear of Sov'reign Grace Attends the mourner's pray'r: O may I ever find access

To breathe my sorrows there.

7 The Mercy-seat is open still— Here let my soul retreat: With humble hope attend Thy will, And wait beneath Thy feet!

Resolve-I Will be Thine. 139 Isa. xii. 2.

1 Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro' the word. Is offer'd full and free:

And now, O Lord, I must, I must decide: Shall I accept of Thee?

I will be Thine, God helping me, I will be Thine!

Thy precious blood was shed to ransom me, I will be wholly Thine!

2 By grace I will Thy mercy now receive-Thy love my heart hath won: On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe. And trust in Thee alone!

3 Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am. And how I fear to stray; For strength to serve, I look to Thee

The strength Thou must supply!

4 And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song: And from the heart to gladly with us say, "I will to Christ belong!"

5 To all who came, when Thou wast here below

And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?" To them, "I will," was ever Thy reply-We rest upon it now.

1 No night shall be in heav'n-no gath-'ring gloom

Shall o'er that glorious region ever come; No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs-

That breathe their fragrance thro'

celestial bow'rs! 2 No night shall be in heav'n-no sorrow

No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;

No shiv'ring limbs, no burning fever there; No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair!

3 No night shall be in heav'n-O had I faith To rest in what the Faithful Witness saith-

That faith should make these fearful phantoms flee-

And leave no night, henceforth, on 5 "And I have brought to thee, earth to me!

Experience-"I Do Believe!" r Peter ii. 7.

 Until I heard of Jesus' love, A sinner, Lord, was I; I had no thought of things above, I was afraid to die.

I now believe, I do believe, That Jesus died for me, And on the cross He shed His blood From sin to set me free.

2 But when I saw Thee on the cross. All wounded there for me, My very heart I thought would break, I felt I must love Thee.

3 My eyes were fill'd with burning tears, For pardon then I cried --But Jesus quickly quell'd my fears;

He said, "For thee I died." 4 I know that God, for Jesus' sake, My sins has wash'd away; Now when I die, in heav'n I'll wake, And sing through endless day!

"I Gave My Life for Thee." John xii. 26.

1 "I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be, And quicken'd from the dead; I gave My life for thee-What hast thou done for Me? 2 "I spent long years for thee, In weariness and woe, That an eternity Of joy thou mightest know: I spent long years for thee-Hast thou spent one for Mo?

3 "My Father's home on high, My rainbow circled throne,

I left for earthly night, For wand'ring sad and lone— I left it all for thee –

Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 "I suffer'd much for thee-More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitt'rest agony-

To rescue thee from hell-I suffer'd much for thee — What can'st thou bear for Me?

Down from My home above, Salvation full and free, My pardon and My love;

Great gifts I brought to thee-What hast Thou brought to Me?-

6 O let thy life be giv'n, Thy years for Him be spent ; World fetters all be riv'n, And joy with suff'ring blent; Bring thou thy worthless all-Follow thy Saviour's call.

"Peace on Earth." 143 Luke ii. 14.

1 The Christmas Chimes awake the morn, "Glory to God, good-will to men"-"In Bethlehem a child is born-

The Prince of Peace begins His reign!" O harpy bells, ring joyously-

O bells, ring joyously— Ring peace on earth, good-will to men! Around the world, across the sea --Across the deep blue sea

Ring veace on earth, good-will to men! 2 Sweet Christmas Chimes! arouse the

world-Awake the nations from their gloom—

Bid ev'ry flag of war be furl'd, And hush the caunon's voice of doom!

3 O, Prince of Peace! we wait for Thee; The brightness of Thy coming greet !

Above the mountain tops we see-The dawn is rising pure and sweet !

4 Ring, happy bells, your joyful lay, "Glory to God -good-will to men!" My heart, propare the congiror's way, And, angels, chant your hymns again!

Tried - Precious - Sure. 144 Heb. xiii. 8.—Isa. xxviii. 16.

1 Through the yesterday of ages. Jesus. Thou hast been "The Same:" Through our own life's chequer'd pages. Still the one dear changeless name : Well may we in Thee confide. Faithful Saviour, prov'd "TRIED!"

2 Joyfully we stand and witness Thou art still to day "The Same," In Thy perfect glorious fitness, Meeting ev'ry need and claim; Chiefest of ten thousand Thou. Saviour. O most "PRECIOUS" now!

3 Gazing down the far for ever, Brighter glows the one sweet Name. Steadfast radiance, paling never, Jesus, Jesus! still "The Same;" Evermore "Thou shalt endure," Our own Saviour, strong and "SURE!"

145 Peace-Joy-Security. Mark xv. 17.

1 O Sacred Head, now wounded! With grief and shame weigh'd down. Thus scornfully surrounded. With thorns Thine only crown! O Sacred Head, what glory, What bliss till now was Thine ! Yet, the despised and gory. I joy to call Thee mine!

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd Was all for sinners' gain; Mine, mine was the transgression-But Thine, the deadly pain; Lo! here I fall, my Saviour! 'Tis I deserv'd Thy place; Look on me with Thy favour, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow, To thank Thee, dearest Friend, For this, Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end! Lord, make me Thine for ever, Nor let me faithless prove; O let me never, never,

Abuse such dying love!

4 Be near when I am dving. O shew Thyself to me! And for my succour flying.

Come, Lord, and set me free ! These eyes, new faith receiving-From Jesus shall not rove: For he who dies believing...

Dies safely-through Thy love!

146 Ere the Sun Goes Down. John xii. 35.

and 1 I have work enough to do-Ere the sun goes down ; For myself and kindred too-Ere the sun goes down: Ev'ry idle whisper stilling With a purpose firm and willing, All my daily task fulfilling-Ere the sun goes down!

> Ere the sun goes down — I.re the sun goes down -All my daily task fulfilling-* Ere the sun goes down!

2 I must overcome my wrath - . . . I must walk the heav'nly path... For it may be death is wending Hither, with the night descending, And my life may have an ending . . .

3 I must speak the living word-... I must let my voice be heard - . . . Ev'ry cry for pity heeding. For the injur'd interceding, To the light the lost one leading

4 As I journey on my way— . . . God's command I must obey ... There are sins that need confessing. There are wrongs that need redressing. If I would obtain the blessing— . . .

The last line of each verse comes into the Refrain.

Our Exemplar. 147 Phil. ii. 5.

1 When Jesus liv'd with men below. His life His love reveal'd :

To Him no human want or woe In vain for help appeal'd.

2 The poor, the sick, the blind, the lame, Flock'd round Him day by day; And O, not one of all that came Went unreliev'd away!

3 Then, if our lips His name confess, His life shall be our guide; And we with kindly de.ds should bless The poor for whom He died.

4 But if we live for self alone, Nor care for others take, The Lord, most surely, will disown Each false pretence we make!

148 Young Man, Arise.

1 "Arise, young man, arise"— Thy Saviour's loving volec Now bids thee lift thine eyes, And in His life rejoice; He rais'd the sleeping dead, He made it grand to live; For Thee His blood He shed, All help His arm will give!

2 Arise! for death is nigh,
Life's day is all too brief;
Like light its moments fly,
Its gladness and its grief;
Rise, then, and take thy part
In God's tremendous fight;
To arms! stir up thy heart,
Go forth in heav'n's great might.

3 Arise from dreams of fame—
From sensual slumbers rise;
Keep spotless Christ's dear name,
Thy wealth is in the skies;
The noblest works await
Thine aid, with high reward,
And, crown'd at glovy's gate,
Thou 'lt meet thy Risen Lord!

Praise for Pardon. 1 Peter ii. 25.

1 Lord, with glowing heart I praise Thee For the bliss Thy love bestows — For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows — Praise,my soul, the God that sought thee — Wretched wand'rer far astray — Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death away!

2 Praise—with love's devoutest feeling— Him who saw thy guilty fear; And, the light of hope revealing— Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear— Lord, my bosom's ardent feeling Vainly would my lips express; Low—before Thy footstool, kneeling,

Deign Thy humble one to bless!

150 Filial Confidence.

1 Sov'reign of all the worlds on high, Allow my humble claim; And when, in Christ, to Thee I cry— Ecycel a Eather's name!

2 My Father—God—how sweet the sound! How tender, and how dear! Not all the melody of heav'n Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal His name On my expanding heart, And shew that in Jehovah's grace

I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
In Leggs I believe:

In Jesus I believe; And, Abba, Father, humbly say – Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love The Comforter is come; All terrors at His voice disperse, And endless pleasures bloom!

151 The Song of Ages. Job xxxviii. 7.—Psa. cviii. 2.

1 Awake, O, voice of music— Awake, O, harp of love, And tell how stars of morning Gave praise to God above; Tell how the mighty angels Sang forth the birth of time, Proclaim'd Jehovah's greatness, His majesty sublime!

> Awake, awake, awake, awake, Awake, O, harp of love, For ever and for ever Give praise to God above!

2 Awake the song of ages
That roll'd along the sky,
When legions, veil'd in glory,
Sang praise to God on high;
What full and free salvation
Was brought to all mankind,
Through Him, the Lord's Anoilted,
Who came the lost to find!

3 Awake the song triumphant
That fill'd the gates of light,
When Christ, the Lord, arising,
Dispell'd the gloom of night;
O sing of joy unbounded!
O song that ne'er shall cease!
He died, He rose, He conquer'd—
He lives—the Prince of Peace!

Call and Remonstrance. John v. 40.

1 To-day the Saviour calls, Ye wand'rers, come O, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls -For refuge fly; The storm of judgment falls,

Ruin is nigh.

3 To-day the Saviour calls -O listen now!

Within these witness-walls, To Jesus bow!

4 To-day the Spirit calls -Yield to His pow'r; () grieve Him not away-"Tis mercy's hour!

153

"Right away!" Matt. iv. 22.

1 I will come to Jesus, right away! right Tis His Spirit calls me—I obey! [away! 1 Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—

He will never leave me! [away! I will come to Jesus, right away! right 2 I will trust in Jesus, right away! right

I will seek His blessing ev'ry day; [away! While my heart is pleading, He is interceding; [away !

3 I will live for Jesus, right away! right

"Tis my Saviour calls me -I obey! [away! Now in youth's bright morning

I will live for Jesus, right away! right

4 I will work for Jesus, right away! right Labour in His vineyard every day-[away! With my heart pursuing

What my hands are doing, I will work for Jesus, ev'ry day! ev'ry day!

154 Our Home-Lost and Found! Rev. xxi. 3.

1 Our home was lost, ourselves were lost. The heav'nly Saviour sought us: From streets and lanes He brought us

home, To God and home He brought us; Tis dark outside where dangers hide, Where sin and death are stalking;

Tis day within, and pure delight,

Where saints in white are walking.

O home of light—O home of love— So pure and fair, so full of rest-Our everlasting home in God: How happy here, in heav'n how blest!

2 Farewell to want! there is no scant. This home is all provided;

Its perfect law is liberty, True liberty love-guided:

The banquet hall, the chambers small. Are roof'd with boundless favour; And furnish'd from exhaustless love,

The love of Christ our Saviour. 3 Our friends may come to this bright home,

There's joy for all who gather; And ev'ry one, with welcome high, Is feasted by our Father;

O homeless ones, far wand'ring sons, Why look with longing only? Let Jesus lead you through the door, And nevermore be lonely!

Jesus is Calling To-day. 155 Matt. ix. 13.

Calling to-day—calling to day! Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam-

Farther and farther away?

Calling, calling to-day, to-day! Jesus is tenderly calling to-day!

I will trust in Jesus, right away! right 2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest-Calling to-day—calling to day! Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be

He will not turn thee away. Is the gentle warning; [away!] 3 Jesus is waiting, O, come to Him now—

Waiting to-day-waiting to-day! Come with thy sins-at His feet lowly Come and no longer delay.

[bow-4 Jesus is pleading, O, list to His voice-Hear Him to-day-hear Him to-day! They who believe in His name shall

Quickly arise, come away. [rejoice—

156 The Secret of His Presence. Psa. xxxi. 20.

1 In the secret of His presence now my soul delights to hide;

O how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!

Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,

For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

2 When my soul is faint and thirsty—'neath|2 All other sounds discordant seem, the shadow of His wing

There, is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring

hold communion sweet, If I tried I could not alter-what He

says when thus we meet!

3 Only this I know-I tell Him all my 4 O may His mercy still our fear, doubts, and griefs, and fears;

O how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers!

Do you think He ne'er reproves me?what a false friend He would be—

If He never, never told me-of the sins which He must see!

4 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?

Go and hide beneath His shadow—this shall then be your reward; And whene'er you leave the silence of

that happy meeting place— You must mind, and bear the image-of

the Master, in your face.

157 Implicit Trust—Step by Step. Matt. vi. 34.

1 'Tis only just a step that we need to take Only just a step, my brother- [to-day! The duty of to-morrow, we cannot do to-dav---

'Tis only just a step, then another— Only just a step, then another!

Only just a step, then another! Follow close to Jesus and do His will to-day-Then trust Him for the strength of tomorrow.

2 'Tis only just a step, climbing up the shin-Lifting up your heart to Jesus; [ing way, To-morrow's work will bring you the grace you then will need- [Jesus! Your strength is not in self-but in

3 Then, brother, journey on, where the Saviour bids you go-

He will lead the way before you-He knows your ev'ry sorrow-and feels your ev'ry woe,

His guiding hand will lead you to glory.

158 The Sweetness of His Mercy. Tit. iii. 5.

1 Sweet were the sounds that reach'd our When Jesus rais'd His loving voice; [ears] His mercy then dispell'd our fears, And made our souls in hope rejoice!

Compar'd with Mercy's heav'nly song: So sweet and joyful is the theme, It bears our willing souls along.

And my Saviour rests beside me, as we 3 0 may we never cease to hear The voice that gives our conscience rest-That dissipates our guilty fear— And tells us we are truly blest!

> And bind our souls with cords of love-Mercy that soothes our sorrows here, And gives us hope of joys above!

The Gates of Praise. 159 Isa. lx. 18.

1 Lift up the Gates of Praise, That we may enter in, And o'er Salvation's walls proclaim That Christ redeems from sin.

The stars may praise the hand That decks the sky above, But man alone can tell the pow'r Of Christ's redeeming love.

2 God's works reveal His might, His majesty and grace-But not the tender Father's love That saves a dying race!

3 Then let the voice of praise To heav'nly courts ascend, Till with the songs the angels sing Our hallelujahs blend!

4 To Him who hath redeem'd Our souls from sin's dark maze-The Hope and Saviour of mankind-Be everlasting praise!

160 Fight and Victory of Faith. I John v. 4, 5.

1 On to the victory, brave-hearted men! Follow the King with a faith true and free; Over the mountain top, over the plain, Rally the mighty host and shout Victory! Rally round the fallen, lift them again, Rally round the captive, break ev'ry chain;

Rally in your might, and battle for the right, On to the victory, the Victory!

We are marching onward, boldly marching onward. 'Neath the banner of the King, bright and In a noble fight we're battling for the right, and marching

On to the victory, the Victory!

2 On to the victory, fear not the foe, Strike till the hostile ranks shall falter and flee;

On to the victory, bravely we go,
"Forward," our battle cry, for ever shall
be;

Weary nights of watching over the

Bring us weary days of anguish and pain;

Yet we march along, united, firm and strong—

On to the victory, the Victory!

3 On to the victory, come one and all,

Follow the King with a love warm and free

Follow the King with a love warm and free; Ring out the battle cry, echo the call, And with Hisransom'd army shout Victory: Shun the guilty paths of sorrow and sin, Shun the wily snares of hard-hearted

Join the mighty throng that triumphs over wrong— On to the victory, the Victory!

161 Conscious Nearness.

1 Yes, I am waiting, Lord; and it is sweet To rest the while close by my Saviour's feet;

Here, with Thy wounded hand upon my head,

My weary soul is blest and comforted.

I am waiting, I am waiting, Waiting, Lord; and it is sweet To be resting, resting, resting, Close by my Saviour's feet.

2 'Tis joy to tarry at Thy bleeding side, Whence flows the healing, purifying tide-

My only hope, Thy perfect righteousness! Yes, I will wait in this dear hiding-place.

3 When Thou in love dost check my foolish haste,

Take me apart into the desert waste, And bid me pause till Thou shalt point the way,

And go before me, lest again I stray.

4 So here, beneath the shadow of Thy wing,
I stay my steps, and, as I stay, I sing;
White proceed divine the stay, I sing;

While peace divine through all my soul distils.

And love its blessed, perfect work fulfils.

162 O Jesus, Friend Unfailing.

1 © Jesus, friend unfailing,
How dear Thou art to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee!
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough tho the path and weary—
It ends in perfect day.

What fills my soul with gladness?
 Tis Thine abounding grace;
 Where can I look in sadness—
 But—Jesus—on Thy face?
 My all is Thy providing;
 Thy love can me'er grow cold;
 In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,
 No good wilt Thon withhold.

3 Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt ever by my side;
Why trembling dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er betide?

If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorn'd, despis'd, forsaken.

If scorn'd, despis'd, forsaken, Nought severs Thee from me. 4 For ev'ry tribulation, For ev'ry sore distress.

In Thee I ve full salvation, Sure help and quiet rest; No fear of foes prevailing, I triumph, Lord, in Thee!

O Jesus, friend unfailing, How dear art Thou to me!

163 White Robes in Heaven. Rev. iii. 4; Rev. vi. 11. 1 All who in the Lord believe—

All who love His holy name—
Lo, from heaven hear the message
That the Spirit doth proclaim—
I will give them all a robe,
White and spotless shall it be,
They shall weak that robe for ever,
They shall walk in white with Me.

2 All who in the Lord abide— All who take the cross He bore— Lo, from heaven hear the message Wafted to this earthly shore—

3 All who in the Lord rejoice—All who to His promise cling—Hear the message full of glory, From the mansions of the King—

164 Saviour, Brother, Friend.

1 In all things like Thy brethren Thou Wast made, yet free from sin — But how unlike to us, O Lord!— Replies the voice within!

2 O Holy God—yet frail weak man!
"Tis not for us to know
How spotless soul and body felt
Temptation, pain, and wee!

3 O Light of light—our faith is weak! Clear Thou our clouded view, That—Son of Man, and Son of God— We give Thee honour due.

4 O Son of Man, Thyself hast prov'd Our trials and our tears.— Life's thankless toil, and scant repose, Death's agonies and fears.

5 O Son of God—in glory rais'd Thou sittest on Thy throne— Thence by Thy pleadings and Thy grace Still succouring Thine own.

6 O Saviour, Brother, Friend, and Judge— To Thee, O Christ, be giv'n To bind upon Thy Crown the names Elect in earth and heav'n!

165 The Wide, Wide World.

They tell me there are dangers
 In the path my feet must tread—
 But they cannot see the glory
 That is shining round my head.

O'tis Jesus leads my footsteps; He has made my heart His own; For I would not dare to journey Thro'the wide, wide world alone!

2 They tell me life has trials, And the firmest hopes will flee; But I trust my all to Jesus, And I know He cares for me.

3 I know my heart is sinful, And my love seems all too small; But if Jesus' arm is round me I shall win and conquer all.

166 Mighty to Save!

1 O who is this that cometh From Edom's ruddy plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name!— I that saw thy soul's distress, A ransom gave-

I that speak in righteousness, MIGHTY TO SAVE!

Nighty to save, mighty to save, . . . Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love—
Mighty to save.

2 O why is Thine apparel With purple-stain all dyed, Like them that tread the wine-press red—

O why this crimson tide?—

I the wine-press trod alone
'Neath dark'ning skies;
Of the people there was none

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

3 O, Bleeding Lamb, my Saviour,
How could'st Thou bear such shame?
With mercy fraught Mine own arm
Salvation in My name— [brought

I the bloody fight have won, Conquer'd the grave, Now the year of joy is come, MIGHTY TO SAVE!

167 The Music of Mercy.

Acts xvi. 26.—Psa. lxxxix. 1.

1 Soft—soft—music is stealing; Sweet—sweet—lingers the strain; Glad—glad—tidings revealing, Telling of mercy again!

Soft! sweet! lingers the strain, Telling glad tidings of Jesus again!

2 Hope—hope—fair and enduring; Joy—joy—bright as the day; Love—love—heaven insuring, Sweetly invites you away.

3 Come—come—all things are waiting; Now—now—come at His call; Soon—soon—love may cease pleading; Come—while there's mercy for all.

Soft! sweet! lingers the strain! Sinner! you never may hear it again!

168 The Harvest of Grace— John iv. 35.

1 Behold the changing autumn leaves, Behold the fields of rip'ning grain! Go, gather in the golden sheaves From valley, hill, and distant plain. Then, reapers, haste, the skies are clear,

The fields resound the glad refrain, The harvesters, from far and near, Are gath ring in the golden grain.

- 2 Behold the harvest of the Lord! Behold the broad and whit ning fields! Send out the call, send forth the word, Till hundred-fold the harvest yields.
- 3 Why idly stand? there's work for all— The Master calls, why longer wait? Go, gather in both great and small, Make haste, or you will be too late.

169 Boldness-Strength-Safety.

- 1 Now let the feeble all be strong, And make Jehovah's arm their song; His shield is spread o'er ev'ry saint— And thus supported, who shall faint?
- 2 Bound by His word, He will display A strength proportion'd to our day; And when united trials meet, He'll shew a path of safe retreat!
- 3 Thus far we prove that promise good, Which Jesus ratified with blood; Still He is gracious, wise, and just; And still in Him our souls shall trust.
- 4 O then let saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord;
 How great His works—how kind His
 ways—
 Let seit the saints with joy record

Let ev'ry tongue pronounce His praise!

170 Fulness and Might of the Spirit.

1 O Spirit of the Living God, In all Thy plenitude of grace, Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love To preach the reconciling word; Give pow'r and unction from above, Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness at Thy coming light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with
might;

Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All this round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air—
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh The triumphs of the cross record; The name of Jesus glorify, Till ev'ry kindred call Him Lord. 6 God from eternity hath will'd All flesh should His salvation see; So be the Father's love fulfill'd—

The Saviour's suff'rings crown'd through Thee!

171 Personal Communion.

1. MORNING DAWN.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh-

When wake the birds and all the shadows flee;

Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Sweet dawns the feeling, that I am with

Sweet dawns the feeling, that I am with Thee—

2. THE SUNSET HOUR.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber.

Its closing eye looks up to Thee, in pray'r—Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershading.

But sweeter still to wake—and find Thee there!

3. THE ETERNAL DAY.

So shall it be at last, on that bright morning, When the soul waketh and life's shad-

ows flee—
O, in that hour, fairer than day-light's dawning—

Shall rise the glorious thought-I am with Thee!

172 Hold up the Cross.

- 1 By the cross of Christ I linger,
 Reading there the story old,
 Trac'd in blood by God's own finger,
 When His love to man was told!
 Hold up the cross to a dying world—
 Hold up the cross—hold up the cross.
- 2 By the cross I 'm lifted nearer To the heart of Him who died— Daily grows my vision clearer To behold the Crucified.
- 3 By the cross of Christ my longing For a crown is satisfied; Thoughts of joy beyond are thronging As I stand my Lord beside!

173 Work, Growth, Watchfulness. Heb. x. 24; 2 Pet. iii, 18; 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 Are you working—are you working— In the garden of the Lord?

When He cometh at the setting of the

Will he find a golden harvest,

Will you reap a rich reward,
For the faithful toil and service you
have done?

2 Are you growing—are you growing— In the garden of the Lord? Are you stepping ever heav'nward on

the way? In the knowledge of the Saviour, In the richness of His word,

Are you gaining grace and wisdom ev'ry day?

3 Are you watching—are you watching— In the garden of the Lord? Like the lily, are your garments pure

and white?
With the lovely Rose of Sharon,
Is your heart in sweet accord?

Does it turn with joy and gladness to the light?

4 When the trump of God is sounding— And the gates are open'd wide— All the gladness of the blessed you shall know,

If within the Master's vine-yard From the morn till even-tide You have been a faithful worker here below!

Note.—The first verse is repeated as the Refrain.

174 O Speak the Name of Jesus.

To Africa.

o, speak the name of Jesus!
 Tell it afar and near;
 Tell how it heals your sorrows,
 And dries the mourner's tear;
 Speak it to those around you,
 In your own happy land;
 But speed the gospel onward—
 To Afric's burning sand.

O, speak the Saviour's name! Name of all names most dear, Spread wide the glorious tidings, Till all the world shall hear.

2. To India and China.

To China's millions give it;
Tell them of Jesus' love—
The blessings He will bring them—
The home He has above;
Sand out the reme of lesus

Send out the name of Jesus To India's coral strand;

Twill bind the sore, the breaking heart, And raise the fallen hand.

3. "HIS NAME SHALL BE ABOVE EVERY NAME."

The idol gods will perish
Under the blessed sound—
As news of Jesus' mercy
From lip to lip goes round;
Homes will be fill'd with gladness,
And hearts for joy beat high,
As His dear name of Jesus
Floats in its sweetness by.

175 The Earnest Will.

1 Let us take our place in the field of grace— To the work with ardour bending, And the right pursue with a purpose true, On the Saviour alone depending; With an earnest will pressing onward

still—
Our Redeemer watching o'er us—
We shall rest ere long in the land of song,
With the faithful gone before us.

Let us take our place in the field of grace— To the work with ardour bending, And the right pursue with a purpose true, On the Saviour alone depending.

2 With an earnest will, pressing onward still.

Let us work, and never weary, [cheer, For the Lord is near, and our heart will Though the sky may be sometimes dreary; [are light,

While the fields are bright, and the days And the harvest call is sounding, Let us bear our part with a trusting heart, And a song of joy resounding.

3 Let our faith abound—let us all be found In the work of love and duty,

Till the shadows fall, and we hear the call To a mansion of fadeless beauty; If we work and pray, in the good old way, To the Saviour closely keeping, [won—

When our work is done, and our crown is There will be a glorious reaping.

176 The Glories of the Lamb.

1 Behold the glories of the Lamb! Amidst His Father's throne; Prepare new honours for His name, And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at His feet, The church adore around, With censers full of odours sweet, And harps of sweeter sound.

3 These odours are the pray'rs of saints, These sounds the hymns they raise; Jesus is kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb who once was slain Be endless blessings paid; Salvation, glory, joy remain For ever on His head!

6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy pow'r:
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

John xix. 25; John vi. 56.

1 Jesus, great Redeemer—
Source of life divine—
In our souls for ever,
Grant Thy light to shine!
Source of life eternal—
Hope and peace restore;
Light of life immortal—
Shine for evermore!

Jesus, great Redeemer— Source of life divine— In our souls for ever, Grant Thy light to shine!

2 Bread for sinners broken,
Bread of life indeed—
Manna for the hungry—
In their sorest need;
Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for Thee!
Cup of heav'nly blessing,
Wine of charity!

3 Thou, O holy Saviour— Come and enter in— Cleanse away the impress Of our dreadful sinMake us pure, we pray Thee,
Thou who art so pure—
O then let Thy likeness
In our hearts endure!

4 Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love—
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever blessed Dove!
Father, do Thou bless us
Now for Jesus' sake,
And our feeble worship
Condescend to take!

178 Gather them in.

1 Gather them in—for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread— O gather them in—let His house be fill'd, And the hungry and poor be fed.

Out in the highway—out in the byeway, Out in the dark paths of sin— Go forth, go forth with a loving heart, And gather the wand rers in!

2 Gather them in—for yet there is room! But our hearts—how they throb with pain To think of the many who slight the call

That may never be heard again!

3 Gather them in—for yet there is room.

'Tis a message from God above;

O—gather them into the fold of grace,
And the arms of the Saviour's love!

79 Sweet Delight in Prayer.

1 Throne of eternal love—refuge from care!
0 what a precious thought—Jesus is
Under His mighty wings;
Faith to His mercy clings,
While to my heart she brings—
Sweet delight in pray!

2 Throne of eternal love—there would I be! There my Redeemer comes nearest to me; Brightly His glories shine— Truly His voice divine Gives to this heart of mine.

Gives to this heart of mine— Sweet delight in pray'r!

3 Throne of eternal love—refuge from carel
There is my dwelling place, Jesus is there!
Calmly my heart oppress'd
Leans on His loving breast;
O what a blessed rest—
Sweet delight in pray'r!

180 Tell it Out_the Echo of Grace. |2 Hallelujah_hark! the sound Psa. x. 16.

1 Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King

Tell it out! tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing!

Tell it out! tell it out!

increase

That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace;

Tell it out with jubilation tho' the waves may roar.

That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore!

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is Kina!

shout and sing!

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns! . . .

burst their chains! . .

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives: Tell it out among the weary ones what

rest He gives: Tell it out among the sinners that He

came to save: Tell it out among the dying that He

triumph'd o'er the grave. 3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus

reigns above!... Tell it out among the nations that His

reign is love!. Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home-

Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam!

Like the sound of many waters let our

[of the sea! glad shout be. Till it echo and re-echo from the islands

The Mighty Song. 181 Rev. xi. 15.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee Loud as mighty thunders' roar, Or the fulness of the sea

When it breaks upon the shore; Hallelujah! for the Lord

God Omnipotent shall reign; Hallelujah! let the word Echo round the earth and main!

From the depths unto the skies Wakes above, beneath, around.

All creation's harmonies;

See Jehovah's banner furl'd. Sheath'd His sword—He speaks, 'tis And the kingdoms of this world [done--Are the kingdoms of His Son!

Tell it out with adoration that He shall 3 He shall reign from pole to pole. With illimitable sway:

He shall reign, when like a scroll Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away;

Then the end—beneath His rod Man's last enemy shall fall— Hallelujah-Christ in God-

God in Christ is All in All!

Fall Down. Ye Nations. Psa. İxxii. 11.

Tell it out among the nations! bid them | 1 Fall down, ye nations, and adore Jehovah on the Mercy-seat : Like prostrate seas on ev'ry shore---That cast their billows at your feet!

Tell it out among the nations, bid them 2 Come from the East-with gifts, ye kings, With goldand frankincense and myrrh; Where'er the morning spreads her wings,

Ye men, to God your vows prefer! 3 Come from the West—the bond, the free,

His easy service make your choice; Ye isles of the Pacific sea-Ye thousand isles—in Christ rejoice!

4 Come from the South—through desert

A highway for the Lord prepare; [sands Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,

And Lybia pour her soul in pray'r! 5 Come from the North-let Europe raise.

In all her languages, one song; Give God the glory, pow'r and praise, That to His holy Name belong!

6 For He hath bow'd the heav'ns above, And at His feet the mountains flow'd; He came, but not in wrath—in love—

To make with men His pure abode. 7 With smiles—O Earth—thy Maker meet;

Nations-before the Saviour fall; Redemption is in Him complete— The Gospel now is preach'd to all!

Go Forth and Reap. 183 John iv. 35.

1 When thou hast sown the precious seed Of truth and love, by word and deed, In patience then the Master heed-Go forth and reap!

The Master calls, Go forth and reap! His sweet voice falls, Go forth and reap! 185 Christ for the World, We Sing.

When thou hast view'd the whiten'd field, Burden'd with its abundant yield-Prepare the harvest blade to wield -Go forth and reap!

3 When thou hast pray'd, and waited long-For truth hast suffer'd shame and

wrong-Take up the hopeful worker's song-Go forth and reap!

4 The reaper wages full receives-And garners up immortal sheaves --Let him this promise who believes-Go forth and reap!

The Marriage Feast. 184 Matt. xxii. 1-14.

1 Come, for all things are ready! Come to the marriage feast! The poorest and the needlest. The lowest and the least: Come from the dusky highway, Come from the miry street : Come with your toil-worn raiment, Come with your weary feet! There is a wedding garment For evry wedding guest : And all who come are welcome. And you among the rest!

2 Come, for all things are ready! Come, for the board is spread ! Come to the Father's table, To eat the children's bread; Take freely, O beloved -The Bridegroom's chosen friends: Christ's cup is overflowing, Love's banquet never ends!

3 Come, for all things are ready! Come, for our Lord hath will'd His table shall be furnish'd. His mansions shall be fill'd: Some bidden guests are wanting, For, other ways they went-But out to the lanes and hedges-He after you hath sent.

4 Come, for all things are ready! Come, for the feast is free; For still the gates are open, And still there's room for thee! Sinners this Man receiveth, Tis sinners He doth call; The very chief of sinners -He will accept you all.

1 Christ for the world, we sing:

The world to Christ we bring. With loving zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and overborne. Sin-sick and sorrow-worn. Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world, we sing ; The world to Christ we bring, With fervent pray'r; The wayward and the lost, By restless passions toss'd, Redeem'd at countless cost, From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world, we sing: The world to Christ we bring, With one accord : With us the work to share, With us reproach to dare, With us the cross to bear,

4 Christ for the world, we sing : The world to Christ we bring. With joyful song; The new-born souls, whose days, Reclaim'd from error's ways. Inspir'd with hope and praise. To Christ belong.

For Christ our Lord.

We can help Them. 186 Jer. l. 46.

1 Hark that cry of deep and earnest plead-Borne across the ocean wave! Give, O, give us light from Him you worship, Him who came to save-

'Tis the cry of the heathen far, far away--They are asking in tears for the golden rav ljoyful to-day That is beaming so bright and so In our own dear native home!

2 Still that cry-O Christian, come and help Lead us to the Living Spring; Songs of praise that fill our hearts with gladness.

Teach us how to sing -'Tis the cry of the heathen far, far away, To our God whom we serve they would learn to pray;

They would turn from their idols and Jesus obey, If they knew the Saviour's love!

3 Christian, wake, that cry is still resound- 2 Whoever receiveth the message of God. Give your labour and your store; [ing, Send the truth to those benighted nations....

Go from shore to shore— Then the isles of the ocean, far, far away, Shall rejoice in the light of that

golden ray. That is beaming so bright and so joyful to-day

In our own dear native home!

187 The Gospel for the World. Matt. xxviii. 10

1 God of Missions! let salvation Sound aloud from sea to sea: Let the outposts of the nation Swell the glorious jubilee! Wide as prairies. Deep as oceans.

Let the bounds of mercy be.

2 Thro' the valleys, o'er the mountains, Let the blood-red banner go: Turn the rocks and hills to fountains From which tides of grace shall flow: Richest blessings

Flow to millions Held in chains of guilt and woe!

3 Let the Indian in his wildness. Let the bondman in his gloom. Taste the mercy and the mildness Of the Lord who left the tomb. And in glory Everlasting.

For all tribes of men made room!

4 Come, ye souls by sin afflicted. Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down-Conscience stricken and convicted. Through the cross behold the crown: Look to Jesus -

> Glorify Him-Mercy flows through Him alone!

Abundantly Able to Save. Isaiah lv. 7.

 Whoever receiveth the Crucified One. Whoever believeth on God's only Son. A free and a perfect salvation shall have, For He is abundantly able to save.

My brother, the Master is calling for thee : His grace and His mercy are wondrously 3 Fear not, sailor—fear not the darkness

His blood as a ransom for sinners He gave, And He is abundantly able to save!

And trusts in the pow'r of the soulcleansing blood.

A full and eternal redemption shall have--For He is both willing and able to save.

3 Whoever repents and forsakes ev'ry sin. And opens his heart for the Lord to come thave-

A present and perfect salvation shali For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

Devotedness. Earnestness. Psalm xxvii. 8.

1 My heart, O God, be wholly Thine; I would not keep it back from Thee, Nor wish to shun the grace divine, Which takes this humble gift from me.

2 O take it now, and let Thy love For evermore within me dwell, And may Thy Spirit from above Teach me to serve my Master well!

3 Afar be ev'ry thought of sin, Afar be ev'ry wish to stray : Let truth and holiness begin To lead me up the heav'nward way.

4 Make this my only aim and care, To seek Thy praise in all I do: To consecrate each act with pray'r. As I my daily work pursue.

5 More like to Thee, my blessed Lord, I would be as my days pass by, With patience, love, and wisdom stor'd,

Ready to live, and fit to die. 190 Light from the Other Shore. Rev. xxi. 23.

 Fear not, sailor—fear not the darkness, Though the billows loudly roar;

See, in the distance, brightly is beaming Light from the other shore.

Brightly is beaming, brightly is beaming Light from the other shore! See, in the distance, brightly is beaming

Light from the other shore!

2 Fear not, sailor -fear not the darkness; Trusting Jesus more and more— Look to the beacon over the waters-Light on the other shore!

With life's voyage nearly o'er; Enter the harbour-see at the landing Light on the other shore!

191 Christ's Universal Dominion. | 3 Our sins of one most righteous day Psa. lxxii. 8.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son l Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free, To take away transgression. And rule in equity.

2 Arabia's desert-ranger To Him shall bow the knee. The Ethiopian stranger His glory come to see; With off rings of devotion. Ships from the isles shall meet. To pour the wealth of ocean In tribute at His feet.

and gold and incense bring; All nations shall adore Him, His praise all people sing; For He shall have dominion O'er river, sea, and shore, Far as the eagle's pinion Or dove's light wing can soar.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,

4 For Him shall pray'r unceasing And daily vows ascend, His kingdom still increasing-

A kingdom without end; The mountain dews shall nourish A seed, in weakness sown,

Whose fruit shall spread and flourish And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every fee victorious. He on His throne shall rest, From age to age more glorious. All blessing and all blest; The tide of time shall never His covenant remove: His name shall stand for ever: That name to us is Love.

192 The Lord our Righteousness. Rom. v. 18.

1 Saviour Divine-we know Thy name. And in that name we trust; Thou art the Lord our Righteousness, Thou art Thy people's boast.

2 Humbly we plead before Thy throne, And low in dust we lie, Till Thou shalt stretch Thygraciousarm To bring the guilty nigh.

Might plunge us in despair,

Yet all the guilt of num'rous years Thou dost, our Surety, bear.

4 That snotless robe, which Thou hast Shall deck us all around; [wrought, Nor, by the piercing eye of God Shall blemish ere be found.

5 Pardon and peace and lively hope To sinners now are giv'n: Isr'el and Judah soon shall change Their wilderness for heav'n.

6 Joyful we taste the manna now. Thy mercy scatters down; We seal our humble vows to Thee. And wait the promis'd crown!

193 Blessed be the God and Father. Eph. i. 3

Blessëd be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heav'nly places, in Christ.

194 The Coming of the Kingdom. James v. 8.

1 There's a glorious kingdom waiting in the land beyond the sky:

Where the saints have been gath'ring year by year, And the days are swiftly passing that

will bring the kingdom nigh: For the coming of the kingdom

draweth near!

O the coming of the kingdom draweth near-O the coming of the kingdom draweth near-Be thou ready, O my soul, for the trumpet soon man roll.

And the King in His glory shall appear!

2 'Tis the hope of yonder kingdom and the glory there prepar'd, And the looking for the Saviour to ap-

That delivers us from bondage to the world that once ensnar'd—

For the coming of the kingdom draweth near !

3 With the coming of the kingdom we shall see our blessed Lord,

For the King, ere the kingdom, must appear;

Hallelujah to His name-who redeem'd us by His blood-[near!

O the coming of His kingdom draweth

4 O, the world is growing weary, it has 3 Redeem'd-redeem'd-Thy word has waited now so long-

And the hearts of men are failing them for fear;

Let us tell them of the kingdom, let us cheer them with the song That the coming of the kingdom

draweth near!

195

Wait on the Lord. Psalm xxvii. 14.

1 Wait on the Lord-give thanks unto His name.

Come into His presence with the voice of song;

Kneel at His feet, and His Majesty [belong. proclaim;

Honour, praise and glory unto Him Wait on the Lord. O my soul.

And give thanks unto His name, O exalt Him, and magnify His grace.

For evermore. 2 Wait on the Lord-lay thy burden at His word; His feet. Cast thy care upon Him, and believe

Bring all Thy sins to His blessed Mercy Seat: [He accord.

Pardon, peace and comfort then will

3 Wait on the Lord-thus shalt thou renew thy strength:

They that put their trust in Him He will sustain;

Thou shalt obtain joy and gladness, and [Jesus reign. at length Have a crown of Glory, and with

Redeemed-Redeemed. 196 Rev. v. Q.

1 Redeem'd-redeem'd !-O sing the joyful strain!

Give praise-give praise-and glory to

His name!

Who gave His blood our souls to save. And purchas'd freedom for the slave.

Redeem'd-redeem'd from sin and allitswoe. Redeem'd-redeem'd-sternal life to know! Redeem'd-redeem'd-by Jesus' blood-Redeem'd-redeem'd-O praise the Lord!

2 What grace-what grace !-- that He who calm'd the wave

Should stoop-should stoop-my soul, 3 To the Lord bring all your burden, my guilty soul to save!

That He the curse should bear for A sinful wretch, His enemy! [mebrought repose.

And joy-and joy-that each redeem'd one knows-

Who sees his sins on Jesus laid, [paid! And knows-His blood the ransom

4 Redeem'd-redeem'd-0 joy should be (free !

In Christ-in Christ-from sin for ever For ever free to praise His name, Who bore for me the guilt and shame.

Full Atonement. 197 Gal. i. 4.

1 Full atonement-wondrous story, Thro' God's well beloved Son; All our sins He waits to cancel. For His death hath made us one!

Full atonement—full atonement— Full atonement Jesus made : O kow free! Full atonement-full atonement! Jesus made for you and me!

2 Full atonement—richest mercy : O. the love He offers me!

Boundless as the mighty ocean, Priceless far beyond degree!

3 Full atonement—blessed Saviour! I am poor, defil'd, undoue; But Thy love has seal'd my pardon, And Thy blood has made us one.

4 Full atonement—precious Saviour! Shall I make Thy dying vain? Here's my heart, O take and break it, Kindle Thou its altar flame!

Come unto Me, and Rest. 198 Matt. xi. 28.

1 Brother, art thou worn and weary, Tempted, tried, and sore oppress'd? Listen to the word of Jesus-

"Come unto Me, and rest."

"Come unto Me, and rest," "Come unto Me, and rest,

Come, ye weary, heavy laden, "Come unto Me, and rest."

2 O He knows the dark fore-hodings Of the conscience-troubl'd breast, And to such His word is given --"Come unto Me, and rest."

Put His promise to the test; Hear Him say-your Burden-bearer-"Come unto Me, and rest."

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- 4 If in sorrow thou art weeping. Grieving for the lov'd ones miss'd, Surely then to you He whispers-"Come unto Me, and rest.
- 5 Trust in Him for all thy future, He will give you what is best : Why then fear-when He is saying-"Come unto Me, and rest?"

The Sympathies of Jesus. 199 Luke xii. 32.

- 1 'Tis finish'd all! our souls to win, His life the blessed Jesus gave ; Then rising, left His people's sins Behind Him in the open'd cave.
- 2 Past suff'ring now, the tender heart Of Jesus, on His Father's throne, Still in our sorrow bears a part, And feels it as He felt His own.
- 3 Sweet thought! we have a Friend above. Our weary falt'ring steps to guide, Who follows with the eye of love The little flock for whom He died.
- 4 O Jesus! teach us more and more On Thee alone to cast our care. And, gazing on Thy cross, adore [there! The wondrous grace that brought Thee

200 The Everlasting Arms. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 I have laid my all, dear Saviour, at Thy feet. And my faith I have anchor'd on Thee. In the arms of love-Thine everlasting I shall rest where er I may be. [arms,

I can lift mine eyes to the sunlit skies And the hills on yonder shore; In the arms of love, Thine everlasting arms, There is rest, sweet rest, ever more.

2 In the arms of peace-Thine everlasting [may roll:

Though the storm and the tempest 3 Jesus, my great High Priest, Through the rifting clouds, I see the polar star.

And its light shines bright o'er my

3 In the arms of hope-Thine everlasting arms. I am safe though temptations assail:

For I trust Thy word, Thy precious word of life,

And its truth, I know, cannot fail.

4 In the arms of joy-Thine everlasting arms--

When I hear Thy voice. Thy welcome. welcome voice. And behold Thy glory divine!

201 Prayer for Converting Grace. Zech. xii. 10.

1 Now let Thy Spirit, Holy Lord, The pow'r of grace make known: Strike with the hammer of Thy word-Break up each heart of stone!

2 O, give to sinners Christ to know. While still 'tis call'd to-day:

Repentance unto life bestow-And grace, free grace, display,

3 Break now the bonds of unbelief-The prison'd soul release: Fill ev'ry heart with sacred grief, And then with sacred peace.

4 Show them their poverty—relieve— And then enrich the poor:

The knowledge of their sickness give-The knowledge of their cure. 5 A blessed sense of guilt impart—

And then remove the load: Trouble-then, lead the troubled heart To Christ's atoning blood!

202 Infinite Excellency of Christ. Phil. iii. 8.

1 Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and pow'r, That ever mortals knew,

That angels ever bore: All are too mean to speak His worth, Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God, My tongue would bless Thy name :

By Thee the joyful news Of our salvation came: The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,

Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n! Hath shed His blood, and died:

My guilty conscience seeks No sacrifice beside !-

His pow'rful death did once atone. And now He pleads before the throne.

4 My Saviour, and my Lord. My Cong'ror, and my King,

Thy sceptre, and Thy sword, Thy reigning grace, I sing; Thine is the pow'r, the glory Thine: Reign, Lord, within this heart of min

What a moment of bliss will be mine, Norz.—The second last line of each verse is repeate 54

203 The Christian Sailor—Faith.

1 Jesus, at Thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all to sleep—
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with Thee and Thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise, My compass is Thy word! My soul each storm defies, While I have such a Lord— I trust Thy faithfulness and pow'r

To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with His eye;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide.

As I each boist rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul—thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast;
O may I reach the heav'nly shore
Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 When'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
For, more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come—heav'nly winds—and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To beav'n my destin'd place:

To heav'n my destin'd place; Then, in full sail, my port I'll find, And leave the world and sin behind.

204 Mercy and Compassion.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consum'd—because His compassions fail not; they are new ev'ry morning great is Thy faithfulness.

The Waiting Saviour. Rev. iii. 20.

1 There's a Stranger at the door; Let the Saviour in— He has oft stood there before; Let the Saviour inLet Him in ere He be gone; Let Him in—the Holy One— Jesus Christ the Father's Son; Let the Saviour in!

2 Open now to Him your heart; . . . If you wait, He may depart; . . . Let Him in, He is your Friend; On His mercy now depend—He will keep you to the end: . . .

3 Hear you now His loving voice? . . .
Now, O, now make Him your choice. . . .
He is standing at the door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore. . . .

4 Now admit the heav'nly Guest, . . . He will make for you a feast . . . He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will take you home to heav'n.

206 "Wilt thou be made Whole?"

1 Weary wand'rer, sore sin-stricken, Wilt thou be made whole? There is One that can thee quicken— Wilt thou be made whole? Tis the kind, the great Physician, Knoweth well thy sad condition, Heareth thee in thy contrition— Wilt thou be made whole?

2 Foul and fatal thy disease is— Wilt thou be made whole? Dear thou art to that kind Jcsus— Wilt thou be made whole? None that ask to be forgiven From His presence shall be driven, Or refus'd the hope of heaven— Wilt thou be made whole?

3 Years are gliding swiftly o'er thee— Wilt thou be made whole? Death and judgment are before thee—

Wilt thou be made whole?
Fix'd shall be thy fate for ever,
When thou reachest death's dark river;
Wilt thou, now, accept the Saviour?
Wilt thou be made whole?

4 Think not lightly of thy danger— Wilt thou be made whole? Why to peace remain a stranger? Wilt thou be made whole? Great the gift, and great the Giver, Yet, if thou reject His offer Lost thou art! and lost for ever! Wilt thou be made whole?

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207 0 My Soul, Forget Him not! | 6 It is finish'd! see His body Laid alone in Joseph's tom!

1 O thou, my soul, forget no more The Friend who all thy mis'ry bore: Let ev'ry idol be forgot -But, O my soul, forget Him not!

2 Jesus for thee a body takes. Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks. Discharging all thy dreadful debt-And can'st thou e'er such love forget?

3 Renounce thy works and wave with grief. And fly to this most sure relief: Nor Him forget who left His throne. And for thy life gave up His own.

4 Eternal truth and mercy shine In Him—and He Himself is thine: And can'st thou, then, with sin beset. Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

5 Ah no!—till life itself depart. His name shall cheer and warm my heart: And lisping this, from earth I'll rise, And join the chorus of the skies.

6 Ah no!-when all things else expire. And perish in the final fire-This name all others shall survive. And through eternity shall live!

The Grand Old Story. Matt. i. 22.

1 Come and hear the grand old story— Story of the ages past-All earth's annals far surpassing-Story that shall ever last?

Noblest-truest-oldest-newest- [known! Saddest—gladdest—that this world has ever

- 2 Christ, the Father's Son Eternal. Once was born the Son of Man: He who never knew beginning. Here, on earth, a life began.
- 3 Words of truth and deeds of kindness. Miracles of grace and might. Scatter fragrance all around Him, Shine with heav'n's most glorious light.
- 4 In Gethsemane behold Him. In the agony of pray'r: Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding, Soul and body prostrate there.
- 5 On to Golgotha He hastens. Yonder stands His cross of woe; From the hands and feet and forehead. See the precious life-blood flow.

Laid alone in Joseph's tomb: 'Tis for us He lieth vonder-Prince of life—enwrapp'd in gloom!

7 But in vain the grave has bound Him. Death has barr'd its gates in vain: See-for us the Saviour rises-Lo. for us He bursts the chain!

8 Hear ye then the grand old story-And in list'ning, learn the love Flowing through it to the guilty. From our pard'ning God above!

The Only Way. 209 Acts iv. 12.

1 There is just one way for you all to come. There is just one road that will lead you home. fday— There is just one gate to the realms of The blessed Jesus is the Only Way.

Jesus is the way—the only way. Lovingly He calleth, thus the Scriptures say, Whosoever will let him come to-day-

The blessed Jesus is the Only Wan!

2 There is just one smile that can cheer from wrath: our path: There is just one name that can save There is just one life that could e'er atone-O blessed Jesus, it is Thine alone!

3 There is just one fount-there is just one cross -

There is just one help for the sinner sloss: There is just one hope—all in all to me— O blessed Jesus, it is none but Thee !

Down at the Cross. Col. ii. 10.

1 Down at the Cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied-Glory, glory, glory to His name.

Down at the Cross-down at the Cross. Down at the Cross where the Saviour died. Down at the Cross was the blood applied -Glory, glory, glory to His name.

2 I am so wondrously say'd from sin. Jesus so sweetly abides within. There at the Cross where He took me in-

Glory, glory, glory to His name. 3 O precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have enter'd in!

There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean-Glory, glory, glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet, | 6 These blessings we through faith receive-Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet : Plunge in to-day and be made complete-Glory, glory, glory to His name.

Jesus Died for the Sinner. 211 Rev. v. q.

1 Nothing, Lord, I bring before Thee, Nothing that can meet Thy face; But in Jesus I adore Thee.

For the riches of Thy grace.

Jesus died for the sinner! . . . Jesus died for me!

- 2 His the work that stands for ever, All my works are useless dross: Jesus mine! no one can sever While I'm clinging to the Cross.
- 3 O, the precious blood of Jesus On the Cross was shed for me! Boundless love !- O hallelujah ! He hath died to set me free.
- 4 Trust Him! claim Him! O, receive Him! All was done thy heart to gain: On Him rest, and now believe Him, And with Him for ever reign.

Pardon-Peace-Power-212 Purity—& Paradise.—Eph. ii. 22.

1 Would we be joyful in the Lord? Then count the riches o'er-Reveal'd to faith within His word. And note the boundless store!

There is pardon, peace, and purity, And pow'r, the Spirit's pow'r, and Paradise. And all of these in Christ for me-Let jouful songs of praise to Him arise!

2 From ev'ry sin, by grace Divine, A pardon free bestow'd-And with the pardon, peace is mine-Sure peace thro' Jesus' blood!

- 3 Of grace to break the pow'r of sin He gives a full supply-The Holy Ghost, the heart within, From sin doth purify.
- 4 The pow'r to win some souls for God-The Spirit too imparts— And He, the gift of Christ our Lord. Dwells now in all our hearts.
- 5 And, 0, when we get home at last-Or from the grave arise-We'll dwell with Christ for evermore-In His sweet Paradise!

By simple, child-like trust-

In Christ—'tis God's delight to give -He promis'd - and He must!

At the Eleventh Hour. Matt. vii. 7.

1 Who knocketh now at the wicket gate? Who standeth there in the twilight gray? A poor wand'rer lone; it is late, so late-The sunlight has fled from the dving day; My locks are damp with the falling dews-Pray open to me, for the night pursues!

Haste-haste-'tis open to thee!-

2 Where hast thou been all the long, long day?

Why lose the path? it was plain to thee. I wander'd in search of a better way-It seem'd, ever seem'd, so near to me; Now, weary, I come to the wicket gate, And venture to knock—tho' the hour be late.

3 What fruit hast thou from the fields so fair? fbound?

What golden sheaves that thy hands have My heart is oppress'd with grief and care— The joy which I sought, I have never found-Nought, nought, do I bring from my wand'rings wide-

But a wasted life, at the eventide.

4 What plea hast thou for thy slighted Lord, If now His ear He would bend to thee? The promise I find in His holy word— His blood, precious blood, He has shed for me-

A poor wand ring one from the world of sin--In the name of Christ, I will come in.

The Lily of the Valley. 214 Song ii. 1.

1 I've found a friend in Jesus. He's ev'ry thing to me, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul-

The Lily of the Valley— In Him alone I see All I need to cleanse And make me fully whole: In sorrow He's my comfort, In trouble He's my stay.

He tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll-He's the Lily of the Valley-

The Bright and Morning Star-He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul! *

*These three lines will be repeated at the end of verses 2nd and 3rd. The Refrain consists of the last six lines of verse 1st, beginning-In sorrow. 57

2 He all my grief has taken—
And all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my Strong and Mighty
I've all for Him forsaken, [Tow'r;
I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now
He keeps me by His pow'r;
Though all the world despise me,
And Satan tempt me sore—
Through Jesus I sixall safely reach the

goal!...

3 He'll never, never leave me,
Nor yet disown me here, [will:
While I live by faith, and do His blessed
He's a wall of fire about me—
I've nothing now to fear;
With His manna He
My hungry soul shall fill;
Then, sweeping up to glory—
I'll see His blessed face
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll!...

215 Rest, Felicity, and Strength.

1 My soul has found abiding rest
Where living fountains flow,
Where vales are in their verdure dress'd,
And Sharon's roses blow;
Tis but a step to Sychar's well,
Where Jesus speaks to me;
And oft by faith I seem to dwell

By His dear Galilee.

Now girded for the victor's race,
I run to win the prize,
That Jesus offers by His grace
To faith's aspiring eyes;
I trust Him still when fortune frownsHis service is so sweet;
I lay my heavy burden down
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 I see the shining way He went
To do His Father's will—
And follow on in sweet content,
So glad He loves me still;
And if I may but serve Him here
In my own humble way,
I know that I shall have no fear
In that eternal day.

216 John xii. 47; Heb. vii. 25; Acts iv. 12.
1 We have heard a joyful sound—Jesus saves!
Spread the gladness all around—Jesus

Bear the news to ev'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the wav Onward, 'tis our Lord's command; Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide—...
Tell to sinners, far and wide—...
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean graves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee;
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

3 Sing above the battle's strife—...
By His death and endless life—...
Sing it softly through the gloom
When the heart for mercy craves,
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus sayes! Jesus sayes!

4 Give the winds a mighty voice—...

Let the nations now rejoice—...

Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves;
This our song of victory,

Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

217 The Lord's Day. Psa. cxviii. 24.

1 This is the day of light;
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away!

2 This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast—
Shed Thou Thy fresh ning dew.

3 This is the day of peace;
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the noise of discord cease—
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of pray'r— Let earth to heav'n draw near; Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there— Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days, Send forth Thy quick'ning breath, And wake dead souls to love and praise— Thou Vanquisher of death!

218 They Need Not Depart.

1 0 they need not depart, no, they need not depart, The soul in its wants ye must cherish;

The soul in its wants ye must cherish; They are hungry and faint, for they have no bread—

Osend them not away lest they perish.

0 they need not depart, no, they need not 220 The Joy of His Service—the depart— To the Lord, to the Lord kindly lead

them : Bring the hungry and the poor, there's

enough and to spare; With His wonder working hand He will

feed them.

2 No, they need not depart—while the store-house is full;

Why should they be pining in sorrow? He is waiting for all who are lone and [morrow. poor-They all may have enough for to-

3 No, they need not depart—send the 4 God is a Sun-our brightest day

tidings abroad : A feast is prepar'd for the lowly; Tis the feast of a King that is spread for fholy! The precious Bread of Life-pure and

219 The Urgency of Invitation. Isa. lv. 3.

Saviour.

Thou sin-stricken offspring of man: He left His throne above To reveal His wondrous love. And to open a fountain for sin.

2 Pardon is offer'd, pardon is offer'd; A pardon full, present, and free; The mighty debt was paid, When on Calv'ry Jesus died; To atone for a rebel like thee.

3 Why dost thou linger—why dost thou linger?

O when wilt thou haste to be sav'd? Thy time is flying fast And thy day will soon be past;

O arouse thee, and come, and be sav'd!

4 Plunge in the fountain, plunge in the 3 At His call the dead awaken, fountain,

The fountain which cleanses the soul; Tis cleansing far and near, And its streams are flowing here;

O believe it, and thou art made whole!

5 I do believe it! I do believe it! I'm sav'd through the blood of the Lamb: My happy soul is free, For the Lord has pardon'd me:

Hallelujah to His blessëd name!

1 How lovely, how divinely sweet— O Lord, Thy chosen homes appear! Fair would my longing heart now meet The glories of Thy presence here!

2 O blest Thy saints—blest their employ— Whom Thy indulgent favours raise— To dwell in these abodes of joy

And sing Thy never ceasing praise!

3 One day within Thy sacred gate Affords more real delight to me Than thousands in the courts of state— The meanest place is bliss with Thee.

From His reviving presence flows; God is a shield—through all the way— To guard us from surrounding foes.

5 He pours His kindest blessings down-Profusely down on souls sincere ; And grace shall guide and glory crown The happy children of His care.

1 Come to the Saviour, come to the 6 0 Lord of Hosts-Thou God of Grace, How blest, divinely blest are we Who trust Thy love and seek Thy face, And centre all our hopes on Thee!

Solemn Warning-Loving 221 Welcome, - Jude 6.

1 Day of judgment! day of wonders! Hark the trumpet's awful sound; Louder than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast creation round; How the summons

Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing, Cloth'd in majesty divine! Ye who long for His appearing, Then shall say-"This God is mine"-

Gracious Saviour. Own me in that day for Thine!

Rise to life from earth and sea; All the pow'rs of nature, shaken By His looks, prepare to flee;

Careless sinner, What will then become of thee?

4 But to thate who have confess'd Him, Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below, He will say, "Come near, ye bless'd Oncs, Take the kingdom I bestow; You for ever

Shall My love and glory know!"

Come-Gracious Spirit-222 Come—Gracious Spri. 26. Heavenly Dove.—Rom. viii. 26.

1 Come Gracious Spirit_Heav'nly Dove! With light and comfort from above : Be Thou our Guardian. Thou our Guide-O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength; 2 No other name will heav'n approve— Make our enlarged souls possess And learn the height, and breadth, and Of Thy immeasurable grace (length

3 The light of truth to us display. That we may know and love Thy way : Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart.

That we from Christ may ne'er depart. 4 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell 4 Safe lead us through this world of night. By faith and love in every breast:

Then shall we know and taste and feel The joys that cannot be express'd.

Cleansed and Redeemed. T COT VI TT

1 Cleans'd in the blood that was shed on the tree

Jesus gave Himself, as a ransom for me -Cleans'd and redeem'd in the blood of the Lamb...

(), glory be to Him, that I am what I am! Cleans'd and redoem'd -yes, cleans'd and

redeem'd. I am happy in my Saviour now: Cleans'd and redeem'd in the blood of the

Lamb-O. alory be to Him, that I am what I am!

of mine

Is witness'd in my heart by His Spirit divine:

Seal'd by His grace, now through faith I receive Ithat believe. The blessings He bestows on the souls

3 Cleans'd in His blood that from sin can 3 Sav'd! sav'd! sav'd! number'd with restore-

I give myself away to be His evermore: Cleans'd and redeem'd-I rejoice while I sing -[King!

O, glory be to Him, my Redeemer and 4 Cleans'd and redeem'd-0 the depth of

His love! To care for such as I, and His mercy to prove: Cleans'd and redeem'd-let my song ever be-O. glory be to Him, for His mercy to me!

Jesus-the Only Saviour. 224 Acte iv To

1 Jesus, the spring of joys divine-Whence all our hopes and comforts Jesus, no other name but Thine [flow-Can save us from eternal woe.

Thou art the true, the living way. Ordain'd by everlasting love.

To the bright realms of endless day. 3 Here let our constant feet abide.

Nor from the heav'nly path depart: O let Thy Spirit, gracious Guide.

Direct our stens and cheer our heart.

Then bring us to the blissful plains -The regions of unclouded light. Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

225 Sav'd by the Blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.

1 Say'd-say'd -say'd-say'd by the blood of the Lamb! Yielding at last to the soul-saving word. Owning that Jesus is Savionr and

Lord. Trusting alone in His name-

Angels resouce o'er the dead made alme. Swelling the charus in praise of His name:

Sing, O my soul-for now thou art free! San'd by the blood of the Lamb.

2 Cleans'd and redeem'd-this assurance 2 Sav'd! sav'd! sav'd! ransomed from death and the grave:

Strong was the arm that redeem'd me from sin.

Precious the blood that has wash'd my soul clean.

Great was the grace that forgave-

those who believe: Enter'd my name in the Lamb's book

of life: Arm'd and equipp'd for the war and

the strife.

Daily His grace I receive-

4 Sav'd! sav'd! sav'd! never from Christ will I roam:

Death with its fetters can ne'er bind me fast. Mansions of glory await me at last.

Angels will welcome me home-

1 Save the fallen-save the fallen-Can'st thou careless pass them by? Wilt thou leave thine erring neighbour Friendless and alone to die?

Christian, speak the word of life . . . Speak it, speak it, while you may, . . . Love thy neighbour as thyself . . . Pass him not another day !

Save, O Christian, save the fallen, Jesus bids you bring them in, From the highways and the hedges. Save, yes, save their souls from sin.

2 Raise the fallen-raise the fallen-Snatch them quickly from the grave; Tell them Jesus will receive them, That He died their souls to save; Worker, breathe the precious name, . . .

Breathe it gently ere 'tis late, . . . It hath power to sweep away . . . All the tempter's cruel hate.

3 Lift the fallen-lift the fallen; In their hearts lie buried deep Feelings that the touch of kindness May awake from deadly sleep; Christian, tell them of the love . . .

Christ has promis'd unto all. . . . And the pardon, full and free, . . . Offer'd now to all who fall.

4 Save the fallen-save the fallen : Clouds are gath'ring o'er the sky. They may perish in the darkness: Leave, O, leave them not to die-Saviour, let Thy mercy gleam . . . O'er the poor and darken'd soul, . . .

Draw the wand'rer close to Thee . . . Keep them ever in Thy fold.

227 The Blessed Hour of Prayer. Acts iii. 1.

1 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when our hearts lowly bend, And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour

and Friend: If we come to Him in faith, His pro-

tection to share -WHAT A BALM FOR THE WEARY!

O HOW SWEET TO BE THERE!

Blessed hour of pray'r, blessed hour of pray'r! What a balm for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

2 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when the Saviour draws near With tender compassion, His people to

When He tells us we may cast at His

feet ev'ry care- . . .

3 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when the tempted and tried

To the Saviour who loves them their sorrows confide:

With a sympathising heart He removes every care- . . .

4 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, let us firmly believe

That the blessings we ask for we'll surely receive-

In the fulness of delight we shall lose every care- . . .

Have you Been to Jesus? 228 Psa. li. 7.

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?

Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour? Are you wash'd in the blood of the

Are you wash'd in the blocd . . In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? ... Are your garments spotless? are they white

as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the LAMB?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?

Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cruci-[Lamb? fied ?--Are you wash'd in the blood of the

3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will

your robes be white !--Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?

Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright?-

O, be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

4 Lay aside the garments that are stain'd

And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean-

O, be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

229 The Sweetest Word-"Come." 231 We shall Stand before the King. Matt. xi. 28.

1 0 word of words, the sweetest, O word in which there lie All promise, all fulfilment. And end of mystery! Lamenting or rejoicing. With doubt or terror nigh. I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,

And to Himself I fly. Come! O come to Me! . . . Weary, heavy-laden, Come! O come to Me!

2 O soul! why should'st thou wander From such a loving Friend? Cling closer, closer to Him, Stay with Him to the end ; Alas! I am so helpless,— So very prone to sin. And I am ever wand'ring, And coming back again!

3 Lord, each time draw me nearer, That soon Thy "Come!" may be Nought but a gentle whisper To one, close, close to Thee: Then, over sea and mountain, Far from or near my home, I'll take Thy hand and follow At Thy sweet whisper-"Come."

What Are We for? 1 Cor. vi. 20.

1 Why have we lips, if not to sing The praises of our Heav'nly King? Why have we hearts, if not to love Our Father, and our Friend above?

What are we for? O, what are we for? . . . What are we for but to serve the Lord In ev'ry thought and deed and word?

- 2 Why have we life, if not to gain Eternal life through Jesus' name? Lo 'twas the end for which 'twas giv'n; We live on earth, to live in heav'n.
- 3 Why have we gifts, if not to work For Jesus, and some souls to win-He gives the grace and all we need; O let us haste to bring them in!
- 4 Surely it is that rob'd in white. And made well-pleasing in His sight-We soon may join the happy throng-And sing the everlasting song!

Rev. vii. o.

1 We shall stand before the King-With the angels we shall sing-By and by—by and by Walk the bright and golden shore, Praising Him for evermore-

By and by-by and by.

We shall stand before the Kina. With the angels we shall sing. Glory, glory to our King, Hallelujah, hallelujah-We shall stand before the King!

2 Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King-There our sorrows shall be o'er. There His name we will adore 3 Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring-

Thou shalt stand before the King- . . . Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete— . . .

232The Hand-Writing on the Wall. Dan. v. 5.

1 At the feast of Belshazzar and a thousand of his lords,

While they drank from the golden vessels, as the book of truth records. In the night as they revell'd in the royal

palace hall, They were seized with consternation-

twas the hand upon the wall! 'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall, [wall:

'Tis the hand of God that's writing on the Shall the record be-" Found wanting," or shall it be-" Found trusting,

While that hand is writing on the wall?

2 See the brave captive Daniel, as hc stood before the throng,

And reprov'd the haughty monarch, for his mighty deeds of wrong, As he read out the writing-'twas the

doom of one and all— For their kingdom now was finish'd-

said the hand upon the wall! 3 See his faith, zeal, and courage-that

aye dar'd to do the right, That the Spirit gave to Daniel-'twas the secret of his might;

In his home so far away, or a captive in the hall !--

[upon the wall! He understood the writing of his Lord 4 So our lives are recorded—there's a 3 Singing for Jesus—and trying to win hand that's writing now-Sinner-give your heart to Jesus-to

His royal mandate bow :

come to one and all-

When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall!

Praise-Glory be to God. Luke ii. 14. - Rom. viii. 34.

1 Glory be to God on high-God whose glory fills the sky: Peace on earth to man forgiv'n-Man the well-belov'd of Heav'n.

2 Sov'reign, Father, Heav'nly King, Thee Thy grateful children sing: Glad Thine attributes confess. Glorious all and numberless.

3 Hail! by all Thy works ador'd, Hail! the everlasting Lord! Thee with thankful hearts we prove-God of pow'r and God of love!

4 Christ-our Lord and God we own-Christ, the Father's only Son : Lamb of God for sinners slain— Saviour of offending man!

5 Pow'rful Advocate with God, Justify us by Thy blood! Jesus, in Thy name we pray, Take, O, take our sins away.

6 Glory be to God on High, Praise Redeeming Majesty! Light and Love come down from heav'n, Peace on earth and man forgiv'n!

Singing for Jesus. Psa. xxviii. 7.

1 Singing for Jesus—our Saviour and King, Singing for Jesus—the Lord whom we All adoration we joyously bring, [love; Longing to praise as we'll praise Him above!

Singing for Jesus—O, singing with joy! Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love—

Till He shall call us to brighter employ— Singing for Jesus for ever above.

2 Singing for Jesus--our Master and Friend, Telling His love and His marvellous grace-

Love from eternity—love to the end— Love for the love-less, the sinful and base!

Many to love Him, and join in the song, Calling the weary and wandering in-Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

For the day is approaching-it shall 4 Singing for Jesus-our Life and our Light :

Singing for Him as we press to the mark, Singing for Him when the morning is bright— (dark !

Singing, still singing, for Him in the 5 Singing for Jesus-our Shepherd and

Guide. (gives : Singing for gladness of heart that He Singing for wonder and praise that He died. [lives!

Singing for blessing and joy that He Come!—Hearken Unto Me!

Psalm xxxiv. 11-13. 1 Come ye children hearken unto Me-

people

I will teach you the fear of the Lord; What man is he that desireth life And loveth many days—that he may see good?

Keep thy heart from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile—Amen.

236 The Wondrous Incarnation.* Luke ii. 13.

1 Softly, sweetly, through the air-Hear the angels singing-Christ the Lord is born to-day, Peace on earth is bringing, Love divine in Him reveal'd, Love all love excelling: Though He in a manger lay,

Hearts shall be His dwelling-2 Shepherds gather'd at His feet— Loving hearts out-pouring, While above, the Holy One,

Angels bent adoring; They who worshipp'd Jesus there Knew not half the measure Of the fulness of His grace, Of His love the treasure.

3 Now reveal'd the Saviour stands With a full salvation. Man in God, and God in man-

Wondrous Incarnation!---Glad hosannas then we'll raise Through the earth resounding: Peace, good-will, for evermore,

Love divine abounding!

* The first four lines are used as the Refrain.

237 "Him that Cometh"—Thy Saviour Calls.—John vi. 37.

1 Thy Saviour calls—0, come and see
What things He hath prepar'd for thee!
Life, love and joy from God on high,
By Christ Himself to thee brought nigh!

Him that cometh unto Me-I will in no wise cast out.

- 2 Thy Saviour calls—O, can it be—
 That call has no sweet charm for thee?
 Wilt thou not turn, and give Him heed,
 Wilt thou not think while He doth
 blead?
- 3 Thy Saviour calls—He knows thy sin; But trust Him now—He'll enter in; And He thy heart will purify— And ev'ry needed grace supply.

Prayer for Guidance. 2 Cor. iv. 8, 10.

1 Thou knowest, Lord, I am perplex'd today,

day,
I cannot see the path out to the end—
Set plain before my feet the right, best

way; I crave the guidance only Thou can'st

- send.

 2 Make crooked places straight, and let the
 - light
 Shine in, that so my gladden'd eyes
 may see,
 240

And find the darken'd way grow clear and bright, And I may walk therein in sweet sur-

prise.

3 The cares which lie so lightly on some

hearts
Press heavily on mine, and yet I know
That of my life they form a needful part

That of my life they form a needful part,
To weam me from the world—I love it
so.

4 That in my waywardness I would forget, Clinging so close to human love and care,

That in this changing world rest is not yet, That even deep-bless'd lives a cross must bear.

5 How sweet it is to know that we are Thine

And since our humblest pray'r to Thee is bless'd,

Be Thou for ever, Lord, with me and mine, Until Thou givest us eternal rest.

239 Praise-Grace, Justice, and Mercy.-Eph. ii. 13.

- 1 Let us love and sing and wonder— Let us praise the Saviour's name! He has hush'd the law's loud thunder, He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame: He has cleans'd us by His blood— He has brought us night to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord that bought us— Pitied us when enemies!

Call'd us by His grace and taught us— Where our joy and blessing is -He has cleans'd us by His blood— He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though flerce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down—
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the congrov's crown;
He has cleans'd us by His blood—
Has secur'd the way to God!

4 Let us wonder—Grace and Justice Join, and point to Mercy's store; When through Grace, in Christ our trust

Justice smiles and asks no more; He who cleans'd us by His blood Soon will bring us home to God.

240 "The Man Christ Jesus."

- 1 O Lord, how much Thy name unfolds
 To ev'ry open dear—
 The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
 None other half so dear!
- 2 Jesus—it speaks a life of love And sorrows meekly borne— It tells of sympathy above Whatever griefs we mourn.
- 2 î 'ells us of Thy sinless walk in fellowship with God— And to our ears no tale so sweet As Thine atoning blood.
- 4 Thy name encircles ev'ry grace
 That God as man could show;
 There only can the Spirit trace;
 A perfect life below.
- 5 The mention of Thy name shall bow Our hearts to worship Thee; The chiefest of ten thousand Thou— The chief of sinners we!

Merciful and Gracious. 941 Pealm ciii. 8 ro.

The Lord is merciful and graciousslow to anger, and plenteous in mercy-He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities: Coda: Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

The Perfect Plea. 242 Heb. iv. 14.

1 Before the throne of God above I have a strong, a perfect plea-A great High Priest whose name is Love. Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on His hands, My name is written in His heart; I know that while in heav'n He stands, No tongue can bid me hence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair, And tells me of the guilt within-Upward I look, and see Him there, Who made an end of all my sin.

2 Because the sinless Saviour died-My sinful soul is counted free: For God, the just, is satisfied To look on Him and pardon me.

5 Behold Him there—the bleeding Lamb! My perfect, spotless Righteousness-The great unchangeable I AM-The King of Glory and of Grace!

6 One with Himself-I cannot die-My soul is purchas'd with His blood; My life is hid with Christ on high, With Christ my Saviour and my God.

243 The Old, Old Story is True. 2 Peter i. 16.

1 There's a wonderful story I heard long --O2B

'Tis call'd the Sweet Story of Old, I hear it so often-wherever I go-That same old story is told; And I've thought it was strange that so

often they'd tell That story, as if it were new, But I've found out the reason they love

it so well-That old, old story is true !--

That old, old story is true-That old, old story is true, But I've found out the reason then love it so well-

That old, old story is true!

2 They told of a Saviour so loving and pure

Who came to this earth to dwell-To search for His lost ones, and make them secure

From death and the power of hell-That He was despis'd-and with thorns He was crown'd-

On the cross was extended to view-But, O what sweet peace in my heart, since I found

That old, old story is true !-

That old, old story is true-That old, old story is true,

But O, what sweet peace in my heart, since That old, old story is true! [I found

3 He arose, and ascended to heaven, it told-

Triumphant o'er death and hell: He's preparing a place in that City of Gold. Where lov'd ones for ever may dwell: Where our kindred we'll meet and we'll never more part:

And O, while I tell it to you-It is peace to my soul-it is joy to my

That old, old story is true !- [heart-

That old, old story is true-That old, old story is true,

It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my That old, old story is true! [heart-

4 O that wonderful story I love to repeat— Of peace and good-will to men-There's no story to me that is half so

sweet. As I hear it again and again; He invites you to come—He will freely

receive. And this message He sendeth to you— "There's a mansion in glory for all who believe"

The old, old story so true!-

The old, old story is true-

That old, old story is true, There's a mansion in glory for all who The old, old story so true? [believe

Union with Christ. Rom. vi. 4.

1 "Buried" into death with Jesus, We believe what God hath said; Faith, His judgment just accepting "Reckons" now that we are dead.

Digitized by GOOGLE

2 Death and judgment thus behind us, Grace and glory are before; All the billows roll'd o'er Jesus— There exhausted all their pow'r.

3 "First-fruits" of the resurrection— He is risen from the tomb; Now we stand, a new creation— Free, because beyond the doom.

4 Jesus died; and we've died with Him, Buried in His death we lie – One with Him in resurrection— "Seated" now with Him on high!

5 We await the full redemption When the risën One shall come; And so our mortal body chang'd Shall be fashion'd like His own.

6 Lord, we share in Thy rejection— Thy reproach, O, may we love; Here we stand in Thy acceptance, In the Father's sight above.

245 Majesty and Condescension of God. Psa. cxiii. 5.

1 Hallelujah! raise, O, raise
To our God the song of praise;
All His servants, join to sing
God our Saviour and our King;
Bless'd, O, bless'd for evermore,
That lov'd name which we adore—
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, by ev'ry tongue!

2 O'er all nations God alone, Higher than the heav'ns His throne! Who is like to God most High, Infinite in majesty?— Lo, to view the heav'ns He bends,

Yea, to earth He condescends; Passing by the rich and great For the lone and desolate!

3 He can raise the poor to stand With the princes of the land; Weath upon the needy abowir; Set the lowliest high in powir; He the broken sprit cheers— Turns to joy the monner's tears; Such the wonders of His ways— Praise His name—for over praise!

246 Living and Walking in Christ.

1 Blest be Thy love, dear Lord— That taught us this sweet way; Only to love Thee for Thyself, And from that love obey. 2 O Thou our soul's chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou can'st proWhate'er we need supply!

3 Whether we sleep or wake, To Thee we all resign; By night we see as well as d

By night we see, as well as day, If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die—
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

247 Prayer—Deliverance from sin.

All-seeing, gracious Lord—
 My heart before Thee lies;
 All sin of thought and life abhorr'd—
 My soul to Thee would rise.

Hear Thou my pray'r, O God— Unite my heart to Thee; Beneath Thy love—beneath Thy rod— From sin deliver me!

2 Thou knowest all my need, My inmost thought dost see; Ah, Lord, from all allurements freed— Like Thee—transform'd I 'd be.

3 Thou holy blessed One— To me, I pray, draw near; My spirit fill, O heav'nly Son, With loving, godly fear.

4 Bind Thou my life to Thine —
To me, Thy life is giv'n;
While I my all to Thee resign—
Thou art my all in heav'n!

248 Tell it to Jesus.

1 Are you weary? are you heavy hearted? Tell it to Jesus! tell it to Jesus! Are you grieving over joys departed? Tell tt to Jesus alone!

Tell it to Jesus! tell it to Jesus! He is a Frient that's well-known; You have no other-such a friend or brother, Tell it to Jesus alone!

2 Do your tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?

Have you sins that from man's eye are hidden? . . .

3 Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? . . . [morrow"? . . . Are you appious for the "dread to-

4 Are you troubled at the thought of |2 In Thy name, O Lord, assembled, dying? . . . For His coming Kingdom are you sighing? . . .

The Assurance of Pardon. Isaiah i. 18.

Tho' your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow-tho' they be red like 3 While upon the mount we tarry, crimson, they shall be as wool.

250 Abba-Father, We Adore Thee. Gal. iv. 6.

 Abba—Father, we adore Thee, Humbly now our homage pay 'Tis Thy children's bliss to know Thee, Welcom'd through the Living Way; This high honour we inherit— Thy free gift through Jesus' blood-God the Spirit, with our spirit, Witnesseth we're sons of God.

2 Though our nature's fall in Adam Shut us wholly out from God. Thine eternal counsel brought us Nearer still through Jesus' blood; For in Him we've found redemption— Grace and glory in the Son-O the height and depth of mercy-Christ and His redeem'd are one!

3 Hence, through all the changing seasons, Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe-Nothing changeth God's affection, Love divine shall bring us through; Soon shall all Thy blood-bought children Round the throne their anthems raise, And, in songs of rich salvation, Shout to Thine eternal praise!

Welcome! Glad Re-union. 251 Luke xxiv. 53.

1 Welcome! day of glad re-union! Let our times be fill'd with praise! God Himself has watch'd between us-He has led us "all the days"! Now beneath His royal banner. On this vantage ground we stand-

Greetings joyfully exchanging-

Heart to heart and hand to hand-Hand to hand! O loyal workers-Heart to heart! with single aim: In our fellowship and service-Greeting in Immanuel's name!

We would praise and tribute bring; We would join our hallelujahs To the honour of our King;

Thanks to Him who gave the message, For His blessing on the word-"Great the company who publish"-Great the number who have heard!

Though we may not build nor stay— May we find in sweet communion-Strength to cheer the future way;

When all other faces vanish— And these golden hours are told-"Twill suffice-if "Jesus only" We may evermore behold!

252 The Power of Divine Grace. Song i. 4.

1 Draw me, O draw me, gracious Lord-Thy love is all Divine; All hearts obey Thy sov'reign word-

Come, triumph over mine! 2 I've heard the thunders of Thy law-I've felt Thy lifted rod;

But 'tis Thy dying love must draw My wayward soul to God.

3 Amidst Thy thunders, Lord, I slept— Against Thy rod rebell'd;

I look'd upon the cross and wept To see my sins reveal'd.

4 My melting heart its pow'r confess'd— The stone to flesh was turn'd; Repentance kindled in my breast-I gaz'd, rejoic'd and mourn'd!

5 There I beheld my Saviour's love-There saw my sins forgiv'n; Thence sprang my soul to hopes above By faith laid up in heav'n.

6 Now, Saviour, now I come to Thee Constrain'd by grace Divine; I yield me to Thy will, to be For ever, ever, Thine!

The Theme of Heaven. 253 Rev. v. 12.

1 We sing the praise of Him who died— Of Him who died upon the cross, The sinner's hope, though men deride-For Him we count the world but loss.

2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see In shining letters-"God is love"-The Lamb who died upon the tree Has brought us mercy from above.

- 3 The cross—it takes our guilt away, It holds the fainting spirit up; It cheers with hope the gloomy day And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
 It takes the terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe, The measure and the pledge of love— The sinner's refuge here below— It is the theme of heav'n above!

254 Give! Tis the Saviour's Precept.* Acts xx 35.

1 Give! 'tis the Saviour's precept—
Give from your bounteous store;
Give! to the poor and needy—
Gladly your off rings pour!

Round us our hungry brothers

Ask of our kindly hand; Ever the cry of sorrow Echoes throughout the land!

Give to the poor and needy; God will repay your love; Give! and your blessed treasures Ye shall have in heav'n above!

2 Give—for your gifts are welcome—
Give—though your gift be small—
Give—for a willing giver
God loveth best of all;
None here so poor and needy
That they can nothing spare!
Hark to that cry for pity—

Hark, 'tis the orphan's heathens', pray'r!

* This will form an excellent piece for Choir or Congregation at taking collections. If for Missions, the under word will be used.

God Be With You. Gal. vi. 18. Phil. iv. 19.

1 God be with you till we meet again— By His counsels, guide, uphold you— With His sheep securely fold you; God be with you till we meet again—

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet—
Till we meet, till we meet—
God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again—
'Neath His wings securely hide you—
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again—
3 God be with you till we meet again—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you—
Quell death's threat'ning wave before

God be with you till we meet again—

256 By and By.

1 We shall reach the summer land

1 We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press the golden strand,

Some sweet day, by and by;
O the lov'd ones watching there!
By the tree of life so fair,

Till we come their joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, yes, by and by.

Some sweet day
We shall meet our lov'd ones gone—
Some sweet day, by and by!

3 O, these parting scenes will end . . . We shall gather, friend with friend . . . There before our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have

flown, We shall know as we are known . . .

257 The Great Gospel Invitation.

Rev. xxii. 17.

1 The Spirit and the Bride say—"Come,
And take the water of life"—

O blessed call! good news to all! Who tire of sin and strife!

The Spirit and the Bride say Come, And take the water of life freely.

2 Let ev'ry one that hears say, "Come," And joyful witness give; I heard the sound—the stream I found— I drank, and now I live!

3 O souls that are athirst, forsake Your broken cisterns first; Then, come, partake—one draught will

Your soul's consuming thirst!

4 Yea-whosoever will may come; Your longings Christ can fill-The stream is free-to you and me-And whosoever will!

Calvary-Dark Calvary. 258 Luke xxiii. 33.

1 On Calv'ry's brow . . . my Saviour died-'Twas there my Lord . . . was crucified ; 'Twas on the cross . . . He bled for me, And purchas'd thus . . . my pardon free.

> O Calvary! dark Calvary! Where Jesus shed His blood for me-

O Calvary-blest Calvary! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me!

skies, . . My Saviour bows . . . His head and

dies: . . . The opining vail . . . reveals the way . . . To heaven's joys . . . and endless day ! . . .

3 O Jesus Lord . . . how can it be . . That Thou should'st give . . . Thy life

for me: . . . To bear the cross . . . and agony - . . . In that dread hour . . . on Calvary! . . .

Seeking for Me. 259 Luke xix. 10.

1 Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came. Born in a manger to sorrow and shame; O, it was wonderful, blest be His name-Seeking for me—for me!

Paid the great debt, and my soul He set 261 The Physician and the Remedy. 2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree

O, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying for me-for me!

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I so wander'd afar from the fold; 2 And can no sov'reign balm be found— Gently and long did He deal with my soul-

Calling for me-for me!

high; Sweet is the promise—the weary years flv-

O, I shall see Him descending the sky-Coming for me-for me!

The 3rd and 4th lines of each verse will be repeated to suit the music.

260

Just as I am. Luke xv. 18.

 Just as I am, without one plea. But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee-O Lamb of God. I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each

spot. O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Mid rending rocks . . . and dark'ning 4 Just as I am-poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come.

> 5 Just as I am-Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I believe. O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am-Thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down-Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am-of that rich love The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,

Here for a season—then above, O Lamb of God, I come.

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made-Where shall the sinner find a cure? In vain, alas! is nature's aid—

The work exceeds all nature's pow'r!

And is no kind physician nigh-To ease the pain and heal the wound-Ere life and hope for ever fly?

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on 3 There is a Great Physician near-Look up, O fainting soul, and live; See, in His heav'nly smiles appear Such ease as nature cannot give !

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood, Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow; 'Tis only this dear sacred flood

Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe!

Christ Crucified-I Come.

Gal. iii. r. 1 Drawn to the cross which Thou hast bless'd.

With healing gifts for souls distress'd, To find in Thee my life, my rest-Christ crucified-I come.

2 Stain'd with the sins which I have wrought 3 No preparation can I make— In word and deed and secret thought, For pardon which thy blood hath bought--Christ crucified-I come.

3 Wearv of selfishness and pride, False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied, Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide-Christ crucified-I come.

4 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears, Thy grace abus'd, my mis-spent years; Yet now to Thee, through blinding tears-Christ crucified - I come.

5 I would not, if I could, conceal The ills which only Thou can'st heal, So to the cross where sinners kneel-Christ crucified-I come.

263 Just as Thou Art. Rom. v. 20.

1 Just as thou art—without one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace, Or meetness for the heav'nly place-O. guilty sinner, come!

2 Burden'd with guilt. would'st thou be blest?

Trust not the world-it gives no rest: Christ brings relief to hearts opprest-O weary sinner, come!

8 Come, leave thy burden at the cross; Count all thy gains but empty dross: His grace repays all earthly loss-O needy sinner, come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears, Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears: 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears-O trembling sinner, come!

5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;" Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come ; Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come-

The Saviour bids thee come!

Take Me as I Am.

John vi. 37.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry— Unless Thou help me I must die; O bring Thy free salvation nigh-And take me as I am !

And take me as I am!. My only plea-Christ died for me! O take me as I am !

2 Helpless I am and full of guilt-But yet for me Thy blood was spilt -And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt. And take me as I am!

My best resolves I only break: Yet save me for Thine own name's sake. And take me as I am

4 Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet-Deal with me as Thou seest meet: Thy work begin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am!

5 I thirst, O Lord, to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I cannot move — O take me as I am!

6 Lord, Thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew, And work both in, and by, me too-But, take me as I am !

7 And when at last the work is done. The battle o'er, the vict'ry won, Still, still my cry shall be alone. Lord, take me as I am!

Prayer-Light, Help, Grace and Guidance. Psa. xliii. 2.

1 Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way, And give me an obedient mind. That in Thy service I may find My soul's delight from day to day.

2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand. And so control my thoughts and deeds.

That I may tread the path which leads Right onward to the blessed land.

8 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod. And meekly walking with my God

To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er Forsake the right, or do the wrong: Against temptation make me strong, And round me spread Thy shelt'ring care.

5 Bless me in ev'ry task, O Lord, Begun, continued, done for Thee: Fulfil Thy perfect work in me— And Thine abounding grace afford!

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266 Believe—and Keep on Believing. John iii. 36.

1 I believ'd in God's wonderful mercy and grace—

Believ'd in the smile of His reconcil'd face— [peace— Believ'd in His message of pardon and

I believ'd, and I keep on believing!

Believe! and the feeling may come or may

Believe in the word that was written to show

That all who believe, their salvation may know—

Believe, and keep right on believing!
2 I believ'd in the work of my crucified

Lord—
Believ'd in redemption alone through
His blood—

Believ'd in my Saviour, by trusting His word—

I believ'd, and I keep on believing!

3 I believ'd in the heart that was open'd for me—

Believ'd in the love flowing blessëd and free—

Believ'd that my sins were all nail'd to

the tree—
I believ'd, and I keep on believing!
I believ'd in Himself, as the true, living

One— Believ'd in His presence on high on the

Throne—
Believ'd in His coming in glory full soon—
I believ'd, and I keep on believing!

267 Shall you? Shall I?

Luke xiii. 23-24.

Some one will enter the pearly gate—
By and by—by and by—

Taste of the glories that there await— Shall you? shall I?

Some one will travel the streets of gold— Beautiful visions will there behold— Feast on the pleasures so long foretold— Shall you? shall I?

2 Some one at last will his cross lay down—... Faithful, approv'd, shall receive a

crown— . . . Some one the glorified King will see— Ever from sorrow of earth be free—

Happy with Him through eternity—...

3 Some one will knock when the door is shut... Hear a voice saying—"I know you

not,"...
Some one will call and shall not be heard—

Vainly will strive, when the door is barr'd-

Some will fail of the saint's reward—...

4 Some one will sing the triumphant

song . . .

Join the praise with the blood-bought

throng... Some one will greet on the golden shore— Lov'd ones of earth who have gone before—

Safe in the glory for evermore - . . .

268 Christ, the Reward of His People. 2 Cor. xiii. 4.

1 O Christ, our hope, our heart's desire— Redemption's only spring! Creator of the world art Thou, Its owner and its King!

2 How vast the mercy and the love Which laid our sins on Thee, And led Thee to a cruel death— To set Thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of earth are burst, The ransom has been paid; And Thou art on Thy Father's throne

And Thou art on Thy Father's throne In glorious robes array'd! 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail Our sinful souls to spare!

O may we come before Thy throne And find acceptance there! 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy—

Our future great reward— Our only glory may it be To glory in the Lord!

269 The Kingdom is at Hand.

1 Have our hearts grown cold since the days of old?

Have we left our soul's "first love"? Neither cold nor hot?—God commends us not.

Nor our lukewarm ways approve!

Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye! 'Tis the call of God to evry land! Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye! For the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!

2 Has the God above our supreme, true

Have we bow'd to Him always? Do we own His claim and revere His name?

And observe His holy day?

3 Do we honour those who have sooth'd 2 I'm walking close to Jesus' side our woes?

Have we render'd good for ill? Are we pure in heart? doing all our part To fulfil the Saviour's will?

4 Are we always true in the thing we do? In our words, our works, our ways? | 8 I'm leaning on His loving breast Are we quite content with the blessings Giving God alone the praise? [sent?

5 Dare a mortal say—for a single day— "I have kept Thy law, O God. Undefil'd by sin-I am pure within-And I need no cleansing blood"?

Approved in Christ. 270 Rom. xvi. ro.

1 "Approved in Christ!" O happy they Whom thus the Master shall commend-

Who trust the message of His grace, And on His righteousness depend; Who live no more themselves to please, But!serve the Lord with willing mind: Their aim His glory to advance. And benefit and bless mankind.

2 And did my Lord a man become, Obey, and bleed, and die for me? And shall not all my pow'rs respond To love so wondrous and so free? Yes, loving Lord! Thy claims I own; How small my best return appears! Mine is a debt I ne'er can pay, Enlarging with eternal years!

3 "Approved in Christ!" O what reward Can we with this high honour name? Let merchants toil for worldly wealth, Or scholars strive for earthly fame, To win renown by flood and field Heroic souls no dangers shun-Give me a never-fading crown.

The Lord's approving words-"Well done!"

Companionship with Jesus.

John xiv. 23. 1 O, blessëd fellowship divine! O, joy supremely sweet!

Companionship with Jesus here Makes life with bliss replete:

In union with the Purest One I find my heav'n on earth begun.

O, wondrous bliss, O joy sublime! I've Jesus with me all the time!

So close that I can hear

The softest whispers of His love In fellowship so dear ; And feel His great almighty hand Protect me in this hostile land.

Along life's weary way ; My path, illumin'd by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day; No foes, no woes my heart can fear With my Almighty Friend so near.

4 I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are always o'er me spread ; And though the storms may flercely rage. All calm and free from dread,

My peaceful spirit ever sings "I'll trust the covert of Thy wings!"

The Great Salvation. 272 Heb. ii. 3.

1 God lov'd a world of sinners, For them He gave His Son; And whosoe'er receive Him-He saves them ev'ry one: He came to bring salvation-To bear our sins away, That we with Him in glory Might live thro' endless day !

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

2 Behold the bleeding Saviour Upon the cruel tree-The just condemn'd, forsaken-He dies for you and me: The "Son of God" beloved. For us a curse was made; That we might have redemption— The awful price He paid!

3 God loves the greatest sinner But hates the smallest sin: Then who shall see His kingdom? Or, who can enter in?

"The precious blood of Jesus"— Let ev'ry creature know-Can make the "chief of sinners" Full "whiter than the snow."

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4 Return to God—O wand'rer!
Thy purchas'd pardon take;
Thy sins He'll not remember,
For thy Redeemer's sake;
He'll cast them all behind Him,
Or, 'neath the deepest sea,
And love you ever freely,
Throughout eternity!

273 Every Day will I Bless Thee.

1 My Saviour's praises I will sing, And all His love express— Whose mercies each returning day Proclaim His faithfulness!

Ev'ry day will I bless Thee—And I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.

- 2 Redeem'd by His almighty pow'r— My Saviour and my King— My confidence in Him I place, To Him my soul shall cling.
- 3 On Thee alone, my Saviour—Lord— My steadfast hopes depend; And to Thy holy will, my soul Submissively would bend.
- 4 O, grant Thy Holy Spirit's grace And aid my feeble pow'rs, That gladly I may follow Thee Through all my future hours!

274

Memories of Galilee. Mark i. 39. my Lord. . . . to Thee I sing-

1 O Christ, my Lord, . . . to Thee I sing—And praise Thy name, . . . for Thou art King!

And Thou such love . . . hast shown to It bears me back . . . to Galilee! [me!

O Galilee! sweet Galilee! Where Jesus lov'd so much to be;

O Galilee! blue Galilee! Come sing thy song again to me!

(Matt. xiii. 1, 2.)

2 How sweet the scene . . . when Thou wert there!

For humble ones . . . Thy love did care;

Its fresh waves roll— . . . that beauteous sea

Is full of charm— . . . lov'd Galilee!

(Mark iv. 39.)
3 The storm bursts forth . . . awaking fear, [near; Thou art my Rock, . . . and Thou art

With dread o'erwhelm'd . . . we cry to Thee— Thy word doth calm . . . rough Galilee!

(John xiii. 1.)
4 When on the shore, . . . rais'd by Thy

pow'r,
Thy lov'd ones saw . . . that glorious hour;

Thou stood'st reveal'd, . . . from death set free,

To love's swift glance . . . on Galilee.

5 Sweet peace is mine . . . Thy gift so free,

Lord, thanks again . . . I give to Thee! For now as then . . . Thy grace to me— Reminds me oft . . . of Galilee!

(Phil. ii. 5.)
6 Thus when I read . . . the thrilling lore
0f Him who walk'd . . . upon the sea—
I long, 0 yes, . . I long, once more,
To follow Christ . . in Galilee.

275 The Dire Need of Decision.

1 Choose I must, and soon must choose Holiness, or heaven lose; While, what heaven loves, I hate— Shut for me is heaven's gate!

2 Endless sin means endless woe;

Into endless sin I go—
If my soul, from reason rent,
Takes from sin its final bent!

3 As the stream its channel grooves, And within that channel moves— So doth habit's deepest tide

So doth habit's deepest tide Groove its bed, and there abide! 4 Light obey'd increaseth light—

Light resisted bringeth night;
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose?

5 Speed, my soul! this instant yield! Let the light its sceptre wield; While thy God prolongeth grace— Haste thee to ard His holy face!

276 Jesus Walked in Galilee.

1 O let the story oft be told— When "Jesus walk'd in Galilee"; "Twill never, never, grow too old— When "Jesus walk'd in Galilee";

He heal'd the sick, the lame and blind, He came the sinners lost to find— A loving Saviour of mankind—

A loving Saviour of mankind— When "Jesus walk'd in Galilee."

- 2 He brought salvation full and free . . . He said to all —Come, follow Me . . . O, how the hearts of men were stirr'd, As ev'ry where His voice was heard, Still ringing forth the living word . . .
- 3 His mercy now is just the same As when He . . .
 - To save both you and me He came . . . 0, will you not obey the call? He shed His blood to free us all From sinful Adam's mighty fall. . . .

277 The Wondrous Cross.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
AND POUR CONTEMPT on all my pride!

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God! All the vain things that charm me most I SACRIFICE to Jesu's blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingling down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet OR THORNS COMPOSE so bright a crown!
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe, Falls o'er His body on the tree; Through it I'm dead to all the Globe— AND ALL THE GLOBE is dead to me!
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so Divine,

DEMANDS MY SOUL, my life, my all!

Note.—The words in small capitals, in each fourth line, are to be repeated in singing.

The Divine Love.

1 O Love Divine, that stoop'd to share Our sharpest pang, and bitt'rest tear— On Thee we casteach earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near!

2 Though long the weary way we tread, And sorrow fill each ling ring year, No path we shun, no darkness dread; Our hearts still whisp ring, Thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is chang'd to fear,
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring
leaf
Shall softly tell us. Thou art near!

4 On Thee we fling our burd ning woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear,

O Love Divine, for ever dear, Content to suffer, while we know— Living or dying—Thou art near!

279 Jesus—The Believer's Friend.

- 1 A Friend there is—your voices join, Ye saints, to praise His name! Whose truth and kindness are divine, Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need His helping hand, This Friend is always near; With heav'n and earth at His command, He waits to answer pray'r.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
 No change can turn its course;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil His face, And clouds surround His throne, He hides the purpose of His grace, To make it better known.
- 5 And if our dearest comforts fall Before His sov'reign will He never takes away our all; Himself He gives us still.
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale He weighs, And measures out our pains; The wildest storm His word obeys, His word its rage restrains.

280 The Infinite Preciousness of Christ. 1 Pet. 1. 19.

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name, "Tis music to my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish In Thee doth richly meet: Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there; The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine
 The antidote of death! [arms,

281 Goodness, Love, and Compassion of God. Psa. cxliii. 7.

- 1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess; Thy mercy we adore; A spring whose blessings never fail—
 - A spring whose blessings never fail— A sea without a shore!
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest In every golden ray; Love draws the curtains of the night.
- And love brings back the day.

 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns,
 With all the bliss it yields;
 With joyful clusters loads the vine,
 With strength ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord, Is in the gospel seen; There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines, Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy, Through Jesus' name are giv'n; He ou the cross was lifted high, That we might reign in heav'n.

282 The Faithfulness of God.

- 1 Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come; Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home—
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood, Or earth receiv'd her frame, From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight, Are like an evining gone; Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away;

- They fly, forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opining day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past. Our hope for years to come; Be Thou our guard while life shall last. And our eternal home.

283 Christ—The King of Glory. Psa. xxiv. 7. John xiv. 2.

- 1 Th' eternal gates lift up their heads, The doors are open'd wide, The King of Glory is gone up Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
 Thou hast prepar'd a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon Thy face.
 - 3 And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies,
 A light still breaks upon the cloud
 That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs, And let Thy grace be giv'n, That while we linger yet below, Our hearts may be in heav'n.
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand, Our hope, our love may be; Dwell in us now, that we may dwell For evermore in Thee.

284 Salvation—0 Melodious Sound! Isa. xxvi. 1. Luke vii. 48.

- 1 Salvation! O melodious sound To wretched, dying men! Salvation, that from God proceeds, And leads to God again!
- 2 And may a weak, degen'rate soul, Sinful and dark as mine, Presume to raise a trembling eye To blessings so divine?
- 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss My feeble heart o'erbears; And unbelief almost perverts The promise into tears.
- 4 My Saviour God! no voice but Thine These dying hopes can raise; Speak Thy salvation to my soul, And turn its tears to praise.
- 5 My Saviour God! this broken voice Transported shall proclaim, And call on all th' angelic harps To sound so sweet a name!

- 1 My Jesus, while in mortal flesh
 I hold my frail abode,
 Still would my spirit rest on Thee,
 Its Saviour and its God.
- 2 By hourly faith in Thee I live, Midst all my griefs and snares: And death, encounter'd in Thy sight, No form of horror wears.
- 3 On Thy dear cross I fix my eyes, Then raise them to Thy seat; Till love dissolves my inmost soul, At its Redeemer's feet.
- 4 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms:
 Be dead to every sin;
 And tell the boldest foes without,
 That Jesus reigns within.
- 5 My life with His connected stands, Nor asks a surer ground: He keeps me in His gracious arms, Where heav'n itself is found.

The Glory of God. Psa. viii. 1, 4.

- 1 O Lord our God, how wondrous great Is Thine exalted name! The glories of Thy heav nly state, Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold Thy works on high, The moon that rules the night; And stars that well adorn the sky, Those moving worlds of light;
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race, Who dwells so far below, That Thou should'st visit him with grace, And love his nature so!—
- 4 That Thine eternal Son should bear To take a mortal form, Made lower than His angels are, To save a dying worm!
- 5 Let Him be crown'd with majesty, Who bow'd His head to death; And be His honours sounded high By all things that have breath.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord! how wondrous great Is Thine exalted name! The glories of Thy heavinly state, Let all the earth proclaim.

287 The Strength and Joy of God's People. Col. iii. 3.

- 1 Rejoice, believer, in the Lord, Who makes your cause His own; The hope that's built upon His word Can ne'er be overthrown.
 - 2 Though many foes beset your road, And feeble is your arm, Your life is hid with Christ in God, Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint; Or, fainting, shall not die; Jesus, the strength of every saint, Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though unperceiv'd by mortal sense, Faith sees Him always near; A guide, a glory, a defence; Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as He overcame, And triumph'd once for you; So surely you that love His name Shall triumph in Him too.

288 Past and Present—Blessed Contrasts! 1 Cor. xv. 9-10.

- 1 All that I was, my sin, my guilt, My death, was all my own; All that I am I owe to Thee, My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
 Was mine, and only mine;
 The good in which I now rejoice
 Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former night, The bondage, all was mine; The light of life in which I walk, The liberty, is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace that made me feel my sin, Bade me in Christ believe; Then, in believing, peace I found, And now in Christ I live.
- 5 All that I am, e'en here on earth, All that I hope to be When Jesus comes, and glory dawns, I owe it, Lord, to Thee!

289 The Riches of Divine Mercy.

1 How rich Thy favours, God of grace!

How various and divine!

Full as the ocean they are pour'd,

And bright as heav'n they shine.

- 2 He, to eternal glory, calls: And leads the wondrous way To His own palace, where He reigns In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of His love. Displays the radiant prize: And shows the purchase of His blood To our admiring eyes.
- 4 He perfects what His hand begins, And stone on stone He lays: Till firm and fair the building rise, A temple to His praise.
- 5 The songs of everlasting years That mercy shall attend, Which leads, through suff'rings of an hour, To joys that never end.

290 The Wonders of Redemption. 2 So strange, so boundless, was the love 7 Pet. iii. 18.

- 1 And did the Holy and the Just. The Sov'reign of the skies, Stoop down to wretchedness and dust, That sinners lost might rise?
- 2 Yes, my Redeemer left His throne, His radiant throne on high. Surprising mercy! love unknown! To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place, And suffer'd in his stead; For man, O miracle of grace !-For man, the Saviour bled.
- 4 Jesus, my soul adoring bends To love so full, so free; And may I hope that love extends Its saving power to me!
- 5 What glad return can I impart For favours so divine? O take my all—this worthless heart. And make it only Thine.

Joy Triumphant-in Christ. Psa. lxxxiv. 11.

- 1 My soul, triumphant in the Lord, Shall tell its joys abroad; And march with holy vigour on, Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life, His hand hath been my guide; And, in that long experienc'd care, My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows, An unexhausted stream:

- That grace, on Zion's sacred mount. Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth These distant courts I love : But, O, I burn with strong desire To view Thy house above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band. My soul would there adore : A pillar in Thy temple fix'd. To be remov'd no more.

292 The Divine Love and Grace.

- 1 Come, happy souls, approach your God With new, melodious songs; Come, render to almighty grace The tribute of your tongues.
- That pitied dying men, The Father sent His equal Son To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd With an avenging rod, No hard commission to perform
- The vengeance of a God-4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
- And wrath forsook the throne, When Christ on His kind errand came, And brought salvation down. 5 Now, sinners, ye may heal your wounds
- And wipe your sorrows dry; Trust in the mighty Saviour's name, And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing hearts Accept Thine offer'd grace; We bless the great Redeemer's love, And give the Father praise.

293 Confiding Trust—Providential Care. Nahum i. 3. Rom. vii. 28.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea. And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain!
 God is His own intepreter,
 And He will make it plain.

The Prayer of Faith. Cor. x. 13. James v. 13.

- 1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light To bring in pray'r to Thee; There is no anxious care too slight To wake Thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road Wilt share each small distress; The love which bore the greater load Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
 But meets Thine ear divine;
 And every cross grows light beneath
 The shadow, Lord, of Thine!
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within, The heart would overflow, But for that love which died for sin, That love which wept with woe!

295 The Tenderness of Jesus. John xx. 29. 2 Cor. v. 7.

- 1 O Thou who did'st, with love untold, Thy doubting servant chide, And bad'st the eye of sense behold Thy wounded hands and side—
- 2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe, To own Thee God and Lord, And from his hour of darkness draw A fuller faith's reward.
- 3 And while that wondrous record now Of unbelief we hear,
 - O let us only lowlier bow In self distrusting fear—
- 4 And pray that we may never dare Thy spirit so to grieve; But at the last their blessing share, Who see not, yet believe!
- 5 Our Lord and God, Eternal Son, To Thee all glory be, With Father, Spirit—Three in one— Through all eternity.

296 Light, More Light. Eph. v. 14. Psa. xcvii. 11.

- 1 Lord, give me light to do Thy work,
 For only, Lord, from Thee
 Can come the light by which these eyes
 The work of truth can see.
- 2 The way is narrow, often dark, With lights and shadows strewn; I wander oft, and think it Thine, When walking in my own.
- 3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee, And pleasant is the way; But, Lord, the world is dark, and I Am prone to go astray.
- 4 O send me light to do Thy work, More light, more wisdom give; Then shall I work Thy work indeed, While on Thine earth I live.
- 5 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord; It is Thy race I run; Give light, and then shall all I do Be well and truly done.

297 More Fervent Love. Rev. xx. 11. Rev. xxi. 23.

- 1 My God, how wonderful Thou art!
 Thy majesty how bright!
 How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
 In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years, O everlasting Lord, By prostrate spirits day and night Incessantly adored!
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful, The sight of Thee must be, Thine endless wisdom, boundless pow'r, And awful purity!
- 4 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord, Almighty as Thou art, For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me The love of my poor heart.
- 5 No earthly father loves like Thee, No mother e'er so mild Bears and forbears as Thou hast done With me, Thy sinful child.
- 6 Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
 And gaze and gaze on Thee!

Comfort and Consolation. Isa. lxvi. 13. 2 Thess. ii. 16.

- 1 Come, humble souls, ye mourners, come, 1 How excellent, O Lord, Thy name And wipe away your tears; Adieu to all your sad complaints. Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Proclaim aloud the Father's grace, And sing the Saviour's love: Soon shall you join the glorious theme, In loftier strains above.
- 3 God, the eternal, mighty God-To dearer names descends: Calls you His treasure and His joy, His children and His friends.
- 4 My Father God—and may these lips Pronounce a name so dear? Not thus could heav'n's sweet harmony Delight my list'ning ear.
- 5 Thanks to my God for every gift His bounteous hands bestow; And thanks eternal for that love Whence all those comforts flow!
- 6 For ever let my grateful heart His bounteous grace adore: Which gives ten thousand blessings now, And bids me hope for more.

Christ the King. 299 Isa. ix. 6.

- 1 O Jesus! King most wonderful! Thou Conqueror renown'd: Thou sweetness most ineffable, In whom all joys are found!
- 2 When once Thou visitëst the heart. Then truth begins to shine, Then earthly vanities depart, Then kindles love Divine.
- 3 O Jesus! Light of all below! Thou Fount of life and fire! Surpassing all the joys we know, And all we can desire.
- 4 May ev'ry heart confess Thy name. And ever Thee adore: And, seeking Thee, itself inflame To seek Thee more and more !
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless. Thee may we love alone; And ever in our lives express The image of Thine own!

300 The Infinite Might and Majesty of God. Hab. iii. 4.

- In all creation's lines! Spread through eternity, Thy fame With rising lustre shines.
- 2 These lower works, that swell Thy praise High as man's thoughts can tow'r. Are but a portion of Thy ways. The hiding of Thy pow'r.
- 3 O should'st Thou rend aside the veil, And show Thy dwelling-place, The souls which Thou hast made would fail!

'Twere death to see Thy face.

- 4 Can none behold that face and live? Yes, sinners may draw near : The Lord is kind and will forgive. His love shall cast out fear.
- 5 Millions before His presence stand, Who feel, while they adore, Fulness of joy at His right hand, And pleasures evermore.

301 Christ—Saviour & Sovereign. Luke xxiii. 2; Rev. xv. 3; Eph. i. 22.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known; The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim, And how before His throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd With glories all divine; And tell the wond'ring nations round How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Pow'r infinite, and boundless grace, In Him unite their rays: You that have e'er beheld His face. Can you forbear His praise?
- 4 When in His earthly courts we view The glories of our King, We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise; Thy love can animate the strain, And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period, glorious day! When heav'n and earth shall raise With all their pow'rs the raptur'd lay, To celebrate Thy praise.

302 Joy and Gladness in the Lord. 304

- 1 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord; This work belongs to you; Sing of His name, His ways, His word-How holy, just and true!
- 2 His mercy and His righteousness Let heav'n and earth proclaim: His works of nature and of grace Reveal His wondrous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word The heav'nly arches spread, And by the Spirit of the Lord Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bids the liquid waters flow To their appointed deep: The flowing seas their limits know, And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth, With fear before Him stand; He spake, and nature took its birth, And rests on His command.
- 6 Lord, let our hearts in Thee rejoice,
 And bless us from Thy throne;
 For we have made Thy word our choice,
 And trust Thy grace alone.

303 Confession—Consecration. Psa.cxix.94; John xvii.10; 1 John iv.15.

- 1 Lord, I am Thine; but Thou wilt prove My faith, my patience, and my love; When men of strife against me join, They are the sword—the hand is Thine.
- 2 What sinners value I resign, Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine: I shall behold Thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show; But yon bright world, to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake and find me there?
- 4 O glorious hour! O blest abode! I shall be near and like my God; And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joyful sound, Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

God's Gracious Gifts.
Tim. vi. 17. 1 Cor. iii. 21, 23.

1 Sing to the Lord a joyful song, Lift up your hearts, your voices raise; To us His gracious gifts belong, To Him our songs of love and praise.

- 2 For life and love, for rest and food, For daily help and nightly care, Sing to the Lord, for He is good, And praise His name, for it is fair.
- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait His truth to prove, His will to do, Praise ye our God, for He is great; Trust in His name, for it is true.
- 4 For joys untold, that daily move Round those who love His sweet employ Sing to our God, for He is love, Exalt His name, for it is joy.
- 5 Sing to the Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom angels serve and saints adore, The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, To whom be praise for evermore.

305

A Noble Song. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song! Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue; Hosanna to th' eternal name, And all His boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of His grace; God, in the person of His Son, Has all His mightiest works outdone
- 3 This spacious earth, yon spreading flood, Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God; And His rich glories from afar, Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star—
- 4 But in Christ's look a glory stands, The noblest token of Thy hands; The pleasing lustre of His eyes Outshines the wonders of the skies!
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name; Ye angels, dwell upon the sound! Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!
- 6 O may I live to reach the place
 Where He unveils His lovely face—
 There all His beauties to behold,
 And sing His name to harps of gold!

306 Hosanna! to the Living Lord! 308

1 Hosanna to the living Lord;
We praise Thee, O Incarnate Word!
To Thee, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth—let heav'n—hosanna sing,

2 "Hosanna, Lord!" Thine angels cry— "Hosanna, Lord!" Thy saints reply: Above, beneath us, all around, The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care, Be with us at this hour of pray'r; Assembled in Thy holy name, Here we Thy parting promise claim!

4 But chief, in ev'ry cleansed breast, Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest; And make our secret soul to be A temple pure and worthy Thee!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day, When earth and heav'n shall pass away, Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain, Shall swell the sound of praise again.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

307 Absolute Security—Heavenly Aspirations. Col. iii. 3, 4. Our life is hid with Christ—

Our life is hid with Christ— With Christ in God above; Upward our heart would go to Him, Whom, seeing not, we love.

2 He liveth, and we live; His life for us prevails; His fulness fills our emptiness, His strength for us avails.

Life worketh in us now,
And shall for evermore;
Death shall be swallow'd up of life,
The grave its trust restore.

When He who is our life
In glory shall appear,
We too shall be reveal'd with Him,
And His bright raiment wear.

Shine as the sun shall we
When He shall come again;
Our sky without a cloud or mist,
Ourselves without a stain!

3 Like Him we then shall be Transform'd and glorified; For we shall see Him as He is— And in His light abide.

O8 Devotion and Obedience. John xiii. 13. Rev. xxii. 3, 4.

Dear Lord and Master mine, Thy happy servant see! My Conqueror! with joy Divine Thy captive clings to Thee!

1

2

I love Thy yoke to wear, To feel Thy gracious bands— Sweetly restrained by Thy care, And happy in Thy hands.

No bar would I remove, No bond would I unbind; Within the limits of Thy love Full liberty I find.

I would not walk alone, But still with Thee, my God: At ev'ry step my blindness own, And ask of Thee the road.

Dear Lord and Master mine, Still keep Thy servant true! My Guardian and my Guide Divine, Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through!

309 Triumph—Mercy and Salvation. 1 Pet. i. 8, 9.

1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth proclaim the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love Its Chief Belovëd chose, And bid Him raise our wretched race From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears, No terror clothes His brow— No bolts to drive our guilty souls To flercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne, And wrath stood silent by, When Christ was sent with pardon down. To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Ye sinners, dry your tears, Let hopeless sorrow cease; Bow to the sceptre of His love, And take the offer'd peace.

3 Lord, we obey Thy call, We now most humbly claim The great salvation Thou hast brought, And love and praise Thy name.

3 10 Jesus—the Sinner's Friend.

Jesus, the sinner's Friend!
We hide ourselves in Thee;
God looks upon Thy sprinkled blood—
It is our only plea.

2 He hears Thy precious name, We claim it as our own:

The Father must accept and bless His well-beloved Son.

He sees Thy spotless robe: It covers all our sin:

The golden gates have welcom'd Thee, And we may enter in.

Thou hast fulfill'd the law,

And we are justified; Ours is the blessing, Thine the curse: We live, for Thou hast died.

5 Jesus, the sinner's Friend! We cannot speak Thy praise, No mortal voice can sing the song That ransom'd hearts would raise.

But when before the throne, Upon the glassy sea,

Cloth'd in our blood-bought robes of We stand complete in Thee— [white,

Jesus, we'll give Thee then Such praises as are meet, And cast ten thousand golden crowns, Adoring, at Thy feet!

311 Prayer for Instruction and Forgiveness. Psa. xxv. 4-9.

4 Shew me thy ways, O Lord; Thy paths, O teach thou me;

5 And do thou lead me in thy truth,
Therein my teacher be—

For thou art God that dost To me salvation send, And I upon thee all the day Expecting do attend.

6 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I pray thee to remember,
And loving-kindnesses, for they
Have been of old for ever.

7 My sins and faults of youth Do thou, O Lord, forget; After thy mercy think on me, And for thy goodness great.

8 God good and upright is;
The way he'll sinners show.

9 The meek in judgment he will guide, And make his paths to know.

312 The Majestic Call of God.

1 The mighty God, the Lord, Hath spoken and did call The earth, from rising of the sun, To where he hath his fall.

2 From out of Zion Hill, Which of excellency And beauty the perfection is, God shinëd gloriously.

3 Our God shall surely come; Keep silence shall not he; Before him fire shall waste, great storms Shall round about him be.

4 Unto the heavens clear
He from above shall call,
And to the earth likewise, that he
May judge his people all.

5 Together let my saints
Unto me gather'd be—
Those that by sacrifice have made
A covenant with me.

313 Prayer for Blessing— Universal Praise. Psa. lxvii.

 Lord, bless and pity us, Shine on us with thy face; That th' earth thy way, and nations all May know thy saving grace.

2 Let people praise thee, Lord, Let people all thee praise; O let the nations be glad, In songs their voices raise

In songs their voices raise.

Thou 'lt justly people judge,

On earth rule nations all; Let people praise thee, Lord, let them Praise thee, both great and small. 4 The earth her fruit shall yield.

Our God shall blessing send; God shall us bless; men shall him fear Unto earth's utmost end.

314 The Blessedness of the Righteous. Psa. i.

1 That man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way;

2 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair; But placeth his delight Upon God's law, and meditates On his law day and night—

3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never;
4 And all he doth shall prosper well—

The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.

5 In judgment therefore shall not stand Such as ungodly are; Novin the example of the just

Nor in th' assembly of the just Shall wicked men appear—

6 For why? the way of godly men Unto the Lord is known; Whereas the way of wicked men Shall quite be overthrown.

Remonstrance with Men. Psa. iv. 1-5.

1 Give ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteousness;

Have mercy, hear my pray'r; thou hast Enlarg'd me in distress.

2 O ye the sons of men! how long Will ye love vanities? How long my glory turn to shame, And will ye follow lies?

3 But know, that for himself the Lord The godly man doth choose; The Lord, when I on Him do call, To hear will not refuse.

4 Fear, and sin not; talk with your heart On bed, and silent be; Offrings present of righteousness, And in the Lord trust ye.

316 God's Justice and Love.

1 Lord, thee I'll praise with all my heart, Thy wonders all proclaim;

2 In thee, most High, I'll greatly joy, And sing unto thy name—

7 God shall endure for aye; he doth
For judgment set his throne;
8 In right courses to judge the world

8 In righteousness to judge the world,
Justice to give each one.

9 God also will a refuge be For those that are oppress'd; A refuge will he be in times Of trouble to distress'd.

10 And they that know thy name, in thee Their confidence will place;
For thou hast not forsaken them That truly seek thy face.

317 Love to God—His People's Safety. Psa. xviii. 1-3, 6.

1 Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength;
2 My fortress is the Lord,

My rock, and he that doth to me Deliverance afford:

My God, my strength, whom I will trust, A buckler unto me,

The horn of my salvation, And my high tow'r is he.

3 Upon the Lord, who worthy is Of praises, will I cry; And then shall I preserved be

And then shall I preserved be Safe from mine enemy. 6 In my distress I call'd on God,

Cry to my God did I :
He from his temple heard my voice.
To his ears came my cry.

318 Perfection and Power of God's Word. Psa. xix. 7, 8, 11-14.

7 God's law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies;
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, And do rejoice the heart; The Lord's command is pure, and doth

Light to the eyes impart.

11 Moreover, they thy servant warn

How he his life should frame;
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

12 Who can his errors understand?
O cleanse thou me within
13 From secret faults; thy servant keep

From all presumptuous sin;

And do not suffer them to have

Dominion over me; Then, rightëous and innocent, I from much sin shall be.

14 The words which from my mouth proceed, The thoughts sent from my heart,

Accept, O Lord, for thou my Strength And my Redeemer art.

319 Mutual Intercession—Joyful Praise. Psa. xx. 1 5.

1 Jehovah hear thee in the day When trouble he doth send; And let the name of Jacob's God Thee from all ill defend.

2 O let him help send from above, Out of his sanctuary; From Zion, his own holy hill, Let him give strength to thee.

3 Let him remember all thy gifts, Accept thy sacrifice;

4 Grant thee thine heart's wish, and fulfil
Thy thoughts and counsel wise.

5 In thy salvation we will joy; In our God's name we will Display our banners; and the Lord Thy prayers all fulfil.

320 Jehovah-Jesus; His People's Shepherd. Psa. xxiii.

1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
2 He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me

The quiet waters by.

3 My soul he doth restore again; And me to walk doth make Within the paths of righteousness, Ev'n for his own name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill— For thou art with me; and thy rod And staff me comfort still.

5 My table thou hast furnished In presence of my foes; My head thou dost with oil anoint, And my cup overflows.

6 Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me; And in God's house for evermore My dwelling-place shall be.

321 The Believer's Strength and Comfort. Psa. xxvii. 1, 3-5.

1 The Lord's my light and saving health— Who shall make me dismay'd? My life's strength is the Lord, of whom Then shall I be afraid?

3 Against me though an host encamp, My heart yet fearless is — Though war against me rise, I will Be confident in this —

4 One thing I of the Lord desir'd, And will seek to obtain, That all days of my life I may Within God's house remain—

That I the beauty of the Lord Behold may and admire, And that I in his holy place May rev'rently inquire—

5 For he in his pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days;
In secret of his tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.

322 Grateful Praise—Appeal to the Saints. Psa. xxx. 1-4.

1 Lord, I will thee extol, for thou Hast lifted me on high, And over me thou to rejoice Mad'st not mine enemy.

2 O thou who art the Lord my God, I in distress to thee, With loud cries lifted up my voice, And thou hast healed me.

3 O Lord, my soul thou hast brought up, And rescu'd from the grave; That I to pit should not go down.

Alive thou did'st me save.

4 O ye that are his holy ones,
Sing praise unto the Lord;
And give unto him thanks, when ye
His holiness record.

323 Confiding Trust in God. Psa. xxxi. 1, 2, 5, 23, 24.

1 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust, Sham'd let me never be; According to thy righteousness Do thou deliver me.

2 Bow down thine ear to me, with speed Send me deliverance;

To save me, my strong rock be thou, And my house of defence.

5 Into thine hands I do commit My sp'rit; for thou art he, O thou, JEHOVAH, God of truth, That hast redeemed me.

23 O love the Lord, all ye his saints— Because the Lord doth guard The faithful, and he plenteously Proud doers doth reward.

24 Be of good courage, and he strength Unto your heart shall send, All ye whose hope and confidence Do on the Lord depend!

The Joy of Pardon.
Psa. xxxii. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 11

1 0 blessëd is the man to whom
Is freely pardonëd

- All the transgression he hath done, Whose sin is covered!
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord Imputeth not his sin, And in whose sp'rit there is no guile, Nor fraud is found therein.

5 I will confess unto the Lord

- My trespasses, said I-And of my sin thou freely did'st Forgive th' iniquity.
- 7 Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt From trouble keep me free; Thou with songs of deliverance About shalt compass me.
- 11 Ye righteous, in the Lord be glad; In Him do ye rejoice; All ye that upright are in heart, For joy lift up your voice.

325 Exhortation to Implicit Faith. Psa. xxxiv. 8-13.

- 8 O taste and see that God is good-Who trusts in him is bless'd;
- 9 Fear God his saints; none that him fear Shall be with want oppress'd.
- 10 The lions young may hungry be, And they may lack their food; But they that truly seek the Lord Shall not lack any good.
- 11 O children, hither do ye come And unto me give ear; I shall you teach to understand How ye the Lord should fear.
- 12 What man is he that life desires, To see good would live long?--
- 13 Thy lips refrain from speaking guile, And from ill words thy tongue.

Mercy and Justice. Psa. xxxvi. 5-10.

- 5 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heav'ns— Thy truth doth reach the clouds:
- 6 Thy justice is like mountains great -Thy judgments deep as floods.
- Lord, thou preservest man and beast-How precious is thy grace! Therefore in shadow of thy wings Men's sons their trust shall place.
- 8 They with the fatness of thy house Shall be well satisfy'd; From rivers of thy pleasures thou
 - Wilt drink to them provide-

- 9 Because of life the fountain pure Remains alone with thee; And in that purest light of thine We clearly light shall see.
- 10 Thy loving-kindness unto them Continue that thee know: And still on men upright in heart Thy righteousness bestow.

327 Trust, Delight, Rest-in God. Psa. xxxvii. 3-7.

- 3 Set thou thy trust upon the Lord, And be thou doing good, And so thou in the land shalt dwell, And verily have food.
- 4 Delight thyself in God; he'll give Thine heart's desire to thee:
- 5 Thy way to God commit, him trust, It bring to pass shall he-
- 6 And like unto the light, he shall Thy righteousness display; And he thy judgment shall bring forth Like noon-tide of the day.
- 7 Rest in the Lord, and patiently Wait for him: do not fret For him who, prosp'ring in his way, Success in sin doth get.

328 Experience of Grace—Saved: Kept. Psa. xl. 1-5.

- 1 I waited for the Lord my God, And patiently did bear: At length to me he did incline My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit. And from the miry clay, And on a rock he set my feet, Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth. Our God to magnify; Many shall see it, and shall fear, And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O blessëd is the man whose trust Upon the Lord relies; Respecting not the proud, nor such As turn aside to lies.
- 5 O Lord my God, full many are
- The wonders thou hast done; Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far Above all thoughts are gone.

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God our Refuge. Psa. xlvi. 1-5.

1 God is our refuge and our strength, In straits a present aid :

2 Therefore, although the earth remove, We will not be afraid—

Though hills amidst the seas be cast;

3 Though waters roaring make, And troubled be; yea, though the hills By swelling seas do shake.

4 A river is, whose streams do glad
The city of our God—
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most high hath his abode.

5 God in the midst of her doth dwell, Nothing shall her remove; The Lord to her an helper will, And that right early, prove.

Forgiveness; Cleansing. Psa. li. 1-4, 6-8.

1 After thy loving-kindness, Lord, Have mercy upon me;

For thy compassions great, blot out All mine iniquity.

2 Me cleanse from sin, and throughly wash

From mine iniquity;
3 For my transgressions I confess;

My sin I ever see.
4 'Gainst thee, thee only, have I sinn'd,
In thy sight done this ill;

That when thou speak'st thou may'st be And clear in judging still. [just,

6 Behold, thou in the inward parts With truth delighted art; And wisdom thou shalt make me know Within the hidden part.

7 Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me, I shall be cleansed so; Yea, wash thou me, and then I shall

Be whiter than the snow.

8 Of gladness and of joyfulness

8 Of gladness and of joyfulness
Make me to hear the voice;
That so these very bones which thou
Hast broken may rejoice.

331 Forgiveness; New Creation. Psa. li. 9-14.

9 All mine iniquities blot out,
Thy face hide from my sin;
10 Create a clean heart, Lord, renew

A right sp'rit me within—

11 Cast me not from thy sight, nor take Thy Holy Sp'rit away:

12 Restore me thy salvation's joy; With thy free Sp'rit me stay—

13 Then will I teach thy ways unto
Those that transgressors be;
And those that sinners are shall then

Be turned unto thee.

14 O God—of my salvation God—

Me from blood-guiltiness
Set free; then shall my tongue aloud
Sing of thy righteousness.

The Soul's Cry.
Psa. lvii. 1-3, 7, 8, 12.

Be merciful to me, O God;
 Thy mercy unto me
 Do thou extend; because my soul

Doth put her trust in thee— Yea, in the shadow of thy wings My refuge I will place, Intil these and colomities

Until these sad calamities
Do wholly overpass.

2 My cry I will cause to ascend
Unto the Lord most high;
To God, who doth all things for me
Perform most perfectly.

3 From heav'n he shall send down, and me From his reproach defend That would devour me; God his truth

And mercy forth shall send.

7 My heart is fix'd, my heart is fix'd,
O God; I'll sing and praise—
8 My glory wake; wake psalt'ry, harp;

Myself I'll early raise.

11 O Lord, exalted be thy name Above the heav'ns to stand; Do thou thy glory far advance Above both sea and land.

Waiting on God. Psa. Ixii. 5-8.

 My soul, wait thou with patience Upon thy God alone;
 On him dependeth all my hope And expectation.

6 He only my salvation is, And my strong rock is he; He only is my sure defence; I shall not moved be.

7 In God my glory placëd is, And my salvation sure;

- In God the rock is of my strength, My refuge most secure.
- 8 Ye people, place your confidence In him continually; Before him pour ye out your heart— God is our refuge high.

The Soul's Thirst. Psa. lxiii. 1-5.

- 1 Lord, thee my God, I'll early seek; My soul doth thirst for thee; My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land, Wherein no waters be;
- 2 That I thy power may behold, And brightness of thy face— As I have seen thee heretofore Within thy holy place.
- S Since better is thy love than life,
 My lips thee praise shall give;
 I in thy name will lift my hands,
 And bless thee while I live.
- 5 Ev'n as with marrow and with fat My soul shall filled be; Then shall my mouth with joyful lips Sing praises unto thee.

335 Praise to God-Blessing. Psa. lxv. 1-4.

- Praise waits for thee in Zion, Lord;
 To thee vows paid shall be—
 O thou that hearer art of pray'r,
 All flesh shall come to thee.
- 3 Iniquities, I must confess, Prevail against me do; But as for our transgressions, Them purge away shalt thou.
- 4 Bless'd is the man whom thou dost choose, And mak'st approach to thee, That he within thy courts, O Lord, May still a dweller be.
- We surely shall be satisfy'd With thy abundant grace, And with the goodness of thy house, Ev'n of thy holy place.

336 The Ascended Lord. Psa. lxviii. 18-20, 32, 33.

18 Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious, Ascended up on high; And in triumph victorious led Captive captivity; Thou hast received gifts for men,
For such as did rebel;
Yea, ev'n for them, that God the Lord
In midst of them might dwell.

19 Bless'd be the Lord, who is to us
Of our salvation God;
Who daily with his benefits
Us plenteously doth load.

20 He of salvation is the God,
Who is our God most strong;
And unto God the Lord from death
The issues do belong.

32 O all ye kingdoms of the earth, Sing praises to this King; For he is Lord that ruleth all, Unto him praises sing—

33 To him that rides on heav'n of heav'ns
Which he of old did found;
Lo, he sends out his voice, a voice
In might that doth abound.

337 God the Son. Psa. lxxii. 1, 2, 17-19.

1 O Lord, thy judgments give the king, His Son thy righteousness:

2 With right he shall thy people judge, Thy poor with uprightness.

17 His name for ever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall;
Men shall be bless'd in him, and bless'd
All nations shall him call.

18 Now blessëd be the Lord our God, The God of Israel, For he alone doth wondrous works,

For he alone doth wondrous works, In glory that excel.

19 And blessëd be his glorious name

To all eternity;
The whole earth let his glory fill—
Amen, so let it be.

338 The Soul's Want.

- 24 Thou, with thy counsel, while I live,
 Wilt me conduct and guide;
 And to thy glory afterward
 Receive me to abide.
- 25 Whom have I in the heavens high But thee, O Lord, alone? And in the earth whom I desire Besides thee there is none.
- 26 My flesh and heart do faint and fail, But God doth fail me never; For of my heart God is the strength And portion for ever,

- 27 For, 10, they that are far from thee
 For ever perish shall;
 Them that a whoring from thee go
 Thou hast destroyed all.
- 28 But surely it is good for me
 That I draw near to God;
 In God I trust, that all thy works
 I may declare abroad.

The Divine Care. Psa. lxxx. 1, 14, 17-19.

- 1 Hear, Isr'el's Shepherd! like a flock Thou that dost Joseph guide; Shine forth, O thou that dost between The cherubim abide.
- 14 O God of hosts, we thee beseech, Return now unto thine; Look down from heav'n in love, behold, And visit this thy vine.
- 17 O let thy hand be still upon
 The Man of thy right hand,
 The Son of man, whom for thyself
 Thou madest strong to stand.
- 18 So henceforth we will not go back,
 Nor turn from thee at all;
 0 do thou quicken us, and we
 Upon thy name will call.
- 19 Turn us again, Lord God of hosts, And upon us vouchsafe To make thy countenance to shine, And so we shall be safe,

340 The Beauty of God's House. Psa. lxxxiv. 1. 8-11.

- 1 How lovely is thy dwelling-place, O Lord of hosts, to me! The tabernacles of thy grace How pleasant, Lord, they be!
- 8 Lord God of hosts, my prayër hear; O Jacob's God, give ear—
- O Jacob's God, give ear—
 9 See God our shield, look on the face
 Of thine anointed dear—
- 10 For in thy courts one day excels A thousand; rather in My God's house will I keep a door, Than dwell in tents of sin.
- 11 For God the Lord's a sun and shield— He 'll grace and glory give; And will withhold no good from them That uprightly do live.

Resolve to Hear and Serve.

- 8 I'll hear what God the Lord will speak; To his folk he'll speak peace, And to his saints; but let them not Return to foolishness.
 - 9 To them that fear him surely near Is his salvation:
 - That glory in our land may have Her habitation.
- 10 Truth met with mercy, righteousness
 And peace kiss'd mutually; [ness
 11 Truth springs from earth and righteous.
- 11 Truth springs from earth, and righteous-Looks down from heaven high.
- 12 Yea, what is good the Lord shall give; Our land shall yield increase; 13 Justice, to set us in his steps.
- 13 Justice, to set us in his steps, Shall go before his face.

342 Praise—God's Mercies. Psa. lxxxix. 1, 15-18.

- 1 God's mercies I will ever sing; And with my mouth I shall Thy faithfulness make to be known To generations all—
- 15 O greatly bless'd the people are The joyful sound that know; In brightness of thy face, O Lord, They ever on shall go.
- 16 They in thy name shall all the day Rejoice exceedingly; And in thy righteousness shall they Exalted be on high—
- 17 Because the glory of their strength Doth only stand in thee; And in thy favour shall our horn And pow'r exalted be.
- 18 For God is our defence, and he To us doth safety bring; The Holy One of Isräel Is our Almighty King.

Prayer-God's Presence.

- 13 Turn yet again to us, O Lord, How long thus shall it be? Let it repent thee now for those That servants are to thee.
- 14 O with thy tender mercies, Lord, Us early satisfy; So we rejoice shall all our days, And still be glad in thee.

- 15 According as the days have been, Wherein we grief have had, And years wherein we ill have seen, So do thou make us glad.
- 16 O let thy work and pow'r appear Thy servants' face before; And shew unto their children dear Thy glory evermore.
- 17 And let the beauty of the Lord
 Our God be us upon;
 Our handy-works establish thou,
 Establish them each one.

Joyful Approach. Psa. xcv. 1-6.

1 O come, let us sing to the Lord; Come, let us ev'ry one

A joyful noise make to the rock Of our salvation.

- 2 Let us before his presence come With praise and thankful voice; Let us sing psalms to him with grace, And make a joyful noise—
- 3 For God, a great God, and great King, Above all gods he is;
- 4 Depths of the earth are in his hand, The strength of hills is his—
- 5 To him the spacious sea belongs, For he the same did make; The dry land also from his hands Its form at first did take—
- 6 O come, and let us worship him, Let us bow down withal, And on our knees before the Lord Our Maker let us fall.

345 God's Wonders. Psa. xcviii. 1-4.

- 1 O sing a new song to the Lord, For wonders he hath done; His right hand and his holy arm Him victory hath won.
- 2 The Lord God his salvation
 Hath caused to be known;
 His justice in the heathen's sight
 He openly hath shown.
- 3 He mindful of his grace and truth To Isr'el's house hath been; And the salvation of our God All ends of th' earth have seen.
- 4 Let all the earth unto the Lord Send forth a joyful noise; Lift up your voice aloud to him, Sing praises, and rejoice.

Forgiveness; Redemption.

- 1 O thou my soul, bless God the Lord; And all that in me is Be stirred up his holy name
 - To magnify and bless.

 2 Bless. O my soul, the Lord thy God.
 - And not forgetful be
 Of all his gracious benefits
 He hath bestow'd on thee.
 - 3 All thine iniquities who doth Most graciously forgive— Who thy diseases all and pains
 - Doth heal, and thee relieve;

 4 Who doth redeem thy life, that theu
 To death may'st not go down;
 Who thee with loving-kindness doth
 And tender mercies crown:
 - 5 Who with abundance of good things Doth satisfy thy mouth; So that, ev'n as the eagle's age, Renewed is thy youth.

347 God's Bountifulness. Psa. cvi. 1-5, 48.

- 1 Give praise and thanks unto the Lord,
 For bountiful is he;
 His tender niercy doth endure
 - Unto eternity.

 2 God's mighty works who can express?
 - Or shew forth all his praise?

 3 Blessëd are they that judgment keep,
 And justly do always.
 - 4 Remember me, Lord, with that love
 Which thou to thine dost bear;
 With thy salvation, O my God,
 To visit me draw near:
 - 5 That I thy chosen's good may see, And in their joy rejoice; And may with thine inheritance Triumph with cheerful voice!
- 48 Bless'd be JEHOVAH, Isr'el's God, To all eternity; Let all the people say, Amen— Praise to the Lord give ye.

348 The Praise of a Decided Heart. Psa. cviii. 1-6.

 My heart is fix'd, Lord; I will sing, And with my glory praise;
 Awake up psaltery and harp: Myself I 'll early raise.

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3 I'll praise thee 'mong the people. Lord; |13 I'll of salvation take the cup, Mong nations sing will I:

4 For above heav'n thy mercy 's great. Thy truth doth reach the sky.

5 Be thou above the heavens. Lord. Exalted gloriously; Thy glory all the earth above Be lifted up on high.

6 That those who thy beloved are Deliverëd may be,

O do thou save with thy right hand. And answer give to me.

God's Remembrance. 349 Psa. cxv. 1. 12-18.

1 Not unto us, Lord, not to us, But do thou glory take Unto thy name, ev'n for thy truth, And for thy mercy's sake-

12 The Lord of us hath mindful been. And he will bless us still: He will the house of Isr'el bless. Bless Aaron's house he will—

13 Both small and great, that fear the Lord.

He will them surely bless-14 The Lord will you, you and your seed, Aye more and more increase.

15 O blessëd are ye of the Lord,

Who made the earth and heav'n: 16 The heav'n, ev'n heav'ns, are God's, but he Earth to men's sons hath giv'n.

17 The dead, nor who to silence go, God's praise do not record;

18 But henceforth we for ever will Bless God—Praise ve the Lord.

350 Love to God-Gratitude-Faith. Psa. cxvi. 1-6, 13-16.

1 I love the Lord, because my voice

And prayers he did hear.

2 I, while I live, will call on him, Who bow'd to me his ear.

3 Of death the cords and sorrows did About me compass round ; The pains of hell took hold on me. I grief and trouble found.

4 Upon the name of God the Lord Then did I call, and say-Deliver thou my soul, O Lord, I do thee humbly pray!

5 God merciful and righteous is,

Yea, gracious is our Lord : 6 God saves the meek; I was brought low, He did me help afford.

On God's name will I call:

14 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord Before his people all.

15 Dear in God's sight is his saints' death-Thy servant, Lord, am I; Thy servant sure, thine handmaid's son; My bands thou did'st untie.

351 The Lord's Goodness. Psa. cxviii, 1, 24-26, 28, 29.

1 O praise the Lord, for he is good; His mercy lasteth ever;

2 Let those of Israel now say, His mercy faileth never.

24 This is the day God made, in it We'll joy triumphantly,

25 Save now, I pray thee, Lord; I pray, Send now prosperity.

26 Blessëd is he in God's great name That cometh us to save; We, from the house which to the Lord Pertains, you blessed have.

28 Thou art my God, I'll thee exalt;

My God, I will thee praise; 29 Give thanks to God, for he is good; His mercy lasts always.

352 Instruction; Judgment; Life. Psa. cxix. 33-37.

33 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way Of thy precepts divine; And to observe it to the end I shall my heart incline.

34 Give understanding unto me, So keep thy law shall I; Yea, ev'n with my whole heart I shall

Observe it carefully. 35 In thy law's path make me to go:

For I delight therein –

36 My heart unto thy testimonies. And not to greed, incline.

37 Turn thou away my sight and eyes From viewing vanity; And in thy good and holy way Be pleas d to quicken me.

353 The Lord's Preserving Power. Psa. cxxi.

1 I to the hills will lift mine eyes.

From whence doth come mine aid: 2 My safety cometh from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

3 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will He slumber that thee keeps;

4 Behold, he that keeps Israël, He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

5 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade On thy right hand doth stay:

6 The moon by night thee shall not smite, Nor yet the sun by day.

7 The Lord shall keep thy soul—he shall Preserve thee from all ill;

8 Henceforth thy going out and in God keep for ever will.

354 Prayer and Supplication. Psa. cxxx.

Lord, from the depths to thee I cry'd—
 My voice, Lord, do thou hear;
 Unto my supplication's voice
 Give an attentive ear.

3 Lord, who shall stand, if thou, O Lord, Should'st mark iniquity?

4 But yet with thee forgiveness is, That fear'd thou mayest be!

5 I wait for God, my soul doth wait, My hope is in his word;

6 More than they that for morning watch My soul waits for the Lord;

I say, more than they that do watch The morning light to see;

7 Let Israel hope in the Lord, For with him mercies be—

And plenteous redemption
Is ever found with him;
8 And from all his iniquities
He Isr'el shall redeem.

355 Brotherly Love and Unity.

1 Behold, how good a thing it is, And how becoming well, Together such as brethren are In unity to dwell!

2 Like precious ointment on the head, That down the beard did flow, Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the skirts Did of his garments go.

3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth On Zion' hills descend;

For there the blessing God commands, Life that shall never end.

356 Doxology—Benediction.

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye
 That his attendants are,
 Ev'n you that in God's temple be,
 And praise him nightly there.

2 Your hands within God's holy place Lift up, and praise his name;

3 From Zion' hill the Lord thee bless, That heav'n and earth did frame!

357 Exhortation to All.

1 All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.

2 liim serve with mirth, his praise forth Come ye before him and rejoice. [tell,

3 Know that the Lord is God indeed; Without our aid he did us make; We are his flock, he doth us feed, And for his sheep he doth us take.

4 O enter then his gates with praise, Approach with joy his courts unto; Praise, laud, and bless his name always, For it is seemly so to do.

5 For why? the Lord our God is good, His mercy is for ever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

358 God's Greatness; His Grace.

1 O Lord, thou art my God and King; Thee will I magnify and praise; I will thee bless, and gladly sing Unto thy holy name always.

2 Each day I rise I will thee bless, And praise thy name time without end.

Much to be prais'd, and great God is; His greatness none can comprehend.

4 Race shall thy works praise unto race, The mighty acts show done by thee;

I will speak of the glorious grace, And honour of thy majesty.

Thy wondrous works I will record— 6 By men the might shall be extoll'd Of all thy dreadful acts, O Lord; And I thy greatness will unfold!

359 God's Compassion; Goodness.

8 The Lord our God is gracious, Compassionate is he also;

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In mercy he is plentëous, But unto wrath and anger slow.

9 Good unto all men is the Lord; O'er all his works his mercy is;

10 Thy works all praise to thee afford;
Thy saints, O Lord, thy name shall
bless.

11 The glory of thy kingdom show Shall they, and of thy power tell;

12 That so men's sons his deeds may know—

His kingdom's grace that doth excel.

13 Thy kingdom hath none end at all,
 It doth through ages all remain—
 14 The Lord upholdeth all that fall,

The cast-down raiseth up again.

The eyes of all things, Lord, attend,

And on thee wait that here do live, And thou, in season due, dost send Sufficient food them to relieve.

17 The Lord is just in his ways all, And holy in his works each one—

18 He's near to all that on him call, Who call in truth on him alone.

360 Sun of My Soul.

Mal. iv. 2. Matt. xxviii. 20.

1 Sun of my soul—Thou Saviour dear! It is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born cloud arise, To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought—how sweet to For ever on my Saviour's breast. [rest—

3 Lord, stay with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live; With me abide when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine— Lord, now, Thy gracious work begin, Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick—enrich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store!

Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumber, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take, Till in the ocean of Thy love— We lose ourselves in heav'n above!

Rock of Ages.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee! Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which pour'd, Be of sin the double cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3-Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar through tracts unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!

362 I Heard the Voice. Matt. xi. 28.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon My breast!"— I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad;

I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"—
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright;"—
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;

And now I live in Him.

And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav'lling days are done.

Invitation and Persuasion. Matt. xi. 28-30. Jonah ii. 9.

1 Art thou weary, heavy laden, Art thou sore distrest?—

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming. Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my Guide?-"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch, That His brow adorns?-"Yea, a crown, in very surety, But of thorns.

4 If I find Him, if I follow, What His guerdon * here?— "Many a sorrow, many a labour, Many a tear.'

5 If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last?-"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended, Jordan pass'd."

6 If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay?--

"Not till earth, and not till heaven Pass away."

* reward.

We Love Thee, Lord. 364 1 John iv. 19.

1 We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone, Because Thy bounteous hand Show'rs down its rich and ceaseless gifts On ocean and on land; 'Tis not at all because Thy names Of wisdom, pow'r and love Are written on the earth beneath. And glorious skies above.

2 We love Thee, Lord, because when we Had err'd and gone astray,

Thou did'st recall our wand'ring souls Into the heav'nward way; [were lost When helpless, hopeless, we In sin and sorrow's night, Thou did'st send forth a guiding Of Thy benignant light! [ray

3 Because when we forsook Thy ways, Nor kept Thy holy will,

Thou wert not an avenging judge,
But gracious Father still— [Lord, Because we did forget Thee, 4 If Thou should'st call me to resign Yet Thou did'st not forget, Because we had forsaken Thee, Vet Thou forsakedst not-

4 Because, O Lord, Thou loved'st us With everlasting love.

Because the Son came down to die, That we might live above, [wrath Because when we were heirs of Thou gavest hopes of heav'n-Yes, much we love, who much have sinn'd.

And much have been forgiv'n! The Tenderness of Jesus.

365 John xxi. 7. 1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; Tis thy Saviour, hear His word; Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee-"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me? I deliver'd thee when bound, And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right; Turn'd thy darkness into light-

2 Can a woman's tender care Cease toward the child she bare? Yes! she may forgetful be,

Yet will I remember thee! Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above. Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.

3 Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of My throne shalt be; Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"-Lord, it is my chief complaint. That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love Thee, and adore: O. for grace to love Thee more!

My God and Father. 366 Luke xxii. 42.

1 My God and Father, while I stray, Far from my home, in life's rough way, O teach me from my heart to say-"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and murmur not, Or breathe the pray'r divinely taught-"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh For friends belov'd, no longer nigh, Submissive still would I reply— "Thy will be done.

What most I prize, it ne'er was mine, I only yield Thee what was Thine-"Thy will be done."

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- 5 Should grief or sickness waste away My life in premature decay, My Father! still I strive to say— "Thy will be done."
- 6 Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God! to Thee I leave the rest— "Thy will be done."
- 7 Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and take away All that now makes it hard to say— "Thy will be done."
- 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more The pray'r oft mix'd with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier shore— "Thy will be done,"

367 Jesus—the Mighty Name.

- 1 Jesus—Name of wondrous love! Name all other names above— Unto which must ev'ry knee Bow in deep humility!
- 2 Jesus –Name of priceless worth! To the fallen sons of earth – For the promise that it gave – "Jesus shall His people save."
- 3 Jesus—only Name that's giv'n— Under all the mighty heav'n— Whereby man, to sin enslav'd, Bursts his fetters and is sav'd.
- 4 Jesus—Name of wondrous love! Human name of God above— Pleading only this, we flee Helpless, O our God, to Thee!
- 5 Jesus—praise to Thee be giv'n— With the Father high in heav'n, Holy Spirit, praise to Thee, Now and through eternity.

368 Faith-Its Dependence.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary— Saviour Divine— Now hear me, while I pray, Take all my guilt away— O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;

As Thou hast died for me— O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be— A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee saide.

4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Saviour, then in love Fear and distrust remove; O, bear me safe above— A ransom'd soul!

369 For Ever With the Lord.

1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen—so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality;
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times, to faith's foreseeing eye, Thy golden gates appear! Ah! then my spirit faints To reach the land I love, The bright inheritance of saints.

Jerusalem above.

3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,

The promise of that faithful word Ev'n here to me fulfil; Be Thou at my right hand, Then can I never fail; Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;

Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So, when my latest breath Shall rend the veil in twain, By death I shall escape from death, And life eternal gain; Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word, And off repeat before the throne, "For ever with the Lord!"

370 Christ our Righteousness.

1 Brethren, let us join to bless Christ the Lord, our righteousness! Let our praise to Him be giv'n, High at God's right hand in heav'n!

2 Son of God—to Thee we bow— Thou art Lord, and only Thou; Thou the blessed virgin's seed, Glory of Thy church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing— Thee we praise, our Priest and King; Worthy is Thy name of praise— Full of glory—full of grace.

4 May we follow and adore Thee, our Saviour, evermore; Guide and bless us with Thy love, Till we join Thy saints above.

Jesus, praise to Thee be giv'n—
 With the Father, high in heav'n—
 Holy Spirit, praise to Thee,—
 Now and through eternity.

371 A Few More Years shall Roll.

1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then O my Lord, wegare

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where suns are not— A far screner clime:

A few more storms shall beat On this wild rocky shore, And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more;

4 · A few more struggles here, ! A Tew more partings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more!

5 A few more Sabbaths here Shall cheer us on our way, And we shall reach the endless rest, Th' eternal Sabbath-day:

*Ver. 2, blest—3, calm—4, bright—5, sweet—6, glad. The hymn may also be sung to Leominster, No. 130.

Tis but a little while And He shall come again, Who died that we might live, who lives That we with Him may reign:

372 I Lay my Sins on Jesus.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all—and frees us
From the acquised load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains

To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus, All fulness dwells in Him; He heals all my diseases, He doth my soul redeem; I lay my griefs on Jesus,

My burdens and my cares; He from them all releases, He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:

I love the name of Jesus, Immanuel, Christ, the Lord; Like fragrance on the breezes, His name abroad is pour'd.

4 I long to be like Jesus, Meek, loving lowly, mild; I long to be like Jesus, The Father's holy child; I long to be with Jesus,

Amid the heavily throng, To sing with saints His praises— To learn the angel's song.

373 Jesus, the Sweetest Name.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing; nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find

A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek,

To those who fall how kind Thou art!

How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His lov'd ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be; Jesus, be Thou our glory now, And through eternity.

374 Mission Hymn. Jer. xvi. 19. Acts xxii. 21.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though ev'ry prospect pleases, And only man is vile, In vain with lavish kindness The gifts of God are strown— The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone,

8 Can we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Can we to men benighted The lamp of life deny? Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim

The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransom'd nature

> The Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

375 My Debt to Christ.

1 When this passing world is done— When has sunk yon glaring sun— When I stand with Christ in light, All my finish'd life in sight— Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe!

2 When I stand before the Throne, Dress'd in beauty not my own, When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart—
When the praise of heav'n I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice—

4 When I hear the wicked call On the rocks and hills to fall, When I see them start and shrink On the flery deluge brink—

5 Ev'n on earth as through a glass Darkly let Thy glory pass, Make forgiveness feel so sweet, Make Thy Spirit's help so meet— Ev'n on earth, Lord, make me know Something of how much I one!

6 Chosën not for good in me, Waken'd up from wrath to flee, Hidden in my Saviour's side, By the Spirit sanctified— Teach me, Lord, on earth to show— By my love—how much I owe!

376 Adoration—The Triune God.

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall
rise to Thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty, God in Three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore
Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns

Casting down their golden-crowns around the glassy sea,

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee, [shall be. Which wert and art and evermore

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of sinful man Thy

glory may not see, [Thee, Only Thou art holy, there is none beside

Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea; Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty.

God in Three persons, blessed Trinity.

377 Childlike Trust. Rom. viii. 28.

1 Father, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me,

And-the changes that will surely come I do not fear to see;

But-I ask Thee for a patient mind, Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise, To neet the glad with joyful smiles, And wipe the weeping eyes, And-a heart at leisure from itself To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will That hurries to and fro, Seeking for some great thing to do

Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,

In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and collevate—

And-a work of lowly love to do, For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So-I ask Thee for the daily strength— To none that ask denied— And-a mind to blend with outward life While keeping at Thy side;

Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified!

378 The Joyous Day of Conversion. Acts viii. 39.

1 O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice— And tell its raptures all abroad—

> Happy day—happy day When Jesus wash'd my sins away! Ile taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day—

- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I follow'd on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine!
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest; Nor ever from thy Lord depart; With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd.
- 4 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

379

Abide with Me. Luke xxiv. 20.

1 Abide with me, fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide; [fice, When other helpers fail, and conforts Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;

Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word; But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,

Familiar, condescending, patient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings, But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea; Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? [with me! Through cloud and sunshine, O abide

380 Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head

With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,

Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within;

Thou of life the fountain art: Freely let me take of Thee: Spring Thou up within my heart. Rise to all eternity.

381 Crown Him Lord of All. Rev. xvii. 14.

1 All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Ye angels, prostrate fall -Bring forth the royal diadem. And crown Him Lord of all!

2 O come, ye martyrs of your God! Who from His altar call-

ftrod. Praise Him whose blood-stain'd path ye And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye saints, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall-Hail Him who saves you by His grace. And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye realms of ev'ry tongue and name-Nations and kindreds all— The mighty Saviour's praise proclaim,

And crown Him Lord of all! 5 O that, with vonder sacred throng. We may -- in Heav'n's great hall. Join in the everlasting song —
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray-While on this earthly ball - [heart-We'll serve Thee here, with fervent And crown Thee Lord of all!

Jesus shall Reign. Psa. lxxii. 8.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore. Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 For Him shall endless pray'r be made. And praises throng to crown His head : His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev'ry morning sacrifice,
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song: And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns: The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains; The weary find eternal rest; And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring Peculiar honours to our King-Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Our Blest Redeemer. 383 John xv. 26.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd His tender, last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter bequeath'd. With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame, To teach, convince, subdue: All pow'rful as the wind He came, As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart. A gracious, willing guest, While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear. Soft as the breath of ev'n. That checks each fault, that calms each And speaks of heav'n. | fear.

5 And ev'ry virtue we possess. And ev'ry vict'ry won. And ev'ry thought of holiness Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace, Our weakness, pitying, see ; O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place, And worthier Thee.

7 O praise the Father—praise the Son— Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ; All praise to God—the Three in One— The One in Three!

384

Jesus Calls Us. John xii. 26.

1 Jesus calls us—o'er the tumult Of our life's wild restless sea: Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

2 As, of old, apostles heard it. By the Galilean lake. Turn'd from home and toil and kindred, Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store. From each idol that would keep us. Saving, "Christian, love Me more,"

4 In our joys and in our sorrows, Days of toil and hours of ease, Still He calls, in cares and pleasures. "Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us—by Thy mercies. Saviour, may we hear Thy call. Give our hearts to Thy obedience. Serve and love Thee best of all.

Parting Hymn.

John xiv. 27.

With one accord our parting hymn of praise:

We ise to bless Thee ere our worship [peace] And then depart with Thy sweet word of

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward

wav:

the day : Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame.

That in Thy house have call'd upon Thy 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the

coming night: Turn Thou for us its darkness into light: From children free-Thee!

For dark and light are both alike to 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life.

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife: Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

conflict cease. Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace!

Peace-Perfect Peace! 386 Isa. xxvi. 3.

1 Peace—perfect peace! in this dark world of sin? [within! The blood of Jesus whispers peace

duties press'd?-To do the will of Jesus-that is rest. 3 Peace—perfect peace! with sorrows

surging round ?found ! 3 On Jesu's bosom, nought but calm is

4 Peace—perfect peace! with lov'd ones far away ?-In Jesu's keeping, we are safe and they.

5 Peace—perfect peace! our future all 389 unknown!--

Jesus we know-and He is on the throne 6 Peace-perfect peace! death shad'wing [pow'rs ! us and ours?-

Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its 7 It is enough!—earth's struggles soon

shall cease-

And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace!

Be Ye also Ready. 387 Matt. xxiv. 44.

1 Savieur, again to Thy dear name we raise 1 Are you ready—are you ready for the coming of the Lord? [word? Are you living! as He bids you in His Are you walking in the light—is your hope of heaven bright,

Could you welcome Him to-night? Are you ready?

Therefore, be ye also ready; for in such an With Thee begun-with Thee shall end hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh!

2 Are you waiting—are you waiting for the coming of the King? [to bring? Have you bundles of true golden grain Can you lay at Jesu's feet—any gather'd sheaves of wheat?-

There your blessed Lord to greet— Are you ready?

harm and danger keep Thy 3 Have you risen-have you risen from the heavy midnight sleep? [and deep? Have you risen from your slumber long Are your garments wash'd from sin-Are you cleans'd and pure within? Are you ready for the King-Are you ready?

388 "As Many as Received Him"— John i. 12.

1 'Twas all they did-the blood-wash'd Who swell the everlasting song-ithrong. Their hearts God's gracious word believ'd, Their hearts God's gracious gift receiv'd--

"As many as receiv'd Him-to them gave He power to become the sons of God-even to them that believe on His name."

2 Peace-perfect peace! by thronging 2 Ten thousand times ten thousand they, And as we watch, behold, to-day, Ten thousand times ten thousand more— Draw from His open boundless store-

> The Lord is willing—say—art thou? Then trust the Saviour-take Him now; O, Saviour, Friend, Thou gift divine, I, too, receive Thee, Thou art mine!

Sweet Peace. Phil. iv. 7.

1 There comes to my heart one sweet A glad and a joyous refrain, Istrain. I sing it again and again-

Sweet peace—the gift of God's love!

Peace, peace, sweet peace-Wonderful gift from above-O wonderful, wonderful peace-Sweet peace, the gift of God's love! 2 By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by His death was all paid, No other foundation is laid—

For peace—the gift of God's love!

When Jesus as Lord I had crown'd,
My heart with this peace did abound:

In Him the rich blessing I found— Sweet peace—the gift of God's love!

4 In Jesus, for peace, I abide—
And as I keep close to His side,
There's nothing but peace doth betide—
Sweet peace—the gift of God's love!

390 The Wanderer.

Prov. xxiii. 22.

1 A mother dear is weeping—some where to-night. . . .

Many and bitter the tears she weeps, Weary the vigil and sad she keeps, For, O, she grieveth by night and day— For one that wandereth far away From God and right!

O wandering one, list to the plea-thy mother is praying for thee!

2 A mother is lowly bending—some where to-night, . . .

Bowing and pleading with God in pray'r, Bringing to Jesus her load of care; She prays as mother alone can pray, For one that wandereth far away— From God and right—

3 A mother's heart is breaking—some where to-night, . . . Breaking with sorrow, with shame and grief;

When shall she find for her soul relief? Alas! for her there can be no peace Until her darling to wander cease— From God and right!

4 A mother still is pleading—some where to-night, . . .

Pleading, still pleading, for one astray— Making the promise of God her stay; While faith and hope in her bosons burn, O come, thou wandëring one, return To God and right!

The Pearly Gates Unfold.

1 I have giv'n up all for Jesus— This vain world is nought to me, All its pleasures are forgotten In rememb'ring Calvary; The my friends despise, forsake me, And on me the world looks cold, I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearly gates unfold!

Life's morn will soon be waning, And its ev'ning bells will toll— But my heart will know no sadness When the pearly gates unfold!

2 When the voice of Jesus calls me, And the angels whisper low, I will lean upon my Saviour

Through the valley as I go;
I will claim His precious promise,
More to me than world of gold,
"Fear no evil, I 'll be with thee
When the pearly gates unfold.

3 Just beyond the verge of Jordan, Just beyond its chilling tide, Blooms the tree of life immortal, And the living waters glide; In that happy land of spirits

Flowers bloom on hills of gold, And the angels are awaiting Where the pearly gates unfold!

392 The Islands are Waiting. Isa. xlii. 4.

1 O Saviour, we pray Thee, send out Thy sweet light,

Far over the wide heaving sea; The nations in darkness are longing for day— [Thee—

The islands, the islands are waiting for They are waiting for Thee, they are waiting for Thee,

In the night of their nadness they are waiting for Thee;

O Saviour, we pray Thee, send out Thy sweet light,

The islands, the islands are waiting for Thee.

2 Inspire with Thy Spirit, O Saviour divine.
Thy people who live in Thy love,
That forth to the heathen afar they may
bear

Thy message, Thy message of grace from above.

3 O send now, we pray Thee, true heralds of Thine, (blest; The souls that with peace Thou hast

O bid them go forth to the nations afar, And tell them, yea, tell them, of JESUS and REST.

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100

Go Ye Into All the World. Mark xvi. 15.

1 Far, far away, in heathen darkness dwelling.

Millions of souls for ever may be lost! Who, who will go salvation's story telling. Looking to Jesus, heeding not the cost?

All pow'r is given unto Me: Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel ;

And lo, I am with you alway.

2 See o'er the world wide open doors inviting-

Soldiers of Christ, arise, and enter in ! 5 O Lord! our ROCK, our sure RETREAT. Brethren, awake! our forces all uniting. Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.

3 "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling-[Name; "Why will ye die?" re-echo in His Jesus hath come to save from death appalling.

Life and salvation, therefore, go pro-4 God speed the day when those of ev'ry nation nation sing; "Glory to God" triumphantly shall Ransom'd. redeem'd, rejoicing

in salvation. [King!" Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is

394

Seek Ye the Lord. Isaiah lv. 6, 7.

Seek ye the LORD while He may be found. call ye upon Him while He is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the LORD, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He | 2 The heav'ns shall glow with splendour, will abundantly pardon.

Our "Hiding Place." Psa. xxxii. 7.

1 O Lord, Thou art our HIDING-PLACE. Where life's rough winds are still'd: Our hearts, unfolded by Thy grace, As in a father's strong embrace, With Thine own peace are fill'd.

OUR "COVERT" (Psa. lxi. 4). 2 From tempests gath'ring dark above, Thou art our COVERT sure— With eager wings, as of a dove, We fly to Thy protecting love. And there we rest secure.

THE "LIVING WATER" (John iv. 10). 3 As STREAMS that bless the desert plain, From Thee the waters burst That cleanse away our crimson stain.

With cooling comfort soothe our pain, And quench our dying thirst,

THE "SHADOW OF A ROCK" (ISa. xxxii. 2). 4 When fever'd by the burning sand, Where luring visions mock. Then close to Thy dear side we stand, And find in Thee-in weary land -

The SHADOW of a ROCK! OUR "SURE RETREAT" (Isa. xxv. 4).

We seek Thy shelt'ring grace, For Thou did'st bear the scorching heat, And all the tempest's fury meet -To be our HIDING PLACE !

The Crowning Day. 396 Matt. xxiv. 30.

[claim ! 1 Our Lord is now rejected. And by the world disown'd, By the many still neglected. And by the few enthron'd; But soon He Il come in glory! The hour is drawing nigh, For the crowning day is coming By-and-by.

> O, the crowning day is coming! Is coming by-and-bu! When our Lord shall come in "power' And "glory" from on high!
>
> O, the glorious sight will gladden Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming By-and-by.

But brighter far than they, The saints shall shine in glory, As Christ shall them array: The beauty of the Saviour Shall dazzle ev'ry eye, In the crowning day that's coming By-and-by.

3 Our pain shall then be over. We'll sin and sigh no more, Behind us all of sorrow. And nought but joy before-A joy in our Redeemer, As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's coming By and by.

4 Let all that look for "hasten"
The coming joyful day—
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way—
By gath'ring in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that 's coming
By-and-by.

397 Going Away Unsaved.

1 Some go away from the hall to-night Justified from sin— Others reject the gracious light And go away unclean; Lovingly still the Saviour stands, Pleading with thy heart.

Unwilling to depart.

Going away unsav'd to-night!
Away from redeeming blood!
Going away from glorious light!
From pardom, life and God!

Patiently knocks with bleeding hands.

2 Some go away from the house of God Fill'd with joy and peace— Others despise the precious blood That brings the soul release; Never again the Saviour dear May be offer'd thee— Never again thy soul may hear The Spirit's tender plea!

3 Some go away from the hall to-night
Bow'd with guilt and shame—
Others receiving light and life
Confess the Saviour's name;
Happy are they who share His grace,
Trusting in His word—
Give Him thy heart, and leave this place
Rejoicing in the Lord.

398 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

1 I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known, Nor why, unworthy of such love— He bought me for His own—

But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is able To keep that which I be committed Unto Him against that day."

2 I know not how this saving faith To me He did impart, Nor how believing in His word Wrought peace within my heart3 I know not how the Spirit moves— Convincing men of sin— Revealing Jesus through the word—

Creating faith in Him—
4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserv'd for me,

May be reserv'd for me, Of weary ways or golden days Before His face I see—

5 I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair— Nor when I 'll walk the vale with Him— Or "meet Him in the air"—

399 The Lamb is the Light thereof.

1 Since never at all gaz'd sun or moon On the blessed home above, From whence are its rays of wondrous noon?—

O, "the LAMB is the Light thereof."

They shall walk in white, there shall be no night, in the fadeless home above, And the shout shall ring, as the ransom'd sing, O, "the LAMBis the Light thereof."

2 And thus saith the voice of holy writ, Of the land of song and love, "The glory of God did lighten it— And the Lamb is the Light thereof."

3 Then follow Him, lill the eye grows dim, And the soul, like flying dove,

Shall speed away to realms of day,
Where "the Lamb is the Light
thereof."

400 Prayer for Divine Help.

1 O help us, Lord, each hour of need, Thy heav'nly succour give; Help us in thought and word and deed, Each hour on earth we live!

2 O help us when our spirits bleed, With contrite anguish sore; And when our hearts are cold and dead, O, help us, Lord, the more!

3 O help us, through the pray'r of faith, More firmly to believe;
For still the more Thy servant hath The more shall he receive!

4 O help us, Saviour, from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die

O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heav'n to be!

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401 Revive Thy Work, 0 Lord.

1 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.
Revive Thy work, revive Thy work,
And give, O give refreshing show'rs,
The glory shall be all Thine oven!
The blessina, Lord, be ours!

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord! Disturb this sleep of death; Quicken the smould'ring embers now By Thine almighty breath!

8 Revive Thy work, O Lord— Create soul-thirst for Thee; But hung'ring for the bread of life, O may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord— Exalt the Saviour's name; And by the Holy Ghost, our love For Thee, and Thine, inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord—Give pow'r unto Thy word,
Grant that Thy blessëd gospel may
In living faith be heard.

402 Renewal of Faith and Life.

 Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let Thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel all sorrow from our minds, All darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince men of their sin— Then lead to Jesu's blood; And to their wond'ring view reveal The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith!
Our doubts and fears remove—
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never ceasing love.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart— To sanctify the soul— To pour fresh life in ev'ry part— And new create the whole!

5 Dwe'll therefore in our souls— Our minds from bondage free; Then shall we know and praise and love The Father, Son, and Thee!

403 Growing in Grace.

1 "Unto him that hath," Thou givest, Ever, "more abundantly"— Lord, I live, because Thou livest, Therefore give more life to me; Therefore speed me in the race, Therefore let me "grow in grace."

2 Deepen all Thy work, O Master, Nourish ev'ry downward root; Only do thou ripen faster, More and more, Thy pleasant fruit; Purge and prune and self-abase, Only let me "growin grace."

3' Jesus—grace for grace, outpouring— Shew me ever greater things; Raise me higher, sunward soaring, Mounting as on eagles' wings; By the brightness of Thy face, Jesus, let me "grow in grace."

4 Let me, Lord, be always growing, Never, never standing still; List'ning, learning, better knowing Thee, and Thy most blessed will; Till I reach Thy holy place— Daily let me "grow in grace."

404. 0 Lord—"with One Accord."

1 O Lord, "with one accord" We gather round Thy throne, To hear Thy holy word, And worship Thee alone— Now send from heav'n the Holy Ghost, Be this another pentecost!

2 We have no strength to meet The storms that round us low'r— Keep Thou our trembling feet In ev'ry trying hour; More than victorious shell we be

More than victorious shall we be If girded with Thy panoply.

3 There is no change in Thee, O Lord the Holy Ghost— Thy glorious majesty Is as at pentecost;

O may our loosen'd tongues-proclaim That Thou, O God, art still the same!

4 And may that living wave That issues from on high, Whose golden waters lave Thy throne eternally,

Flow down in pow'r on us to-day, And none shall go unbless'd away!

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405 Revival—Prayer. Psa. lxxx. 18, 19.

1 O Lord. Thy work revive— In Zion's gloomy hour— And make our dying graces live By Thy restoring pow'r.

2 O let Thy chosen few Awake to earnest pray'r— Their covenant again renew, And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak Through lips of humble clay, And hearts of adamant will break, And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend Thy gracious ear—
Lord, listen to our cry;
O come, and bring salvation near—
Our hopes on Thee rely.

406 Safe Enrolled—Kept Forever! 2 On Thee we humbly wait—Phil. iv. 3.

1 Safe enroll'd! the promise ever, Writ in hallow'd pages stands; "I will never leave thee, never; None shall plack thee from My hands." Safe enroll'd! my Saviour ever, Thou hast bought me, I am Thine! Nothing shall prevail to sever—

From Thy love this soul of mine.

Never with Thou leave me, never—
I can trust my all to Thee—
Past and present, and for ever,

Lord, throughout eternity!

3 Not the shadow of a turning

Knows th' eternal love divine; Pity, in Thy bosom burning, Make me, keep me, ever Thine!

407 The Beautiful Crown.

1 Jesus is mine and I am His— I'll share with Him in glory— There I shall wear a crown of bliss— So says the Gospel story;

For I have a crown, O I have a crown;
'Tis laid up for me till He comes for His

Yes, I have a crown, a beautiful crown—
I'll wear it in glory with Christ on His

2 Over the land, and o'er the sea, And o'er the host of heaven, The Lord shall reign, and unto me A crown with Him be given. 3 O, what a day of victory!

When free from toil and sorrow—
No more despis'd and poor I 'll be—

My crown may come to morrow!

4 When it will come, O, no one knows, But, day by day, it's nearing; With crowns of life and joy for those Who love the Lord's appearing.

5 Glory to God! I soon shall see
The King of kings descending,
And take the crown prepard for me—
In glory never ending!

408 Grace, Service, Power. Matt. ix. 38.

1 Lord of the harvest, hear Thy needy servants' cry; Answer Thy people's earnest pray'r, And all our wants supply.

On Thee we humbly wait— Our wants are in Thy view; The harvest truly, Lord, is great, The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more Into Thy church abroad; And let them speak Thy word with pow'r, Co-workers with their God.

4 O, let them spread thy name— Their mission fully prove; Thy universal grace proclaim— Thine all embracing love!

409 Sinners Jesus will Receive.

1 Sinners Jesus will receive; Sound the word of grace to all Who the heav'nly pathway leave— All who linger, all who fail.

Sing it o'er and o'er again—Christ receiveth sinful men,

Make the message clear and plain -Christ receiveth sinful men!

2 Come and He will give you rest; Trust Him—for His word is plain— He will take the sinfulest; Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Now my heart condenns me not, Clear before the law I stand; He who cleans'd me from all spot Satisfied its last demand.

4 Christ receiveth sinful men, Even me with all my sin; Purg'd from ev'ry guilty stain, Heav'n, with Him, I enter in!

410 Trust and Obey.

1 When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word— What a glory He sheds on our way! While we do His good will.

He abides with us still,

And with all who will trust and obey!
Trust and obey—for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus—but to trust and obey.

2 Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies—

But His smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,

Not a sigh nor a tear.

Can abide, while we trust and obey!

3 Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share.

But our toil He doth richly repay; Not a grief, nor a loss,

Not a frown, nor a cross, But is bless'd, if we trust and obey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of His love,
Until all on the altar we lav:

For the favour He shows, And the joy He bestows,

Are for them who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,

Where He sends we will go, Never fear—ever trust and obey.

411 Consecration and Surrender. Psa. xxvii. 8.

1 My gracious Lord, I own Thy right To evry service I can pay— And call it my supreme delight To hear Thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee, Its sure support, its noblest end— Thy ever smiling face to see, And serve the cause of such a Friend?

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy, Or to increase my worldly good— Nor future days or pow'rs employ To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live— To Him who for my ransom died; Nor could untainted Eden give Such bliss as blossoms at His side. 5 His work my hoary age shall bless When youthful vigour is no more; And my last hour of life confess His love hath animating pow'r!

412 Jesus, I come.

Matt. xiv. 28. Eph. i. 3.

1 Out of my bondage, sorrow and night— Jesus, I come—Jesus, I come; Into Thy freedom, gladness and light

Into Thy freedom, gladness and light— Jesus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sickness, into Thy health— Out of my want and into Thy wealth— OUT OF MY SIN AND INTO THYSELF—

JESUS, I COME TO THEE!

2 Out of my shameful failure and loss—...
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross—...
Out of earth's sorrows, into Thy balm—
Out of life's storms and into Thy calm—

OUT OF DISTRESS INTO JUBILANT PSALM....

3 Out of unrest and arrogant pride . . .
Into Thy blessed will, to abide . .
Out of myself, to dwell in Thy love—
Out of despair, into raptures above—
UPWARD FOR ATE ON WINGS OF A DOVE—...

4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb...
Into the joy and light of Thy home...
Out of the depths of ruin untoid—
Into the peace of Thy sheltëring fold—
EVER THY GLORIOUS FACE TO BEHOLD—...

413

Ye Sons of Men.

1 Ye sons of men, to you we bring Glad tidings from our Lord the King, In Jesu's great and spotless name— "Tis "WHOSOEVER" we proclaim.

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, And let him that heareth say, Come, And let him that is athirst come, And whosever will, let him take the water of life freelu.

2 Ye souls oppress'd by guilty fears, Ye hearts o'erwhelm'd with sighs and Come hither to the mercy seat— [tears— "Iis "WHOSOEVER" we repeat.

3 Ye doubting saints, that dare not say—
"I am the Lord's"—believe to-day,
For, in the promise, all may share—
"Tis "WHOSOEVER" we declare!

4 Ye sinners, He refuseth none Who seek God's grace through Christ O sinful one! it is for thee!— [the Son; "Tis "WHOSOEVER" thou may'st be!

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414 I Love to Hear the Story.

1 I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He lov'd me so!

I love to hear the story Which angel voices tell— How once the King of glory Came down on earth to dwell.

2 I'm glad my blessêd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promis'd
That I shall surely go
To sing among the angels,
Because He loves me so.

415 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

1 Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee—
And hail Him as thy matchless King,
Through all eternity!

2 Crown Him the Lord of Love!
Behold His hands and side—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight—
But downward bends His wond'ring eye,
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life!
Who triumph'd o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;

His glories now we sing
Who died and rose on high—
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die!
4 Crown Him the Lord of Might!

The King of kings alone— Maker of all serene and bright, On His eternal throne—

On His eternal throne— On that broad sea of light,

Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His throne—the Infinite!
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

416 The Throne of Grace.

1 Behold the throne of grace, The promise calls me near, There Jesus shows a smiling face, And waits to answer pray'r.

2 That rich atoning blood, That sprinkled round I see, Provides for those who come to God An all prevailing plea.

3 My soul—ask what thou wilt,
Thou can'st not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt
What else can He with hold?

4 Beyond thine utmost wants,
His love and pow'r can bless;
For those who seek His face He grants
More than they can express.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and Thy love;
 I ask to serve Thee here below,
 And reign with Thee above.

6 Teach me to live by faith, Conform my will to Thine, Let me victorious be in death, And Thine in glory shine.

417 Joy to the World!

1 Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room— AND HEAV'N and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world —the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and REPEAT the sounding joy. (plains
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make His blessings flow WHERE'ER the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness AND WONDERS of His love!

418 Power of the Divine Word.

1 "O lady fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare,
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which Beauty's self might wear;
And-these pearls are pure and mild to beAnd-with radiant light they vie; (hold,
I have brought them with me a weary
Will-my gentle lady buy?" [way-

2 And-the lady smil'd on-the worn old man, Through-her dark and clust'ring curls Which veil'd her brow, as-she stoop'd to His silks and glist'ning pearls; [view And-she plac'd their price in-the old man's hand,

And-she lightly turn'd away;
But-she paus'd—at the wand'rer's earnest
"My gentle lady, stay!" [call—

3 "O lady fair, I-have yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings
Than-the diamond flash of the jewell'd
On-the lofty brow of kings; (crown
A wonderful pearl of-exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall-not decay—
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And-a blessing on the way!"

4 The lady glanc'd at the mirroring steel, Where-her youthful form was seen— Where-her eyes shone clear and her dark locks way'd

Her clasping pearls between;
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding
Thou trav'ller grey and old: [worth,
And name the price of thy precious gen,
And-my page shall count thy gold."

5 The cloud went off from the pilgrim's
As-a small and meagre book, [brow,
Unchas'd by gold or diamond gem,
From his folded robe he took:

"Here, lady fair, is-the pearl of price— May it prove as such to thee! Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not— For-the word of God is free!"

6 The hoary trav'ller went his way— But-the gift he left behind Hath had its pure and perfect work On-the high-born maiden's mind; And she hath turn'd from her pride of sin To-the loveliness of truth,

And giv'n her human heart to Christ In-the beauteous hour of youth.

7 And she hath left the old grey halls Where-an evil faith had pow'r, And the courtly knights of-her father's And the maidens of her bow'r; [train, And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale, By lordly feet untrod,

Where-the poor and-the needy of earth In-the perfect love of God! [are rich

4.19 Lovely is our Jesus.

1 Lovely is our Jesus,
In His priestly dress!
Once He died to save us,
Now He lives to bless;
Jewels on His garments,
Sparkle as He moves,
Ev'ry jewel gravën
With a name He loves!

2 In the dust He found them, Dim with dross and mould— To His heart He bound them Set in purest gold; With His blood He . ought them— O how great the cost!

Laid them in His bosom Never to be lost!

8 From the depths we cry, Lord,
Poor yet hoping much—
Vile things are made precious
By Thy loving touch;
Kindle all our darkness
By Thy living breath;
Lift us by Thy favour
From the dust of death.

4 Make us Thine for ever—
Fill us with Thy light;
Bind us to Thy bosom,
So shall we be bright;
Wondrous love of Jesus,
Beautiful and strong!
Let the name of Jesus
Jewel all our song!

420 Awake, and Arm You.

1 Awake—awake—no longer dwell In Satan's dread captivity; Arise and break the fatal spell, And God will give the victory—

Then wake, wake, wake, and arm you for 2 Be strong in the Lord—rejoicing in His the fight—

Wake, wake, wake in God's eternal might; Come, rally round the standard, all faithful men and true.

And in the name of God and right-We'll overcome the foe!

2 We'll bow no more in sin and shame-The slaves of sorrow, want, and woe: We'll strike for freedom in God's name And lay the hateful tyrant low.

3 Be strong in God, resist the foe-'Tis life to conquer—death to flee: But they that trust and fight shall know And taste the sweets of liberty.

4 By faith and pray'r we'll dare defy The worst the tempter's art can do; Who leads the hosts of youder sky Will lead His conqu'ring people too.

My Jesus, I Love Thee. 421 John xxi. 17.

1 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine : For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign :

My gracious Redoemer, my Saviour art 3 For love of us He bled-Thou:

If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now. 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved

And purchas'd my pardon on Calvary's I love Thee for wearing the thorns on

Thy brow:

If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now,

3 I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee

in death, [me breath: And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,

If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now. 4 In mansions of glory, and endless delight, I'll ever adore Thee 'mid seraphim bright; I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow.

If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

If God be for us. Rom. viii. 13.

 Rejoice in the Lord. O let His mercy cheer. He sunders the hands that enthral: Redeem'd by His blood-why should we Since Jesus is our "all in all"! [ever fear,

If God be for us—who can be against us?

Be loyal and true, day by day; [might, When evils assail, be valiant for the right, And He will be our strength and stay!

3 Confide in His word—His promises so sweet-

In Christ they are "yea and amen"; Though earth pass away—they ever shall 'Tis written, o'er and o'er again![endure,

4 Abide in the Lord; secure in His control-'Tis life everlasting begun:

To pluck from His Hand, the weakest trembling soul-

It never, never, can be done!

423 Power of Christ's Sufferings. John xii. 32.

 Behold th' amazing sight, The Saviour lifted high! Behold the Son, God's chief delight.

Expire in agony! 2 For whom-for whom-my heart, Were all these sorrows borne?

Why did He bear that awful smart And meet that various scorn?

For love of us He died-Twas love that bow'd his fainting head. And pierc'd His sacred side!

4 I see, and I adore

In sympathy of love: I feel the strong attractive pow'r To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these. Let all the earth combine With cheerful ardour to confess The energy divine!

6 In Thee our hearts unite,

Nor share Thy griefs alone, But from Thy cross pursue their flight To Thy triumphant throne!

Throw out the Life-Line. Matt. xiv. 30, 31.

1 Throw out the life-line across the dark wave: (save :

There is a brother whom some one should Somebody's brother! O, who then will [share?

To throw out the life-line, his peril to Throw out the life-line-throw out the life-Some one is drifting away ; ling

Throw out the life-line-throw out the life-Some one is sinking to-day. [line!

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2 Throw out the life-line with hand quick 3 An humble, lowly, | contrite heart, and strong:

Why do you tarry, my brother, so long? See-he is sinking-0, hasten to-day-And out with the life-boat, away, then, 4 A heart in ev'ry | thought renew'd, away!

3 Throw out the life-line to danger-caught

Sinking in anguish where you've never

Winds of temptation and billows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow!

Soon will we come to the fair Eden

Then in the dark hour of death may it be. That Jesus will throw out the life-line to thee!

Rejoice in the Lord. 425 Phil. iv. 4.

1 O praise the Lord with heart and voice. Let God's own word your doubts destrov:

May those that trust in Him rejoice. Yea, let them shout for joy!

Rejoice in the Lord alway! And again, I say, rejoice!

2 My life is hid with Thine, O Lord, And shelter'd from the world's alarm: Why should I sink beneath my load When leaning on Thine arm?

3 For nothing anxious shall I be. But pray to Thee in evry thing; With thanks for ev'ry gift from Thee, My troubles all take wing.

4 The joys that mem'ry turns to pain, I leave for joys that never end: My loss I count my richest gain. For Christ His joy doth send!

Cry for a Clean Heart. 426 Psa. li. 10.

1 O for a heart to | praise my God; A | heart from sin set free: A heart that's sprinkl'd | with the So | freely shed for me ! fblood

2 A heart resign'd, sub | missive, meek, My | dear Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is | heard to speak-Where | Jesus reigns alone!

Be | lieving, true and clean :

Which neither life nor | death can part From | Him that dwells within!

And | full of love divine : Perfect and right and | pure and good. A | copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious | Lord, impart! Come | quickly from above !

Write Thy new name up | on my heart, Thy | new, best name of Love.

4270 Word of Words Supernal! Col. iii. 16.

1 More precious than the ruby, Or richest merchandise; Yea more than all the splendours That stud the starry skies --This dear, this holy Bible-

This treasury of God-In fill'd with grace and wisdom. With hope and promise broad.

O word of words supernal. O message from above,

O word of life eternal. Of grace, and truth, and lave!

2 For when the heart is saddest By sin and sorrow press'd, God's word alone can comfort And soothe the troubled breast: And when the night is darkest And gloom obscures the way-

His light alone can guide us With bright and cheering ray! 3 O book of books the dearest,

O true and living word-Of tidings glad, the gladdest That mortals ever heard— For sweeter than the honey That droppeth from the comb. His words of loving favour Ave woo the wand'rer home!

428 Marching to our Home. Heb. xi, 16,

1 We're bound for the mansions of glory, Prepar'd in the city of God. For all who have trusted in Jesus-Who follow the path that He trod; We go on our journey rejoicing-

Our Father has bidden us come--We know that the feast is made ready, We know He will welcome us home.

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We are marching to our home,
Our beautiful, heavinly home,
We're a happy, happy pilgrim band,
We sing His praise as we journey along!
We are marching to our home—
Our beautiful heavenly home!
We are singing His praise, yes, singing
His praise,
On our way to the better land!

2 We think not of toil or of danger,
As onward we press to the goal;
Our steps are so tenderly gnarded
By Jesus, the hope of our soul;
We'll rest on the banks of the river
That flows thro'the kingdom of peace,
We'll join in the song of the angels—
The anthem that nevor will cease.

3 Our Father in heaven has call'd us, And, lest we should linger or stray, He sent the compassionate Saviour, Our guide to the portals of day; And, cleans'd in His fountain of mercy Our robes will be whiter than snow; We follow the steps of our Leader, We 're singing His praise as we go!

429 The Worth and Love of Jesus. trusting only Thee.

- 1 Who can tell the Worth of Jesus?
 Gold, compar'd with Him, is mean—
 Rising far beyond, in value,
 All that is or e'er has been!
- 2 Who can tell the Grace of Jesus? Grace display'd in matchless ways — Soaring o'er all opposition— Grace demanding endless praise!
- 3 Who can tell the Pow'r of Jesus?
 That by which the worlds were made—Pow'r which has since then in action
 Ev'ry moment been display'd!
- 4 Who can tell the Love of Jesus? Perfect, pure, ineffable — Love which tunes the rapt'rous anthems Which eternity will swell.
- 5 O, the Worth and Grace of Jesus! And His matchless Pow'r and Love, By no saint have e'er been sounded, Here, or in the realms above.
- 6 Never told, yet ever telling, Are the attributes Divine Of the One, who in His Mercy Says—"Poor sinner—I am thine!"

430 Power and Grace of the Spirit.

- 1 Gracious Spirit! love divine, Let Thy light within us shine: All our guilty fears remove, Fill us with Thy peace and love.
- 2 Pardon to the contrite give; Bid the wounded sinner live— Lead us to the Lamb of God; Wash us in His precious blood.
- 3 Earnest, Thou, of heav'nly rest— Comfort ev'ry troubled breast; Life and joy to all impart— Sanctifying, Lord, each heart.
- 4 Guardian Spirit! lest we stray, Keep us in the heav'nly way; Bring us to Thy courts above— Realms of light and endless love.

431 I am Trusting Thee.

1 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, Trusting only Thee— Trusting Thee for full salvation, Great and free.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, I am trusting only Thee.

- 2 I am trusting Thee, for pardon—
 At Thy feet I bow;
 For Thy grace and tender mercy,
 Trusting now—
- 3 I am trusting Thee, for cleansing, In the crimson flood— Trusting Thee to make me holy, By Thy blood—
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me— Thou alone shalt lead; ' Ev'ry day and hour supplying All my need—
 - 5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus--Never let me fall; I am trusting Thee—for ever And for all.

432 Never Alone is the Christian.

1 Far out on the desolate billow
The sailor sails the sea,
Alone with the night and the tempest,
Where countless dangers be—
Yet never alone is the Christian
Who lives by faith and pray'r—
For God is a friend unfailing,
And God is ev ryuchere!

2 Far down in the earth's dark bosom The miner cleaves the ore; Death lurks in the dark behind him, And hides in the rock before—

3 Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldic goes;
No friend, when he lies a-dying,
His eyes to kiss and close—

4 Lord, grant, as we sail life's ocean, Or dig in its mines of woe, Or fight in its terrible conflict--This comfort, all to know—That...

433 Christ-Our Endeavour.

1 For Christ is our endeavour,
Our hearts to Him belong—
His presence cheers us ever,
His love inspires our song;
We come in youth's bright morning,
Obedient to His word,
And seek, for our adorning,
The beauty of the Lord.

2 In fulness of His mercy—
Good works we try to do—
His name with joy confessing,
His standard bearers true;
And He will ne'er forsake us
Whatever may betide—
Though danger should assail us—
In Him we safe abide.

3 So with love's ardour glowing
We willing service give;
The mind of Jesus knowing—
We for His honour live;
For He is our endeavour
And to Him we belong—
Whose grace shall never fail us—
Whose grace shall never fail us—

The Love of the Spirit.

John xvi. 13.

1 Holy Spirit from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the pow'r of sin depart.

2 Light up ev'ry dark recess Of our heart's ungodliness; Shew us ev'ry devious way, Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief, Humbly to implore relief; Thou the Saviour's blood reveal, All our deep disease to heal. 4 May we daily grow in grace And pursue the heav'nly race — Train'd by wisdom, led by love, Till we reach our rest above!

435 My Song is Love Unknown.

1 My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me—
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be—
O who am I,
That fees are the

O who am I, That for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh and die!

2 He came from His blest throne Salvation to bestow:

But men made strange, and none The long'd-for Christ would know; But He's my friend, My friend indeed—

Who at my need His life did spend! 3 Sometimes they strew His way

And His sweet praises sing—
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King;
Then—"Crucify"
Is all their breath—
And for His death

4 Why—what hath my Lord done—
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight—
Sweet injuries—
Yet they at these

They thirst and cry!

nd to Him we belong—

See grace shall never fail us—
Whose grace inspires our song!

Themselves displease
And 'gainst Him rise!

They rise, and needs will have

My dear Lord made away;
A murdërer they save—
The Prince of Life they slay—
Yet cheerful He
To suff'ring goes.

That He His foes
From thence might free.

6 In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb
But what a stranger gave—
What may I say?
Heav'n was His home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lav.

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7 Here might I stop and sing-No story so divine ; Never was love, dear King, Never was grief like Thine-This is my Friend, In whose sweet praise I all my days Could gladly spend.

Be ye Strong in the Lord. Eph. vi. 10.

1 Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow'r . of His might fword: Firmly standing for the truth of His He will lead you safely through the 2 His Spirit gives sweet peace within.

thickest of the fight-[Lord. You shall conquer in the name of the

Firmly stand for the right—

On to vict'ry at the King's command: For the honour of the Lord, and the triumph of His word -

In the strength of the Lord firmly stand!

2 Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow'r of His might-Never turning from the face of the foe;

He will surely with you be, as you battle for the right-

In the pow'r of His might—onward go! 439

3 Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow'r 1 Behold the Son of God appears of His might-For His promises shall never, never By your right hand He will hold you,

when battling for the right-You will trust Him and for ever shall prevail!

The Aspirations of Faith. Phil. iv. 13.

1 Lord, let my heart still turn to Thee In all my hours of waking thought: Nor let me ever wish to be, Or think, or feel, where Thou art not!

2 In ev'ry hour of pain or woe, When nought on earth my heart can When sighs will burst, and tears will flow, Lord-hush the sigh, and dry the tear.

3 In ev'ry dream of earthly bliss, Do Thou, my Saviour, present be : Nor let me think of happiness On earth, without the thought of Thee!

4 And when before the throne I kneel, Hear, from that throne of grace, my pray'r, And let each hope of heav'n I feel [there. Burn with the thought to meet Thee

5 Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee In ev'ry hour of waking thought; Nor let me ever wish to be, Or think, or feel, where Thou art not!

438 Jesus-Saviour and Keeper. Heb. vii. 25. Isa. xxvi. 2.

1 The Saviour is my all in all, He is my constant theme; By simply "rusting in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.

Glory, O, glory! Jesus hath redeem'd me! Glory, O, glory! He wash'd my sins away!

And bids all care depart : He fills my soul with grateful thought. And purifies my heart.

3 And whatsoever I may ask To glorify His name-The Father freely gives to me, Since Christ my Saviour came.

4 O, praise the Lord-my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God. Who took thee in thy sinful state And cleans'd thee by His blood!

At the Cross. r Phil. ii. 8.

To save from guilt and woe; He leaves His radiant throne on high. To dwell with men below

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light.

And the burden of my heart roll'd away. It was there by faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am happy all the day!

2 He clothes Himself with mortal flesh, He flies to our relief; Yea, sorrows His acquaintance were, And His companions grief.

3 From Bethl'em's inn to Calv'ry's Cross, Affliction mark'd His road; And many a weary step He took

To bring us back to God. 4 How keen the anguish and the smart That pain'd His holy mind, When all the pow'rs of earth and hell

Against Him were combin'd! 5 How dark and awful was the hour When on the cross He died, "Tis finish'd"—the full ransom paid, Then bow'd His head and died.

112 Digitized by GOOGLE 6 And did my Saviour thus expire
Nail'd to th' accursed tree?
To Him I've giv'n my soul away,
Who liv'd and died for me!

440 Perfect Confidence in God.

1 Our times are in Thy hand, O Lord, we wish them there; Our life, our soul, our all we leave Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand, Whatever they may be, Pleasing or painful, dark or light, As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified—
The hand our many sins had pierc'd
Is now our guard and guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand— We'll always trust in Thee; Till we possess the glorious land, Where we shall ever be.

44.1 The Soul's Longing for God.

1 I thirst for Thee, the living God,
I love Thy name, I love Thy ways;
O lead me where the saints have trod,
With heart and voice attun'd to praise.
As pants the hart for cooling streams,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
As sends the sun his cheering beam,
So let Thu Suirit shine in me!

2 I long to walk on Beulah's heights, I long to meet the lov'd ones there, I long to share the calm delight— Abounding in that land so fair!

3 I thirst for Thee—O God, for Thee, O, draw me nearer, nearer still, For evermore Thine own to be— My will all lost in Thy sweet will!

442 We'll all Gather Home.

4 We'll all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great jubilee; We'll all gather home in the morning, What a gath'ring that will be! What a gath'ring that will be! What a gath'ring that will be! While the angels sing, we'll all gather home! What a gath'ring that will be!

2 We'll all gather home in the morning, There our gracious Redeemer to see; We'll meet with the friends gone before What a gath ring that will be! [us—

3 We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jasper sea; We'll meet all the pure and the faithful What a gath'ing that will be!

The Wonders of Adoption.

I Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 Nor doth it yet appear How great we must be made: But when we see our Saviour here, We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ our Lord is pure.

4 Since in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
O send Thy Spirit like a dove,
To dwell within my heart.

5 We would no longer lie Like slaves beneath the throne; My faith shall, Abba, Father, cry, And Thou the kindred own.

444 I am Thine, 0 Lord.

1 I am Thine, O Lord! I have heard Thy And it told Thy love to me; [voice, But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessëd Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me nearer, nearer, blessëd Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the power of grace divine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour, That before Thy throne I spend,

When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, |6 Choose Thou for me my friends, my God.

I commune as friend with friend

4 There are depths of love that I cannot Till I cross the narrow sea: There are heights of joy I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

445 Keep Me Ever Close to Thee. Col. ii. 6.

1 Source from which the stream of mercy. Like a river, flows to me.

With Thy cords of love so tender. Bind and keep me close to Thee -

Keep me ever close to Thee, Blessed Saviour, dear to me, With Thy cords of love so tender. Bind and keep me close to Thee.

2 There my life, my hope and comfort, There a refuge for my soul, When the clouds hang darkly round me, And the distant surges roll-

3 There in holy sweet communion With Thy Spirit day by day, Faith to realms of light and glory Bears my raptur'd soul away...

4 Close to Thee, O Saviour, keep me, Till I reach the shining shore-Till I join the raptur'd army, Shouting joy for evermore--

446 Thy way, not Mine-0 Lord.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord!

However dark it be:

O lead me by Thine own right hand, Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough. It will be still the best: Winding or straight, it matters not, It leads me to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot. I would not if I might; But, O my God, choose Thou for me. So shall I walk aright.

4 The Kingdom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine, Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sorrow fill; As ever best to Thee may seem, Choose Thou my good and ill.

In

My sickness or my health: Choose Thou the joys and cares for me, My poverty or wealth.

know. 7 Not mine, not mine the choice-In things or great or small; Be Thou my guide, my guard, my My wisdom and myall. [strength,

Sweet the Moments. 447 Luke vii. 47.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend-Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend; Here I'll sit for ever viewing Mercy's streams in streams of blood-

Precious drops—my soul bedewing— Plead and claim my peace with God! 2 Trulv blessëd is this station,

Low before His cross to lie. While I see Divine compassion Beaming from His languid eye: Here it is I find my Heaven, While upon the Lamb I gaze: Love I much? I'm more forgiven-I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing.

With my tears His feet I'll bathe: Constant still in faith abiding. Life deriving from His death: May I still enjoy this feeling. In all need to Jesus 20.

Prove His wounds each day more healing. And Himself more fully know.

448 In the Shadow of His Wings. Psa. xvii. 8.

1 In the shadow of His wings, there is rest, sweet rest -There is rest from care and labour, there

is rest for friend and neighbour, In the shadow of His wings, there is rest.

sweet rest. There is rest, sweet rest, there is peace, calm

peace, (His minas! There is joy, glad joy-in the shadow of

2 In the shadow of His wings -there is peace, calm peace-

Peace that passeth understandingpeace, calm peace, that knows no ending!

the shadow of His wings-there is peace, calm peace!

3 In the shadow of His wings-there is 4 When darkness is dimming my path to joy, glad joy-

There is joy to tell the story-joy exceeding-full of glory! (glad joy ! In the shadow of His wings there is joy.

All we like Sheep.

Rom. vii. 34. 1 When my heart with sin was burden'd, And I wander'd far from God; What a light shone in my darkness,

By the entrance of this word— All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned ev'ry one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

2 How could I, so vile, so sinful-

How could I to God be brought? Jesus, here reveal'd my Saviour. Gave the answer I had sought-

3 Now my heart is free from burden. Now I love and praise the Lord; Now rejoice to do His bidding-Sav'd by trusting in His word-

I will tell it to Jesus. Mark i. 30.

1 When times of temptation bring sadness and gloom-

I will tell it to Jesus my Lord: The last of earth's treasures borne out to the tomb-

I will tell it to Jesus my Lord; This earth hath no sorrow,

For to-day or to-morrow. But Jesus hath known it and felt long ago, And when it comes o'er me, And I'm tempted so sorely-

I will tell it to Jesus my Lord. I will tell it to Jesus my Lord.

2 When out on the hill top away from all sin - . . . [within— . When joyous and happy the sunshine

To know I'm forgivên

Is a foretaste of heaven. And Jesus is dearer to me than before-Such peacefulness fills me. Such an ecstasy thrills me . . .

3 When weary with toiling and ready to faint . . . [plaint . . .

He never refuses to hear my com-I'll cheerfully bear it-

When I've Jesus to share it: His yoke is so easy, His burden is light, When life becomes dreary.

And I'm foot-sore and weary . .

the sky . . . shall fiv . . . When helpers shall fail me and comforts

Though blurr'd my life's pages-

By my sin and its wages -He's vesterday, now, and for ever the I'll not be forsaken, Though my life should be taken . . .

The Pilgrim's Song. 451 r Pet. ii. 11.

 Sorrow here is not a stranger. Care appears with ev'ry day; And I meet with sin and danger, As I walk the pilgrim's way:

Saviour, keep Thy cross before me, Thus by faith Thy presence shew; Saviour, keep its shadow o'er me While a pilgrim here below.

2 Storms in life are oft prevailing. And the shadows often fall: Still, with Christian zeal unfailing, I would meet and brave them all:

Saviour, be a rock to hide me. And on me Thy grace bestow; Saviour, be a star to guide me

While a pilgrim here below.

3 Hope and peace in Thee possessing. By the word that is divine: And Thy holy name confessing. Faith is in this song of mine; Saviour, help me tell Thy story. Thus the precious seed to sow ; Saviour, help me sing Thy glory-While a pilgrim here below.

452 Awake-O Heart of Mine! Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 Awake, awake, O heart of mine! Sing praise to God above: Take up the song of endless years-

And sing redeeming love! Redeem'd by Him who bore my sins,

When on the cross He died— Redeem'd and purchas'd with His blood--Redeem'd and sanctified.

Awake, awake, O heart of mine, Sing praise to God above;

Take up the song of endless years. And sina redeemina love !

2 Redeem'd by Him, my Lord and King, Who keeps me day by day— My life and all its ransom'd pow'rs Can ne'er His love repay;

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And yet His mercy condescends
My humble gift to own—
And through the riches of His grace
He brings me near the throne.

3 O love unchanging, love sublime! Not all the hosts above

Can reach the height or sound the depth Of God's eternal love—

This wondrous love enfolds the world,
It fills the realms above—

'Tis boundless as eternity!
O, praise the God of love!

453 The Song of the Golden Land.

1 Have ye heard the song of the golden land, Have ye heard this gladsome song? Let us build the sheaves with a willing For the time will not be long. (hand—

The Lord of the harvest may soon appear— His smile, His voice we shall see and hear; The Lord of the harvest will soon appear, And gather the reapers home!

2 They are looking down from the golden Our belov'd are looking down— [land, They have done their work, they have borne their cross—

And receiv'd their promis'd crown!

3 O, the song rolls down from the golden And our hearts are strong to-day, [land, For it nerves our souls with its music As we toil in the noon-tide ray. [sweet,

4 O, the song rolls down from the golden land,

From its vales of joy and flow'rs— And we feel and know by a living faith That its tones will soon be ours!

454 Ask me not to Linger Long.

1 I know that my Redecmer lives, And has prepar'd a place for me; And crowns of righteousness He gives To those who will His foll'wers be!

Then ask me not to linger long Amid the gay and thoughtless throng, For I am only waiting here, To hear the call, My child, come home.

2 I'm trusting Jesus Christ for all, I know His blood now speaks for me; I'm list'ning for the welcome call To say, The Master waiteth thee!

3 I'm now enraptur'd with the thought, I stand and wonder at His love— That He from heav'n to earth was brought

To die, that I might live above.

4 I know that Jesus soon will come, I know the time will not be long Till I shall reach my heav'nly home And join the everlasting song.

455 Grace!—The Charming Sound.

1 Grace, 'tis a charming sound,

Harmonious to the ear; Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

Saved by grace alone;
This is all my plea—
Jesus died on Calvry's cross—
O joy! He died for me.

2 'Twas grace that wrote my name In life's eternal book; 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb Who all my sorrows took.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eyes o'erflow; "Tis grace has kept me to this day, And will not let me go.

5 O, let that grace inspire My soul with strength divine! May all my pow'rs to Thee aspire, And all my days be Thine.

456 Give to the Winds thy Fears.

1 Give to the winds thy fears— Trust and be undismay'd;

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears-God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms, He gently clears thy way:

Wait thou His time—so shall the night Soon end in joyous day.

3 Leave to His sov'reign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou then—clear own His way—
And wise, and strong His hand!

4 Thou see'st our weakness, Lord, Our hearts are known to Thee:

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O lift Thou up the sinking hand— Confirm the feeble knee.

5 Let us in life, or death, Thy steadfast truth declare— And publish with our latest breath Thy love and gracious care.

457 No Room for Thee How Sad! 2 Tho in a foreign land, We are not far from

1 How sad it would be, if when Thou did'st
All hopeless and unforgiven, [call,
The angel that stands at the beautiful

Stronger and brighters

gate, Should answer, "No room in heaven!" Sad—sad—sad would it be! [thee!

No room—no room—no room in heaven for 4 When we in darkness walk, 2 How sad it would be—the harvest all past, Nor feel the heaven hy finance to trust our trust of the feel to be set to b

The bright summer days all over—
To know that the reapers had gather'd
the grain—

And left thee alone for ever!

3 O haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near.

Remember the love that He gave you—
The love that hath sought thee, is seeking thee still—
thee still—
That stays himself on

And Jesus now waits to save you!

458 Bless the Lord your God.

1 Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye people of His choice, Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.

? The' high above all praise, Above all blessing high, Who would not fear His Holy name, And laud, and magnify!

; 0, for the living flame, From His own altar brought, To touch our lips, and minds inspire, And wing to heav'n our thought.

There with benign regard, Our hymns He deigns to hear; Though unreveal'd to mortal sense, Our spirit feels Him near.

God is our strength and song, And His salvation's ours; Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd

With all our ransom'd pow'rs.

Stand up and bless the Lord,

The Lord your God adore; Stand up and bless His glorious name Henceforth, for ever more!

Confidence and Trust.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud, to the praise of love divine, Bid ev'ry string awake!

2 Tho' in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above We ev'ry moment come.

His grace will to the end, Stronger and brighter shine; Nor present things nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine!

4 When we in darkness walk, Nor feel the heavinly flame, Then is the time to trust our God And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears Subside at His control; His loving-kindness shall break through The midnight of the soul.

8 Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on Thee! Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord, Shall Thy salvation see!

460 Numberless as the Sands. Heb. xi. 12. Gal. iii. 7.

1 When we gather at last over Jordan, And the ransom'd in glory we see, As the numberless sands of the sea-shore-What a wonderful sight that will be!

Numberless as the sands of the sea-shore! Numberless as the sands of the shore; O, what a sight 'twill be, when the ransom'd

host we see, As numberle**ss as the sands** by t**he se**a-shore!

2 When we see all the sav'd of the ages, Who from sorrow and trials are free, Meeting there with a heavenly greeting— What a wonderful sight that will be!

3 When we stand by the beautiful river, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree, Gazing over the fair land of promise — What a wonderful sight that will be!

4 When at last we behold our Redeemer— And His glory transcendent we see, While as King of all kingdoms He reigneth.

What a wonderful sight that will be!

461 Service, Duty, Reward.

1 Ye servants of the Lord –
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heav'nly word,
And watchful at His gate!

2 Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins as in His sight— For awful is His name.

3 Watch—'Tis your Lord's command, And while we speak, He's near; Mark the first signal of His hand, And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread, With His own royal hand, And raise that favour'd servant's head Amidst th' angelic band!

462 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest—
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears—

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be;
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore—

463 Tell the Wondrous Story!

1 Tell the story, wondrous story, Tell the story far and wide; Jesus left His home in glory,
He for ruin'd sinners died.

Tell the story, tell the story,
Of salvation through His blood;
Tell the story, wondrous story—
We in Christ are sons of God.

2 Tell the story! tell the needy Jesus died to save them all; Tell them He is ever ready, None in vain on Him shall call.

3 Tell the story—souls are dying; Lo—it is our Lord's command— Let the gospel news be flying, Far and near to ev'ry land.

4 Tell the story—how He sought you, Straying far in ways of sin— 'Twas His precious blood that bought You have pardon found in Him. [you—

464 Mercy for the Awakened.

1 O Lord, turn not Thy face away From them that lowly lie, Lamenting sore their sinful life, With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy gates are open wide, To them that know their sin; O shut them not against them, Lord,

O shut them not against them, Lo But let them enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault, For surely Thou can'st tell; What we have done, and what we are, Thou knowest, Lord, full well.

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat With tears we come to Thee; As children that have done amiss Fall at their father's knee!

5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessings which we crave,
When Thou do'st know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have!

6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek— This is the total sum; For, mercy, Lord, is all our pray'r— O, let Thy mercy come!

465 Tis Wonderful Grace!

Eph. ii. 8.

1 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful

This great salvation brings— [grace ! The soul, deliver'd of its load, In sweetest rapture sings—

'Tis grace, 'tis grace - Wonderful, wonderful | 'Tis grace, 'tis grace-[grace-Flowing still freely for me!

2 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful grace--

Which saves the soul from sin-The pow'r of rising evil slays And reigns supreme within.

3 Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful Its streams are full and free, [grace-Are flowing now for all the race. They even flow for me.

No Shelter but Christ. 466 Acts iv. 12. Psa. lxi. 3.

1 There is no shelter for the soul On earth or heav'n above-No shelter but in Christ the Lord-No refuge but His love.

Then fly to the ark, where the weary dove Came back to the place of rest, O fly to the arms, to the shelt'ring arms

Of the Saviour who loves you best. 2 There is no shelter from the night.

So cold and dark and drear, But in the Lord our Righteousness. Whose kindly aid is near.

3 There is no shelter from the storm That frowns above your head. But in the Lamb of Calvary Whose blood for sin was shed.

4 There is no shelter but in Christ. Though we the world should gain. The soul without His grace is lost-All other hope is vain.

Lord, Speak to Me. 467 1 Sam. iii. 10.

1 Lord, speak to me that I may speak In living echoes of Thy tone: As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy erring children lost and lone!

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet: O feed me, Lord, that I may feed

Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet. 3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand

Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee. I may stretch out a loving hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

1 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart :

And wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me. That I may speak with soothing pow'r A word in season, as from Thee,

To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord, Until my very heart o'erflow

In kindling thought and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use evën me,

Just as Thon wilt, and when, and where, Until Thy blessed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

468 There is Life in a Look. lsa. xlv. 22.

1 There is life in a look at the Crucified One, There is life at this moment for thee: Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be sav'd.

Unto Him who was nail'd to the tree.

Look !--look !--look and live ! There is life in a look at the Crucified One,

There is life at this moment for thee! 2 O, why was He there as the bearer of sin.

If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid? O, why from His side flow'd the sincleansing blood,

If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance nor pray'rs,

But the blood, that atones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest Thy weight of iniquities roll. [at once

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declar'd

There remaineth no more to be done: That once in the end of the world He appear'd,

And completed the work He began.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at The life everlasting He gives: And know with assurance thou never

Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

469Refreshing, Healing, Strength. Acts iii. 19.

1 O Lord, refresh Thy flock, Athirst to Thee we cry-Thou hast alone the living spring. Whence we must drink or die!

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- 2 O Lord, our sickness heal— Thou, in Thy suffrings sore, Wast lifted up, that we might feel Sin's pois nous fangs no more.
- 3 Preserve us, Lord, from death;
 Thou art the Lamb whose blood
 Sprinkled o'er Isr'el's doors in faith
 A token was for good.
- 4 With many-a bitter herb Of wishes dear subdu'd, 'Tis meet that dress'd in pilgrim garb We take Thee for our food.
- 5 Away those types are cast,
 And now Thyself we see.—
 Yet, let each hint, that cheer'd the past,
 Still lift our hearts to Thee.
 Whate'er the crosses mine shall be,
 I will not dare to shun;

470 Soldiers of Christ-Arise! 2 Tim. ii. 3. Eph. vi. 11, 13.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise— And put your armour on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His eternal Son!
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts, Stand in His mighty powr;Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, Is more than conqueror!
- 3 Stand then in His great might, With all His strength endu'd; And take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place, No weakness of the soul— Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace, And fortify the whole.
- 5 To keep your armour bright, Attend with constant care; Still marching in your Captain's sight, And watching unto pray'r.
- 6 Jesus hath died for you— What can His love withstand? Believe, hold fast your shield, and who Shall pluck you from His hand?
- 7 Then, having all things done,
 And ev'ry conflict past—
 Accepted each through Christ alone,
 You shall be crown'd at last.

The Singing Heart. Psa. xiii. 8.

1 I do not ask for earthly store Beyond the day's supply; I only covet, more and more,
The clear and single eye—
To see my duty face to face,
And trust the Lord for daily grace.
Then shall my heart keep singing,
While to the cross I cling;
For rest is sweet at Jesu's feet,
While homeword faith keeps winging.

2 I care not for the empty show
That thoughtless worldlings see;
I crave to do the best I know,
And leave the rest with Thee—
Well satisfied that sweet reward
Is sure to those who trust the Lord.

3 Whate'er the crosses mine shall be,
I will not dare to shun;
I only ask to live for Thee,
And that Thy will be done;

Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day,
While pressing on my homeward way.

4 And when at last, my labour o'er,
I may the naveward.

I cross the narrow sea, Grant, Lord, that on the other shore My soul may dwell with Thee; And learn what here I cannot know, Why Thou hast ever lov'd me so.

472 "Whose I am!"

1 Jesus, Master, whose I am—
 - Purchas'd Thine alone to be—
 By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
 Shed so willingly for me—
 Let my heart be all Thine own,
 Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway; Now Thy name alone to bear— Thy dear voice alone obey, Is my daily, hourly pray'r— Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine; Keep me faithful, keep me near; Let Thy presence in me shine, All my homeward way to cheer; Jesus, at Thy feet I fall.

0, be Thou my All in All.

The Gospel Feast.
Luke xiv. 22.

1 Ye wretchëd, hungry, starving poor, Behold a royal feast! Where mercy spreads her bounteous For ev'ry humble guest. [store

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- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms; He calls, He bids you come— Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms— But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart— There love and pity meet; Nor will He bid the soul depart That trembles at His feet.
- 4 In Him, your heart is reconcil'd— He asks you now to come; The rebel shall be call'd a child And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 0 come, and with God's children taste The blessings of His love; While hope attends the sweet repast Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice Before th' eternal Throne— Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more Are welcome still to come; Ye longing souls, the grace adore— Approach—there yet is room.

474

"Whom I Serve." Acts xxvii. 23.

- 1 Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
 Though so feebly and so ill,
 Strengthen hand, and heart, and nerve,
 All Thy bidding to fulfil;
 Open Thou mine eyes to see
 All the work Thou hast for me.
- 2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know, Service such as I can bring, Yet I long to prove and show Full allegiance to my King; Thou an honour art to me— Let me be a praise to Thee.
- 3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
 One who owes Thee more than all?
 As Thou wilt! I would not choose,
 Only let me hear Thy call;
 Jesus, let me always be
 In Thy service glad and free.

 1 Pet. ii. 7.

475 Life, Fellowship, and Power. Psa. cxix. 25. 1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust,

My soul lies cleaving to the dust, Lord, give me life divine; From vain desires and ev'ry lust, Turn off these eyes of mine!

- 2 I need the infl'ence of Thy grace To speed me in Thy way, Lest I should loiter in the race Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down, I need Thy quick ning pow'rs; Thy word that I have rested on, Shall help my heaviest hours!
- 4 Are not Thy mercies sov'reign still, And Thou a faithful God? Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal To run the heav'nly road?
- 5 Does not my heart Thy precepts love, And long to see Thy face? And yet how slow my spirits move Without enlivining grace!
- 6 Then shall I love Thy gospel more, And ne'er forget Thy word -When I have felt Thy quick'ning pow'r To draw me near my Lord!

476 When my Saviour I Shall See.

- 1 When my Saviour I shall sec, In His glorious likeness be, Clad in robes by love supplied, Then shall I be satisfied— Satisfied with love divine, Satisfied since Christ is mine, Evry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be satisfied,
- 2 When I'm wholly freed from sin, Spotless, clean, and pure within, Meet to stand by Jesus' side, Then shall I be satisfied—
- 3 When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by angels' feet before, Near to living streams that glide, Then shall I be satisfied—
- 4 O, till then be this my care, More His image blest to wear; More to conquer self and pride— So shall I be satisfied—

477 0, Soldiers of Jesus!

1 O, soldiers of Jesus, arm, arm and away—
The foe is before you, then haste to the
fray;

How long shall his insolent banners defy The hosts of Jehovah—come, conquer or die!

Soldiers of Jesus! arm and away! Fiercely the conflict rages to-day If all were but gather'd with shield and with 1 We bow our knees unto the Father sword. Lord! We'd conquer the foe in the Name of the 2 Tho' demons assail us, yea, princes and pow'rs. We know that the God of the battle is And never was conflict more just and more true--But foemen are many and helpers are 3 To you, is it nothing? O you that stand the sky, That legions of hell, and that hosts of Where thunders of battle incessantly roll. [the soul! Contend for the weal, or the woe of 4 Why stand ye so idle, afar from the fight? Behold, in the battle, the banners of light! There, Captain and comrades contend with the foe, And flerce is the conflict-O, there let 478 Hush'd was the Evening Hymn. r Sam. iii. 4. Phil. ii. 5. 1 Hush'd was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark, The lamp was burning dim Before the sacred ark. When suddenly a voice divine Rang thro' the silence of the shrine. 2 The old man, meek and mild. The priest of Isr'el, slept: His watch, the temple child, The little Levite, kept — And what from Eli's sense was seal'd The Lord to Hannah's son reveal'd. 3 O give me Samuel's ear. The open ear, O Lord, Alive and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy word-Like him to answer at Thy call. And to obey Thee first of all. 4 O give me Samuel's heart-A lowly heart that waits Where in Thy House Thou art, Or watches at Thy gates. By day and night—a heart that still Moves at the breathing of Thy will. 5 O give me Samuel's mind — A sweet unmurm'ring faith. Obedient and resign'd, To Thee in life and death,

That I may read with child-like eyes

Truths that are hidden from the wise.

479 The Promise of the Father. Acts i. 4.

Of Christ, the Lord of earth and heav'n-That riches of His grace and glory. And pow'r for service may be giv'n!

We are waiting for the promise of the Fa-For the Holy Spirit's power; O. our Father, for Thy Spirit we are waiting, Even now, this very hour!

We are waiting for His coming, We are waiting for His coming, For the Holy Spirit's pow'r! O, our Father, for Thy Spirit we are wait-Even now, this very hour!

2 O fill our inner man with power. As Christ within our hearts shall dwell: Our root in Him. tho' storms may lower-His mighty truth we still shall tell!

3 Thy love that passeth knowledge give us -In height, and depth, and breadth, and length.

Abundantly beyond our asking-Beyond our thought, bestow Thy strength!

4 Thy pow'r it is that worketh in us-6. multiply it here to-day-And Christ our Lord shall have the glory Within His church through endless day!

The Blessed Redemption. 480 Heb. ix. 12.

1 O, wonderful words of the gospel! O wonderful message they bring-Proclaiming a blessed Redemption, Thro' Jesus our Saviour and King! Believe, O believe in His mercu. That flows like a fountain so free. Believe and receive the Redemption He offers to you and to me.

2 He came from the throne of His Glory. And left the bright mansions above, The world to relieve from its bondage; So great His compassion and love !

3 O come to this wonderful Saviour-Come, weary and sorrow oppress'd; Behold on the cross how He suffer'd That you in His kingdom might rest. 4 There's no other refuge but Jesus,

No shelter for lost ones to fly: And now while He's tenderly calling O "turn ye"-"for why will ye die?" 122

481 Ho, Reapers in the Harvest! 2 Cor. iv. 16.

1 Ho, reapers in the whiten'd harvest! Oft feeble, faint, and few,

Come, wait upon the blessed Master-Your strength He will renew-

For they that wait upon the Lord shall enew their strenyth, they shall mount ip with wings as eagles; they shall run ind not be weary, they shall walk and not aint (Isa. xl. 31).

! Too oft aweary and discourag'd. We pour a sad complaint; Believing in a living Saviour—

Why should we ever faint?—

Rejoice—for He is with you alway. Lo, even to the end!

Look up, take courage, and go forward, All needed grace He'll send !-

Rescue the Perishing. **482** Luke xiv. 23.

Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying,

Snatch them in pity from sin and the Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen,

Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save. Rescue the perishing.

Care for the dying: Jesus is merciful-Jesus will save.

Tho' they are slighting Him,

Still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent child to receive: Plead with them earnestly,

Plead with them gently: He will forgive if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,

Crush'd by the tempter.

Touch'd by a loving hand, Waken'd by kindness, [more. Chords that were broken will vibrate once

Rescue the perishing. Duty demands it; [provide : Strength for thy labour the Lord will

Back to the narrow way Patiently win them: Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

Thou Shalt Rest at Eve. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 Onward press tho' faint and wearv. Drop not 'neath the parching sunOnward through the desert dreary. Till the day is won:

Tho' thy feet be worn and bleeding. Ne'er the narrow pathway leave— Through thy Saviour's interceding Thou shalt rest at eve.

Rest on the beautiful shorc—

Where no sorrow thy breast can heave, Yes, on the bright beautiful shore, Thou shalt rest at eve . . .

2 Duties wait for thy fulfilling. Let thy full strength go to each, With an earnest heart and willing— Labour, pray, and teach; Falter not beneath thy burden,

Jesus' precious word believe, Faith presents the promis'd guerdon-Thou shalt rest at eve.

3 Tho' the promise long may tarry, And the way seem dark and drear. Gloomy doubts and fears still parry. Night will soon be here; Sav'd ones wait beyond the river, They no longer sin or grieve,

With them in the bright for ever-Thou shalt rest at eve.

484 The Way, the Truth, the Life. Isa. liii. 6.

 Like wand'ring sheep o'er mountains cold, Sure all have gone astray -To "Life" and "Peace" within the fold-How may I find the way?-

I am the way, and the truth, and the life; No man cometh unto the Father but by Me. 2 Bewilder'd oft with doubt and care.

To God I fain would go; While many cry, "Lo here, lo there!"

The truth how may I know?-Feelings lie buried that grace can restore; 3 To Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life

I come, no more to roam; He'll guide me to my "Father's house"--To my Eternal Home-

485 Thou Art Coming. Titus ii. 13.

1 Thou art coming, O my Saviour! Thou art coming, O my King! Ev'ry tongue Thy name confessing, Well may we rejoice and sing! Thou art coming! rays of glory Thro' the vail Thy death has lent,

Gladden now our pilgrim pathway, Glory from Thy presence sent.

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Then art coming! They art coming! We shall meet Thee on Thy way Thou art coming! we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day!

Thou art coming!—Thou art coming! Jesus, our beloved Lord! O, the joy to see Thee reigning.

Worshipp'd, glorified, ador'd! 2 Thou art coming! not a shadow,

Not a mist, and not a tear, Not a sin, and not a sorrow. On that sunrise, grand and clear; Thou art coming! Jesus, Saviour, Nothing else seems worth a thought;

O, how marvellous the glory, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought!

3 Thou art coming! we are waiting With a "hope" that cannot fail. Asking not the day or hour, Anchor'd safe within the vail; Thou art coming! at Thy table We are witnesses for this, As we meet Thee in communion-

Earnest of our coming bliss.

All Hail! Redeeming Lord. 486 Mal. iv. 2.

1 All hail—redeeming Lord, Sweet Dayspring from on high-All hail-Thou Sun of Righteousness, Bring Thy salvation nigh.

2 In deepest shades of death. The borders of despair, We lie sometimes in heavy gloom. And constant fetters wear.

3 Shine, lovely Star of day. Around and in us shine-And our benighted souls shall own

Thy light and love divine. 4 Our wand'ring footsteps guide Thro' all this desert land; Beneath Thy beams we'll trace the path

That leads to God's right hand. 5 Death's vale shall lose its gloom. Cheer'd with Thy vital ray,

And open to our loving eyes The bliss of perfect day.

It is Good to be Here. Matt. xvii. 4.

Here we bow in Thy name, Saviour, meet us again Fill our souls with the light of Thy love; 489 I Could Not Do without The May the Spirit of grace, And the smiles of Thy face, Gently fall on us now from above -

It is good to be here—it is good to be here— Thy perfect love now drives away all our fear: And light streaming down makes the puth-

wan all clear; It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

How our souls long for Thee! 9. Grant us, Lord, we may see

Now a wave of salvation appear; May we feel, as it rolls In its pow'r o'er our souls. It is good for us, Lord, to be here!

Thou art with us, we know, And we have the sweet flow Of the sin cleansing wave's joyons tid

We are wash'd from our sin, We have comfort wit' in. And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

488 What will You do with Jesus? Matt. xxvii. 22.

1 O, what will you do with Jesus? The call comes low and sweet: And tenderly He bids you

Your burdens lay at His feet; O soul, so sad and weary. That sweet voice speaks to thee-

Then what will you do with Jesus-O. what shall the answer be? What shall the answer be? What shall the answer be?

What will you do with Jesus-O what shall the answer be ! 2 O what will you do with Jesus? The call comes loud and clear;

The solemn words are sounding In ev'ry list'ning ear ; Immortal life's in question-And joy through eternity: Then what will you do with Jesus-O, what shall the answer be?

2 O think of the King of Glory, From heav'n to earth come down! His life so pure and holy-His death, His cross, His crown!

Of His divine compassion— His sacrifice for thee! Then what will you do with Jesus-

O what shall the answer be?

1 I could not do without Thee. O Saviour of the lost!

124 Digitized by GOOGLE Whose precious blood redeem'd me, At such tremendous cost; Thy righteousness, Thy pardon, Thy precious blood must be My only hope and comfort— My glory and my plea!

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee!

3 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear!
E'en when my eyes are holden
I know that Thou art near;
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion
The secret rest with Thee!

4 I could not do without Thee!
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange, deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and cahn it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine!

5 I could not do without Thee—
For years are fleeting fast!
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be pass'd;
But Thou with never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper—"It is I!"

490 C Land of Princely Splendour. John xiv. 1. Rev. xxi. 3.

1 O land of princely spleudour,
O home of all the blest,
O sweet and many mansions,
Where all the weary rest!
To thee our hearts are turning,
With fond and fervent pray'r
For thee our souls are yearning—
O, when shall we be there?
Wait. O wait, yes, wait upon the Lord,

Wait, O wait, yes, wait upon the Lord, He shall give thee thy heart's desire!

2 Thy bliss can not be spoken, Thy songs can not be sung, Our viols all are broken,
Our harps are all unstreing But still to'ard thee we're pressing
With faint and faltring feet,
To thee our eyes addressing,
In whom all glories meet!

3 O joy beyond all telling!
Though oft our feet may tire,
Our God all doubt dispelling,
Shall give us our desire;
Our voices then shall praise Him,
Our eyes shall see His face;
His name be on our forcheads,
Through His redeeming grace!

491 Christ-All in All.
Psa. xlii, 5. Col. iii. 11.

1 In the hour when grief assails me,
And my long, long sins appal,
Then I haste to the Forgiver—
On His precious name I call;
There I find the heav'nly fulness,
Christ my righteousness, my All—
There I find Divine completeness,

Christ my cleanser and my All.
All in all, yes, all in all,
My Redeemer and my All,—
All in all, yes, all in all.—
Jesus is my All in All!

2 In the day when earth attracts me,
When its pleasures would enthral,
When its loveliness would bind me,
And to creature love recall Then I turn to brighter beauty—
Christ my glory and my All—
Then I turn to fairer splendour,
Christ my reasure and my All.

3 In the night when sorrows cloud me, And the burning tear-drops fall, Then I look for one to dry them— On His changeless name I call;

Then I sing the song of patience, Christ, my brother and my all— And I rest upon His bosom, Christ, my solace and my All!

In the day of festival—
Day of marriage and of triumph,
In the angel crowded hall
This shall ever be my burden,
Christ, my glory and my all

4 In the land of promis'd glory,

This shall ever be my burden, Christ, my glory and my all This shall ever be my anthem, Christ, my Bridegroom and my All! Self-Surrender.

1 My body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee—
A consecrated off ring,
Thine evermore to be.
My all is on the altar,

My all is on the altar, Lord, I am all Thine own; O may my faith ne'er falter! Lord, keep me Thine alone!

2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name;
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

3 O, blissful self-surrender,
To live, my Lord, by Thee;
Now, Son of God, my Saviour,
Live out Thy life in me.

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd in Thy precious blood, Seal'd by Thy Holy Spirit— I've yielded all to God;

493 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode,
 The church our blest Redeemer bought
 With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God— Her walls before Thee stand; Dear as the apple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand!

3 For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs ascend— To her my cares and toils be giv'n— Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heav'nly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
 My Saviour and my King—
 Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe
 Shall great deliv'rance bring.
 Sure as Thy truth shall last.

To Zion shall be giv'n
The highest glories earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

494 Fear Not!—God our Shield.

1 Fear not!—God is thy shield, And He thy great reward; His might has won the field— Thy strength is in the Lord.

Fear not!—'tis God's own voice
That speaks to thee this word;
Lift up thy head—rejoice
In Jesus Christ thy Lord!

2 Fear not!—for God has heard The cry of thy distress; The water of His word— Thy fainting soul shall bless.

3 Fear not!—be not dismay'd,
He evermore will be
With thee, to give His aid—
And He will strengthen thee.

4 Fear not!—ye little flock,
Your Saviour soon will come
The glory to unlock
And bring you to His home!

495 Jesus Willing to Save.

1 Pardon in Jesus, my brother, All who will seek it may have; While there is help in none other— Jesus is able to save.

Able to save, able to save!
Jesus is able and willing to save.
Frankly the sin that I brought Him,

He in His kindness forgave; All who for mercy have sought Him, Jesus is able to save.

3 If you repent, there's remission— That is the promise He gave; Souls that are mov'd with contrition— Jesus is able to save!

4 Come to Him now, and receiving Freely the blessing you crave, Trust and confess Him—believing, Jesus is able to save!

496 Unfaltering Faith in Christ.

1 I bless the Christ of God—
I rest on love Divine;
And with unfalt'ring lip and heart—
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt; I bury in His tomb

Each thought of unbelief and fear, Each ling'ring shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of Grace; I trust His truth and might: He calls me His, I call Him mine. My God, my joy, my light,

4 In Him is only good. In me is only ill-

My ill but draws His goodness forth-And me He loveth still.

5 Tis He who saveth me. And freely pardon gives: I love because He loveth me-I live because He lives.

6 My life with Him is hid-My death has pass'd away; My cloud has melted into light. My midnight into day.

497 I'll Praise Him all the Time. Psalm cxxvi. 2.

1 I feel like singing all the time. My tears are wip'd away: For Jesus is a Friend of mine. I'll serve Him ev'ry day.

I'll praise Him! praise Him! praise Him all the time!

2 When on the cross my Lord I saw. Nail'd there by sins of mine. Fast fell the burning tears; but now I'm singing all the time.

3 When fierce temptations try my heart, I'll sing, Jesus is mine! And so, though tears at times may start.

I'm singing all the time! 4 The wondrous story of the Lamb Tell with that voice of thine, Till others, with the glad new song,

Go singing all the time!

498 The Gathering of the Faithful! Psa. l. 5.

1 At the sounding of the trumpet when the saints are gather'd home, [sea- 4 0, the King is surely coming, and the We will greet each other by the crystal With the friends and all the lov'd ones there awaiting us to come- [will be! What a gath'ring of the faithful that

What a gath ring of the lov'd ones when we'll meet with one another.

At the sounding of the glorious jubilee-What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each other-

Faithful What a gath'ring of the Ransom'd that will be!

2 When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more-

We shall gather, and the sav'd and ransom'd see—

Then to meet again together, on the bright celestial shore-(will be! What a gath'ring of the faithful that

3 At the great and final judgment-when the hidden comes to light -When the Lord in all His glory we shall At the bidding of our Saviour - "Come, ye blessed, to My right"-- (will be ! What a gath'ring of the faithful that

4 When the golden harps are sounding and the angel bands proclaim -

In triumphant strains -- the glorious iubilee:

Then to meet, and join to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb- [will be ! What a gath'ring of the faithful that

499 Gathering of the Ransomed. Isa. xxxv. 10.

 On that bright and golden morning, when the Son of Man shall come. And the radiance of His glory we shall When, from ev'ry clime and nation, He shall call His people home— [will be! What a gath'ring of the ransom'd that

2 When the blest, who sleep in Jesus, at His bidding shall arise fthe sea. From the silence of the grave, and from And, with bodies all celestial, they shall meet Him in the skiesshall be!

What a gath'ring and rejoicing there 3 When our eyes behold the city, with its many mansions bright - ling free: And its river, calm and peaceful, flow-

When the friends that death has parted shall in bliss again unite— [shall be. What a gath'ring and a greeting there

time is drawing nigh, shall see--When the blessed day of promise we Then, the changing "in a moment"-

"in the twinkling of an eye"— [bel And for ever in His presence we shall NOTE.-Chorus 498, with word Ransom'd.

Crown Him! Crown Him! 500 Psa. viii. 5.

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the "Man of Sorrows" now; From the fight return victorious: Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow!

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Crown Him! crown Him! Angels, crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

2 Crown the Saviour! Angels, crown Him! Rich the trophies Jesus brings: In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings!

3 Sinners in derision crown'd Hin, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; Saints and angels crowd around Him, Own His title, praise His name.

4 Hark the bursts of acclamation!

Hark those loud triumphant chords!

Jesus takes the highest station,

O, what joy the sight affords!

501 The Wide World for Jesus. Rev. xi. 15.

1 The whole wide world for Jesus—
This shall our watch-word be,
Upon the highest mountain,
Down by the widest sea—
The whole wide world for Jesus!
To Him all men shall bow,
In city or in prairie—
The world for Jesus now!

The whole wide world—
The whole wide world—
Proclain the gospel tidings through
The whole wide world;
Lift up the cross for Jesus,
His banner be unfurld—
Till evry tongue confess Him through
The whole wide world!

2 The whole wide world for Jesus,
Inspires us with the thought
That evry son of Adam
Should by His blood be bought;
The whole wide world for Jesus!
O faint not by the way!
The cross shall surely conquer
In this our glorious day.

3 The whole wide world for Jesus—
The marching order sound—
Go ye and preach the Gospel
Wherever man is found,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Our banner is unfurl'd—
We battle now for Jesus,
And faith demands the world !

4 The whole wide world for Jesus—
In-the Father's house above
Are many wondrous mansions—
Mansions of light and love;

The whole wide world for Jesus!
Ride forth, O conqu'ring King,
Through all the mighty nations
The world to glory bring!

502 Trust on, trust on, Believer!

Trust on, trust on, believer,
 Though long the conflict be,
 Thou yet shalt prove victorious,
 Thy God shall fight for thee.

Trust on, trust on,
Tho' dark the night and drear,
Trust on, trust on,
The morning dawn is near.

2 Trust on, the danger presses, Temptation strong is near, And o'er life's dang'rous rapids He shall thy passage steer.

3 The Lord is strong to save thee, He is a faithful Friend: Trust on, trust on, believer; O, trust Him to the end!

Trust in God the Father!

1 Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands—
To His sure truth and tender care—
Who earth and heav'n commands.

503

2 Thus on the Lord rely— So, safe shalt thou go on, Fix on His work thy steadfast eye— So shall thy work be done.

3 No profit can'st thou gain By self-consuming care; To Him commend thy cause; His ear Attends the softest pray'r.

4 Thy everlasting truth —
Father, Thy ceaseless love
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

5 Thou ev'ry where hast sway And all things serve Thy might; Thy ev'ry act pure blessing is, Thy path unsullied light!

504 In the Beauty of His Glory.

1 Where the earth faded flowers shall fresh-Freshen, never, no never to fade, [en, Where the shaded sky once more shall brighten,

Brighten ne'er to be darken'd by shade-

We'll be there, we'll be there. Crowns unfading and white robes to wear. We'll be there, we'll be there,

In the beauty of His glory to share.

2 Where the morning shall waken in 3 0 joyous hour! when God to me gladness, [long, And the noon the pure joy shall pro-Where the daylight dissolves in rich

fragrance, 'Mid the burst of enrapturing song—

3 Where the love-bond is never more

sever'd, Where no parting is ever more known, We shall meet with the holy and ran- 5 Come, weary soul, and here find restsom'd,

By the beautiful, beautiful Throne—

Peaceful Be-Peaceful Be. 505 2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 Jesu's arm sustains thee—

Peaceful be-When a hand restrains thee—

Surely it is He:

Though the world submission spurns, And from faith, folly turns— In His love if thou abide—

He will be thy Guide!

2 Humbly, uncomplaining In His hand-

Leave whatever things thou Can'st not understand: Ever let His wisdom guide And in His love confide;

Faithful hath He been for years— Shaming all thy fears!

3 Whatso'er betideth

Night or day-

Know His love provideth Benefits alway:

Ev'ry cup He bids thee take Bravely bear for His sake ; Humbly bending to His will, Trust and love Him still!

NOTE.—The second line of each verse is repeated.

Redemption Ground. 506 Heb. ix. 12. 1 Come, sing, my soul, and praise the Lord, 508

Who hath redeem'd thee by His blood: Deliver'd thee from chains that bound. And brought thee to Redemption Ground. Redemption Ground—the ground of peace! Redemption Ground-O wondrous grace! Here let our praise to God abound Who saves us on Redemption Ground.

2 Once from my God I wander'd far. And with His holy will made war But now, my songs to God abound; I'm standing on Redemption Ground!

A vision gave of Calvary; My bonds were loos'd - my soul unbound! I sang upon Redemption Ground!

4 No works of merit now I plead, But Jesus take, for all my need; No righteousness on me is found, Except upon Redemption Ground!

Accept redemption—and be blest: The Christ who died, by God is crown'd To pardon on - Redemption Ground.

507 Be not Weary in Well-Doing. Heb. xii. 2.

1 Yes—He knows the way is dreary, Knows the weakness of our frame, Knows that hand and heart are weary-He, "in all points" felt the same; He is near to help and bless— Be not weary, onward press.

2 Look to Him who once was willing All His glory to resign ; That for thee the law fulfilling,

All His merit might be thine: Strive to follow, day by day Where His footsteps mark the way.

3 Look to Tim—the Lord of Glory— Tasting death to win thy life: Gazing on that "wondrous story," Can'st thou falter in the strife? Is it not new life to know

That the Lord hath lov'd thee so? 4 Look to Him-and faith shall brighten,

Hope shall soar, and love shall burn, Peace once more thy heart shall lighten; Rise-He calleth thee-return; Be not weary on thy way-Jesus is thy strength and stay !

I Bring my All to Thee. John vi. 68.

1 I bring my sins to Thee-The sins I cannot count. That all may cleansed be In Thy once open'd fount: I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee, The burden is too great for me Digitized b129 (

- 2 My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I cannot read; A faithless, wand'ring thing, An evil heart indeed; I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee, The burden is too great for me.
- 3 I bring my grief to Thee,
 The grief I cannot tell;
 No words shall needed be,
 Thou knowest all so well;
 I bring the sorrow laid on me,
 O suffring Saviour, now to Thee.
- 4 My joys to Thee I bring,
 The joys Thy love hath giv'n,
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heav'n;
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
 For Thou hast purchas'd all for me.

The Beautiful City. Heb. xii. 22. Rev. xxi. 22.

1 Beautiful Zion, built above, Beautiful city that I love! Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light! He who was slain on Calvary, Opens the pearly gates for me.

Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, Beautiful Zion, City of our God.

- 2 Beautiful heav'n where all is light, Beautiful angels cloth'd in white, Beautiful strains that never tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the choir! There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Beautiful crowns on ev'ry brow, Beautiful palms the conqu'rors show; Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear, Beautiful all who enter there! Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
- 4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King, Beautiful sougs the angels sing; Beautiful rest—all wand rings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace! There shall my eyes the Saviour see; Haste to this heavinly home with me.

510 Behold, what Boundless Love!

1 Behold, what love, what boundless love, The Father hath bestow'd On sinners lost, that we should be

On sinners lost, that we should be Now call'd the sons of God! Behold what manner of love the Father

hath bestow'd upon us, that we should be call'd the sons of God!

2 No longer far from Him, but now

- 2 No longer far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh; Accepted in the "Well-belov'd," Near to God's heart we lie.
 - 3 What we in glory soon shall be It doth not yet appear; But when our precious Lord we see, We shall His image bear.
 - 4 With such a blessed hope in view We would more holy be; More like our risen, glorious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

511 Ye're a' Welcome Hame

 Ye needna think it is no for you— An' syne ye'll lea't alane—
 He bocht an entrance wi' His bluid An' ye're a' welcome hame;

An' ye're a' welcome name; Ye needna hanker on the road---If sae, He's no tae blame;

"Come unto Me"—He says tae a', For ye're a' welcome hame! Ye're a' welcome hame—

Ye're a' welcome hame—
"Come unto Me"—He says tae a',
For ye're a' welcome hame!
2 The beggar man wi' tatter'd cla'es,

The queen wi' silken train—
Wha pleads the merit o' His bluid—
Will ha'e a welcome hame;
The rich, the puir, the young, the auld.

To Jesus are the same—
"Come unto Me"—He says tae a',
For yo're a' welcome hame!

For ye're a' welcome hame!

3 Ahint the clouds the sun is bricht,

Ahint the clouds the sun is bricht, An' whiles oor he'rts are fain To lea' the struggles o' this warl'

An' flee to yon bricht hame — The mansions o' the blest are there; Wi' he'rts a' free frae pain

We'll gang, when His guid time comes For we're a' welcome hame. [roon'-

4 We'll meet wi' frien's we kent lang syne Wha frae oor he'rts were ta'en;

They cou'd na bide, for Jesus ca'd Them up tae His ain hame; We'll meet them, an' we'll welcome be

Whaur Jesus is to reign:

We'll gang, when His guid time comes For we're a' welcome hame! [roon'-

512 In the Hollow of His Hand. Isa. xl. 12. John x. 28.

1 When toss'd upon the billows, Afar from friendly land,

I will look to Him who holds me In the hollow of His hand: Though rayless be my pathway, By night the heavens spann'd,

I will trust in Him who holds me In the hollow of His hand.

In the hollow of His hand; In the hollow of His hand; I will trust in Him who holds me In the hollow of His hand!

2 Though raging winds may drive me A wreck upon the strand; I will cling to Him who holds me In the hollow of His hand;

Though deaden'd sails hang o'er me By hast'ning wind unfann'd, I will wait on Him who holds me

In the hollow of His hand! 3 When by the swelling Jordan—

My feet in sinking sand, I will cry to Him who holds me In the hollow of His hand; Ah! there is bliss in walking

E'en through a desert land In knowing that He holds me In the horlow of His hand!

I Looked to Jesus. 513 Heb. xii. 2.

I look'd to Jesus in my sin,

My woe and want confessing; Undone and lost, I came to Him-I sought and found a blessing.

"I look'd to Him-He look'd on me"-Tis true, His "whosoever;"

"I look'd to Him-He look'd on me-And we were one for ever!"*

I look'd to Jesus on the cross, For me I saw Him dying,

God's word believ'd, that all my sins Were there upon Him lying.

*These words were used by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—I looked to Him, Hc looked on me, and we were ue for ever.

3 I look'd to Jesus there on high, From death up-rais'd to glory; I trusted in His pow'r to save-

Believ'd the old, old story;

4 He look'd on me-O look of love! My heart by it was broken;

And, with that look of love, He gave The Holy Spirit's token!

5 Now, one with Christ, I find my peace In Him to be abiding

And, in His love, for all my need-In child-like faith confiding!

The Infinite Mercy of God. 514 Titus iii. 5.

How vast, how full, how free, The mercy of our God! Proclaim the blessed news around,

And spread it all abroad. How vast! "Whoever will" May drink at mercy's stream,

And know that faith in Jesus brings Salvation e'en to him.

How full! It doth remove The stain of every sin, And leaves the soul as white and pure

As though no sin had been. How free! It asks no price, For God delights to give;

It only says—a simple thing— "Believe in Christ and live."

Poor trembling sinner, "come," God waits to comfort thee; O cast thyself upon His love, So vast, so full, so free!

Responsibility of Hearing! James i. 22. Rom. viii. 16, 17.

1 Once more we come, God's word to hear, That word so pure and holy-Now grant us, Lord, a list'ning ear-

A spirit meek and lowly;

For if we hear, and heed it not, We hear for condemnation—

But "doers of the word," we're taught, Are heirs of God's salvation!

2 The "life divine" is in His word,

And whosoe'er believeth The record there of Christ the Lord, Eternal life receiveth;

But if we hear, believing not,

We hear for condemnation— And "doers of the word," we're taught, Are heirs of God's salvation!

3 The word of God, by faith receiv'd. Imparts regeneration -And he who hath in Christ believ'd. Lives out a new creation: But if we hear, and do it not, We hear for condemnation-And "doers of the word," we're taught. Are heirs of God's salvation. 4 So, when the word of God we hear, Let us be humbly pleading

The Holy Ghost to give us light As we the word are heeding; But if we hear, and feel it not, We hear for condemnation -

And "doers of the word," we're taught, Are heirs of God's salvation.

The Victory of Faith. 1 John v. 14. 1 Cor. xv. 57. 1 Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in His might. Leading the host of all the faithful, Into the midst of the fight; See them with courage advancing. Clad in their brilliant array. Shouting the Name of their Leader.

Hear them exultingly say— Not to the strong is the battle— Not to the swift is the race, Yet to the true and the faithful, Vict'ry is promis'd thro' grace!

2 Conquering now and still to conquer— Who is this wonderful King? While of His glory they sing? He is our Lord and Redeemer-Saviour and monarch divine-They are the stars that for ever Bright in His kingdom shall shine!

3 Conquering now and still to conquer-Jesus, Thou ruler of all-Thrones and their sceptres all shall 3 If you early seek the Saviour-Crowns and their splendour shall fall; Yet shall the armies Thou leadest, Faithful and true to the last,

Find in Thy mansions eternal Rest when their warfare is past!

Pass on the Invitation.

Rev. xxii. 17. Pass along the invitation, "Whosoever will may come," Pass it on, pass it on Pass along the living message Unto ev'ry thirsty one-

Pass it on, pass it on

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Pass along the invitation, Pass along the word of God. Until ev'ry tribe and nation Shall have heard of Christ the Lord!

2 Pass along the cup of comfort That the Lord has given free . . . Other weary troubled spirits Need to taste its sweetness too . . .

3 Pass along each boon and blessing That may come to you through life . . . You may help the weary hearted Who are faint amid the strife . . .

4 Pass along the watch-word-Courage; Soon the darkness will be o'er . . . See, already, dawn is breaking-On the bright celestial shore . . .

518 "Seek, and Ye Shall Find." Luke xi. q.

1 Many seek for earthly treasure. But the prize they seldom gain: In the giddy round of pleasure Many seek for joy in vain-But to those of contrite spirit,

Seeking Jesus, good and kind, Is the cheering promise, hear it -"Seek, and ye shall find."

Seek and find the blessed Saviour, Who the precious promise has gir'n; It is He who offers you pardon, And to give you a home in hear'n.

Whence all the armies which He leadeth 2 They who seek the things of heaven, And upon the Lord believe. Have the blest assurance given-They shall crowns of life receive :

Feebly seeking after Jesus— Stopping oft to look behind: From our doubts the promise frees us. "Seek, and ye shall find."

If you to the end endure — You shall gain His gracious favour. Your salvation shall be sure: Jesus, Thou art ever near us-

Sick with sin, and lame and blind -But Thy promise still doth cheer us-"Seek, and ye shall find."

519 Since I have been Redeemed.

Isa xliii. 1. Rev. v. 9. 1 I have a song I love to sing-

Since I have been redeem'd Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King-Since I have been redeem'd.

Since I have been redeem'd. I will glory in His name-Since I have been redeem'd.

I will glory in my Saviour's name. 2 I have a hope that satisfies . . . To do His will my highest prize . . .

3 I have a faith both bright and clear . . . Dispelling ev'ry doubtful fear . . .

4 I have a joy I can't express . . . [ness . . . All through His blood and righteous-

5 I have a home prepar'd for me . . . Where I shall dwell eternally . . .

The Grandest Theme. Dan. vi. 16.

1 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the ages rung: ftongue: 'Tis the grandest theme for a mortal 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er "Our God is able to deliver thee." [sang,

He is able to deliver thee. He is able to deliver thee,

Tho' by sin oppress'd, come to Him for rest-"Our God is able to deliver thee."

2 'Tis the grandest theme on the earth or main. fstrain.

Tis the grandest theme for a mortal 'Tis the grandest theme -tell the world

"Our God is able to deliver thee."

To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul -Look to Him in faith, He will make thee whole-

"Our God is able to deliver thee."

Jesus Bids us Shine. 521 Matt. v. 16.

 Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a little candle burning in the night: In the world is darkness, so we must shine -

You in your small corner and I in mine!

2 Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him-Well He sees and knows it, if our light be dim : shine-He looks down from heaven to see us

You in your small corner and I in mine! 3 Jesus bids us shine, yes, for all around! O what depths of darkness in the world

[shine are found-Sin and want and sorrow-so we must You in your small corner and I in mine!

522 Will your Anchor Hold? Heb. vi. 10.

1 Will your anchor hold in the storms of life? When the clouds unfold their wings of When the strong waves lift and the cables Will your anchor drag or firm remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the billows roll: Fix'd to the Rock which never will move-Grounded, firm and deep, in the Saviour's

2 It has safely bit-'twill the storm with.

For 'tis well secur'd by the Saviour's And the cables pass'd from His heart to mine. Shall defy the blast-through strength

It will firmly hold, in the straits of fear, When the breakers shew that the reef is near;

Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, [o'erthrow. Not an angry wave shall our barque

4 It will surely hold in the seas of death When the waters cold chill our latest breath:

Through the rising flood it can never fail While our hope abides within the vail!

3 'Tis the grandest theme-let the tidings 5 When our eyes behold, through the gath ring night,

The city of gold, our harbour bright; We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore With the storms all past for evermore!

523 Joyful Hopes of God's Children. Rom. viii. 38, 39.

1 Father, God, Thy children bless Thee. For Thy love on us bestow'd: As our Father we address Thee—

Call'd to be the sons of God: Wondrous was Thy love in giving Jesus for our sins to die:

Wondrous was His grace in leaving.

For our sakes, His home on high! 2 Now the sprinkled blood has freed us,

On we go to heav'n, our rest; Through the desert Thou dost lead us. With Thy constant favour blest; By Thy Truth and Spirit guiding-

Earnest He of joy to come -And with daily food providing, Thou dost lead Thy children home.

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3 Father, O, how rich the blessing-When Thy Son returns again! Then Thy saints, their rest possessing-O'er the earth with Him shall reign; For the fathers' sakes beloved, Israel, in Thy grace restor'd, Shall on earth, the curse removed,

Be the people of the Lord! 4 Then shall countless myriads wearing Robes made white in Jesu's blood-Palms, like rested pilgrims, bearing, Stand around the throne of God! These -redeem'd from ev'ry nation, Shall in triumph bless Thy name; Ev'ry voice shall sound, "Salvation To our God, and to the Lamb!"

My Experience of Christ. 524 т Pet. i. 8.

1 My precious Saviour—He is mine— Mine own for evermore; For unto Him in grief I came, With bleeding heart and sore.

2 I heard Him say in loving tone, "O! cast on Me thy care, Tell Me of all that makes thee weep, Let me Thy burden bear.'

3 And with those words sweet patience [came. And I soon learnt to find, That when to Him I bent my will He eas'd my troubled mind.

4 I took His hand in trustful love, I knew He'd be my Guide, And lead me onward day by day, And keep me at His side.

5 He fill'd my empty, hungry heart, He gave me perfect rest, Till I could say, in grateful love, His ways are surely best.

6 And now, His word is all my joy, His will my highest aim, I love the Hand that smites and hea I'll magnify His name.

525 The Soul's Bright Land Above. Rev. xxi. 23.

1 There is a land where shines the light Of God's eternal love-The sacred realm of holy joy-The soul's bright land above !

O lovely land, the summer land, The land beyond wide Jordan's strand. O that lovely, lovely land, the golden sum- 'Tismy Saviour so dear is guiding me here-The soul's bright land above ! [mer land-

2 There Christ the Lord triumphant reigns, And saints before Him fall; They shout aloud-Redceming grace ! And hail Him, Lord of All!

3 There, tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye And ev'ry pain is o'er, And hearts, that here in sorrow bled.

Shall feel its throb no more.

4 Our faith may soar above the clouds, And reach that land so fair-But who can tell the pure delight Of those who enter there!

526 Come, Lord—and Tarry Not.

1 Come, Lord—and tarry not, Bring Thy long-look'd for day; O, why these years of waiting here, These ages of delay?

2 Come, Lord-the good are few-They lift the voice in vain; Faith waxes weaker on the earth, And love is on the wane.

3 Come, Lord—Thy saints still wait, Daily ascends their sigh; The Spirit and the Bride say-Come, Dost Thou not hear their cry?

4 Come, Lord-for love grows cold, Its steps are faint and slow: Faith now is lost in unbelief, Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

5 Come, Lord -make all things new, Build up this ruin'd earth; Restore our oded Paradise -Give to us second birth.

6 Come, Lord-begin Thy reigu Of everlasting peace; Come-take the Kingdom to Thyself, Great King of Righteonsness!

Consecration-Devotion. 527 r Peter i. 8.

1 Saviour, my feet have never trod with The solitary place— My eyes have never seen, in human form, Thy manifested grace; [ment's hem, My hands have never touch'd Thy gar-With faith's unutter'd plea; Nor hast Thou tarried when the day was

And broken bread with me-Whom having not seen, yet I love . . . Whom having not seen, yet I love!

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Upon the King's highway;

And though as yet I may not see Thy face,

I follow on each day:

My waiting eyes are unto Thee, dear In whom I live and move— Whose love, believ'd in, is the fullest joy That earth or heav'n can prove.

3 I know that Thou art gone to beautify A place in heav'n for me;

And when Thou com'st to take Thy lov'd 530 I shall be like to Thee- [ones home, Then shall I wake and see Thee, eye to eye. Whom now, unseen, I love—

Faith's darkly vision'd glass exchang'd For rapt'rous sight above. fat last

Liberty in Bonds! 528

Psa. cxix. 44, 45. 1 0 bind me with Thy bands, my Lord,

And lay Thy yoke on me— For in the service of Thy will I walk at liberty.

2 No work of mine can ever add To Thine abundant store: But by a self-denying life I bless myself the more.

3 My arm is strengthen'd by my toil-My heart from self refin'd : And what was love to man before Becomes a love more kind!

4 Why should I grumble at restraint. Or deem Thy yoke severe? If I am bound by God, I need No sorer bondage fear.

5 For I am free from earthly bonds-When I am bound by Thee: And I am only bound by God To be in time set free.

529 The Wages of Sin is Death. Rom. vi. 23.

1 O soul on worldly pleasures bent— On earthly good and gain, When all thy days and toils are spent, What wilt thou have but pain?

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life"-to all who will receive it.

2 There is a broad frequented path, But they that walk therein Must reap the bitterness of death-The wages of their sin --

2 But, Lord, my rescu'd feet are steadfast set | 3 Why will ye spend your strength for that That cannot satisfy?—

Come, see the table grace has set, And without money buy.

4 Lo, here is meat and drink indeed-In rich and full supply— Life, pardon, sonship, all you need, And glory, by and by.

Renewal of Consecration. 2 Cor. viii. 5.

1 All, all for Thee-O take me now and [gentle hand; Retune each note with Thine own

I give myself afresh into Thy keeping-To do or suffer as Thou shalt command--

All, all for Thee, Saviour-all, all for Thee; O take my life into Thy hand;

O, give me Thy Spirit, and I shall be holy; O take my life into Thy hand!

2 I give my heart, I long to love Thee better Than ever I have done in years before— That all I do may be a "joy not duty;" Lord Jesus, grant it-may I love Thee more-

3 All-all for Thee-myself in all my weak-

Unfit, alone, the feeblest chord to raise; An instrument discordant, worn and praise. worthless, But ready to be used to sound Thy

4 O Master, by Thine own most Holy Spirit Send heav'nly music o'er the earth

through me; So true, so beautiful, so soul-refreshing Those who hear it may learn more of

Thee! Full Salvation - and For Ever.

Exod. xv. 2. Rev. xii. 10. 1 Sing, my soul, O, sing with rapture

Of God's wond'rous love to thee -How He broke the chains of darkness, And from death hath set thee free.

O the glory, radiant glory, Shining in my soul to-day. All of darkness, doubt and sadness, Are forever pass'd away.

2 O the bliss of this salvation. Full salvation from all sin-Pardon'd, cleans'd, and sav'd for ever-Jesus Christ enthron'd within!

- 3 I am sav'd—I have the witness Of the Spirit—full and free; All is peace, and joy and gladness— Jesus Christ abides with me.
- 4 We are one, O blessëd union— Heav'nly fellowship divine! Day by day we walk together— I am His, and He is mine.
- 5 Soon within the golden city,
 Where the lov'd ones wait for me—
 There the King in His own beauty—
 Face to face I soon shall see.

532 Nearer My Beautiful Home!

1 O'er the hills the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on, Slowly drops the gentle twilight, For another day is gone— Gone for aye, its race is over,

Soon the darker shades will come; Still 'tis sweet to know at even, We are one day nearer home!

Nearer kome, Beautiful home! Nearer home, Heavenly kome! O'tis sweet to know at even.

We are one day nearer home!

2 One day nearer, sings the sailor,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying,
On his distant native shore;
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture—
I am one day nearer home!

3 Nearer home—yes, one day nearer
To our Father's home on high—
To the green fields, and the fountains—
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitch'd still closer,
For we're one day nearer home!

533 The Faither's Hame Abune. Psa. xc. L. Rev. xxi. 3.

1 0, the Faither's hame abune, I am langin' sair to see, Yet Himsel' I winns blame, Gin He haud me here a wee; Gin He haud me here to learn Lessons hard and unco sair, Ane may trust that Faither's bairn To His wise and watchfu' care. 2 Ance I quarrell'd wi' His ways, For I couldna straucht them oot; Noo I listen to His voice, For His love I canna dou't; Aye as darker grows the nicht, Then I closer grup His haun, And abide the beamin' licht,

In the bonnie better laun.

3 O, the Fatther's hame abune
Will ha'e a' things bricht and clear,
There the serpent trail o' sin
Never mair shall draw a tear;
When the waefu' thing is game
To the weary wankin place,
Bitthe mann be each happy wean,

'Neath a Faither's smilin' face.
4 Sac a bairnie needna greet
Tho' the road be rough and lane,
Where the sacred shinin' feet
Owre the painfu' path ha'e gane;
Tho' the nicht be low'rin' lang,
Sune it mann be wearin' thro',
Syne we'll litt antiher sang

When the Faither's face we view.

Ashamed of Jesus!

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of Thee?
Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise—
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
Asham'd of Jesus, I never, I never will be,
For Jesus, my Saviour, is not asham'd of me.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sconer far— Let ev'ning black to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon Let midnight be asham'd of noon; 'Twas midnight with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend; No! when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save!

535 "Look Unto Me."

1 "Look unto Me and be ye sav'd,"
O hear the blest command,

Salvation full, salvation free. Proclaim o'er ev'ry land.

Look unto Me, and be ve sav'd, all ve ends of the earth, for I am God-there is none else.

2 "Look unto Me" upon the cross, O, weary burden'd soul, Twas there on Me thy sins were laid-Believe and be made whole.

3 "Look unto Me," thy risen Lord. In dark temptation's hour-The needful grace I'll freely give To keep from Satan's pow'r.

4 "Look unto Me," and not within: No help is there for thee-For pardon, peace, and all thy need only Look always unto Me!

The Two Paths. 1 Kings xviii. 21. Matt. vii. 13. 1 Two paths lie before you, which one will

you take? For now is the time when a choice you must make : friend The first leads to Jesus, the soul's dearest

The other in darkness and ruin will end. Which one will you take! which one will

you take? you take? I'wo paths lie before you, which one will ! Two paths lie before you, the narrow and wide: [no guide:

The first has its way-marks, the other Think well e'er the final decision you make: iyou take? Two paths lie before you, which one will

The first has its trials; but you shall be strong. With Jesus your Saviour to help you

The first has its crosses that all must endure. fbe sure. And yet to the faithful the crown will 1 0, blessed Sun whose splendour

Two paths lie before you, and what will you say? A question so urgent admits no delay:

If you would be happy, this course you. must take, ſsake. The good you must follow, the evil for-

nother Day is Dawning. Psa. v. 3.

1 Another day is dawning: Dear Master, let it be.

In working and in waiting. Another day with Thee.

2 Another day of mercies. Of faithfulness and grace: Another day of gladness In-the shining of Thy face--

3 Another day of progress. Another day of praise. Another day of proving Thy presence "all the days"_

4 Another day of service, Of witness for Thy love : Another day of training For holier work above.

5 Another day is dawning: Dear Master, let it be. On earth, or else in heaven, Another day for Thee.

538 Wait, and Murmur Not. Psa. xxxvii. 34. 1 Cor. x. 10.

1 The home where changes never come. Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care— Yes, 'tis a bright and blessed home— Who would not fain be resting there?

O wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O wait, O wait, O wait and murmur not!

2 Yet, when bow'd down beneath the load. By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot-Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode -Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not!

3 If in thy path some thorns are found-O, think who bore them on His brow: If grief thy sorr wing heart has found, It reach'd a holiër than Thou!

4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot-The day of rest will dawn for thee-Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not!

The Sun of Righteousness.

Dispels the shades of night. O Jesus, my Defender,

My soul's supreme delight! All day I hear resounding A voice with silver tone. Which speaks of grace abounding

Thro' God's eternal Son! 2 I fear no tribulation.

Since, whatsoe'er it be, It makes no separation Between my Lord and me:

If Thou, my God and Teacher, Vouchsafe to be my own— Tho' poor I shall be richer

Than monarch on his throne.

3 Lord, with this truth impress me,
And write it in my heart,

To comfor; cheer, and bless me—
That Thou my Saviour art;
Without Thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost,
The floods would quickly hide

The floods would quickly hide me, On life's wide ocean toss'd. 4 If while on earth I wander,

My heart is light and blest—
Ah! what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessëd thought in dying—

We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing—
A kingdom our reward!

540 Day of Rest and Gladness!

1 O day of rest and gladness!
O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Before th' eternal throne,
Sing "Holy, holy, holy!"
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation, The light first had its birth;

On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heav'n;
And thus on thee most glorious

A triple light was giv'n.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heav'nly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing

With pure and radiant beams, And living water flowing With soul refreshing streams!

With soul refreshing streams
4 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises—
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

The Christian Traveller.

1 O Christian trav'ler, fear no more The storms which round thee spread; Nor yet the noontide's sultry beams On thy defenceless head.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee; Be not dismay'd, for I am thy God.

Thy Saviour, who, upon the cross,
 Thy full redemption paid,
 Will not from thee, His ransom'd one,
 Withhold His promis'd aid.

3 A safe retreat and hiding place
Thy Saviour will provide;
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart
While shelter'd at His side.

4 No—in thy darkest days on earth, When ev'ry joy seems flown— Believer, thou shalt never tread The toilsome way alone!

Praise Ye the Name.

1 Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah, our God; Declare, O, declare ye His glories abroad; Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to

nation, [His salvation. Till the uttermost islands have heard For His love floweth on, free and full as a

river, And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for sinners was slain; [ed again: Who-went down to the grave and ascend-And-who soon shall return when these dark days are o'er, [pow'r. To set up His kingdom in glory and 3 Her bridal attire, and her festal array, All natureshall wear on that glorious day: For-her King cometh down with His

[Eden again.

At Jesus Feet.

people to reign,

1 Here find I rest and peace—at Jesu's feet; Here all earth's troubles cease at Jesu's Sorrows I bid adieu—at Jesu's feet; [feet; Refuge most tried and true—atJesu's feet.

And His presence shall bless her with

2 May I my service lay . . . Some thing from day to day . . .

Joy of all joys the best . . . I am supremely blest . . .

3 Then in my home above . . . Praising His dying love . . . There in the humblest place . . . Find I the highest grace . . .

544 0 Saviour, Precious Saviour. Psa. xlv. 11.

1 O Saviour, precious Saviour.

Whom yet unseen we love, O name of might and favour,

All other names above -We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee alone we sing:

We praise Thee and confess Thee Our holy Lord and King. Ver. 2-Our gracious Lord and King. Ver. 3-Our glorious Lord and King.

2 O Bringer of Salvation. Who wond'rously hast wrought-Thyself, the revelation

Of love beyond our thought—

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth, All grace and pow'r divine; The glory that excelleth-O Son of God, is Thine-

4 O grant the consummation Of this our song above,

In endless adoration. And everlasting love— Then shall we praise and bless Thee, Where perfect praises ring.

And ever more confess Thee Our Saviour and our King!

Speaking for Jesus. 545 Psa. li 15

1 Have you not a word for Jesus, not a word to say for Him?

He is list'ning thro' the chorus of the burning seraphim! He is list'ning -- does He hear you speak-

ing of the things of earth-Only of its passing pleasure, selfish

sorrow, empty mirth? 2 Have you not a word for Jesus-will the

world His praise proclaim? Who shall speak if ye are silent, ye who 2 I was lost, but Jesus found meknow and love His name?

You, whom He hath call'd and chosen His own witnesses to be-

Will you tell your gracious Master- 3 I was bruis'd, but Jesus heal'd me-"Lord, we cannot speak for Thee"?

3 Yes, we have a word for Jesus !- living echoes we will be

Of Thine own sweet words of blessing. of Thy gracious "Come to Me"-Jesus, Master, yes, we love Thee! and

to prove our love would lay Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open, at

Thy blessed feet to day.

4 Yes, we have a word for Jesus! we will boldly speak for Thee! And Thy brave and faithful soldiers,

Saviour, we would henceforth be; In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own shall wave above,

With Thy crimson name of mercy, and Thy golden name of love!

Man of Sorrows. 546 Isa. liii. 3.

1 "Man of sorrows," what a name For the Son of God who came Ruin'd sinners to reclaim! Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2 Guilty, vile, and helpless we-Spotless Lamb of God was He; "Full atonement!"-can it be? Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 " Lifted up " was He to die, "It is finish'd" was His cry; Now in heav'n exalted high: Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 When He comes, our glorious King, All His ransom'd home to bring, Then anew this song we'll sing: Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

The Wondrous Story. 547 Psa. lxxxix. 1.

 I will sing the wondrous story, Of my Lord, who die for me-How He left His throne in glory, For the cross on Calvary—

Yes, I'll sing the wond'rous story, Of my Lord, who died for me, Sing it with the saints in glory. Gather'd by the crystal sea.

Found the sheep that went astray, Threw His loving arms around me, Drew me back into His way.

Faint was I from many a fall-

Sight was gone and fears possess'd me. But He freed me from them all.

4 Days of darkness still come o'er me-Sorrow's path I often tread— But the Saviour still is with me -By His Hand I'm safely led.

5 He will keep me, till the river Rolls its waters at my feet: Then He'll bear me safely over. Where the lov'd ones I shall meet.

548 The Compassionate Saviour. James v 11.

1 In the darkest hour that my heart may [go? . Out from Satan's pow'r, whither shall I To Jesus-to Jesus! Only unto Jesus, The Saviour so compassionate, The sinner's truest Friend!

2 Here there is no refuge-for the soul opprest; [for rest? . . Whither shall I journey? whither seek 3 Poor and weak and wretched-full of

fear and woe: [I go? . . . To be free from torment—whither—can

for aid?.. dismay'd; Whither then, ah whither-can I look

5 Joy in tribulation—hope that sets me free! Jesus, my salvation—lo! I turn to Thee...

Evening Hymn of Praise. 549 Luke xxiv. 20.

1 The day is past and over; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! We pray Thee now that sinless The hours of dark may be.

O. Jesus, keep us in Thu sight, And quard us through the coming night!

2 The joys of day are over: We lift our heart to Thee! And ask Thee that offenceless The hours of dark may be.

3 The toils of day are over; We raise the hymn to Thee, And ask that free from peril The hours of dark may be.

4 Be Thou our soul's preserver; For Thou alone dost know How many are the dangers Through which we have to go.

Souls of Men! 550 John x. 14.

1 Souls of men, why will ye scatter Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep? Foolish hearts, why will ye wander From a love so true and deep? Was there ever kindest Shepherd Half so gentle, half so sweet As the Saviour, who would have us Come and gather at His feet?

2 It is God; His love looks mighty. But 'tis mightier than it seems: Tis our Father, and His goodness Goes out far beyond our dreams: There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: There's a kindness in His justice. Which is more than liberty

3 But we make His love too narrow By false limits of our own: And we magnify His strictness With a zeal He will not own: There is plentiful redemption In the blood that has been shed, There is joy for all the members In the sorrows of the Head.

4 Bound in cords of anguish-by my sins 4 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus. And O come not doubting thus. But with faith that trusts more bravely His huge tenderness for us: If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word. And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

Assurance of God's Presence. Matt. xxv. 31

1 O what a lonely path were ours, Could we, O Father, see No home of rest beyond it all, No guide or help in Thee.

2 But Thou art near and with us still. To keep us on our way, leads along this vale of tears 1 : yon bright world of day.

3 There shall Thy glory, O our God! Break fully on our view, And we, Thy saints, rejoice to find That all Thy word was true.

4 There, Jesus, on His heav'nly throne, Our wond'ring eyes shall see; While we the blest associates there Of all His joy shall be.

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5 Sweet hope-we'll leave without a sigh, | A blighted world like this: Yea, bear the cross, despise the shame For all that weight of bliss :

552 Faith and Fellowship. John xvi. 24.

Dard, I would delight in Thee, And on Thy care depend; To Thee in ev'ry trouble flee. My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried. Thy fulness is the same: May I with this be satisfied. And glory in Thy name.

Why should the soul a drop bemoan. Which has a fountain near— A fountain which will ever run With water sweet and clear!

O that I had a stronger faith, To look within the vail; To credit what my Saviour saith, Whose word can never fail.

O Lord. I cast my care on Thee; I triumph and adore: Henceforth my great concern shall be To love and praise Thee more.

53 Work for God—Rest By and By. John ix. 4.

Let us work for God and follow His commands. [hands: With a cheerful heart and ever willing In the field of life rejoicing ev'ry day. Let us work and trust and pray!

We shall rest, by and by Sweetly rest when earthly toil is o'er; In a land bright and fair, We shall rest when earthly toil is o'er!

He will give us strength our vigour to renew.

He will grant us grace that falleth like the dew: fshall bear. and the seeds of love immortal fruit Ever guarded by His care!

o a glorious work He calleth us away; et us bear the heat and burden of the day; [bright reward,

Fis the faithful souls that reap the 4 So-stand before your God At the coming of the Lord!

554 O, Saviour, Bless Us. John viii, 12.

1 O, Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word into our minds instil: And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With lowly love and fervent will.

Thro' life's long day, and death's dark night, O, loving Jesus, be our light?

2 The day is gone, its hours have run. And Thou hast taken count of all-The scanty triumphs grace has won, The broken vow, the frequent fall!

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy. Sweet fear, and sober liberty. And simple hearts without alloy. That only long to be like Thee.

4 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd; And care is light, for Thou hast car'd: Ah! never let our works be soil'd With strife, or by deceit ensnar'd.

5 For all we love-the poor-the sad-The sinful - unto Thee we call : O let Thy mercy make us glad: Thou art our Jesus and our All!

Stand up Before Your God. Rev. vii. Q.

1 Stand up before your God, Ye multitude so bright-Saints, martyrs, and confessors all, In radiant robes of white! The church below would join you now, And her sad soul would raise, From earthly tears, and gloomy fears, In a glorious burst of praise.

2 Ye—in the rest of God, We-by His holy will, As parts of His great armament On distant service still ; A weary band, in foreign land, Long exile we may see -But faith can rise, to yon fair skies, For a while with you to be.

3 Ye—in the light of God— Safe hush'd from all alarm, Out of the wild and surging waves Have pass'd into the calm: No sinful stain, no grief, no pain; Can ever mar your hymn! But fears of death - they cloy our breath, And the mists around are dim!

In beautiful array-

Sound your uplifted trumpets loud 'In your triumphant way; Your faith is done, your vict'ry won, Yours is the "Morning Star,"

The "sea of glass" gleams as ye pass; And we hear your notes afar.

5 "Salvation to our God— And to the Lamb once slain"— We answer to your chorus high, "Worthy the Lamb" again; For us to God, by His own blood, Hath He redeem'd from sin— Him soon with you, we hope to view,

And the self-same glory win! Gathering Home. 556 Isa. xxvii. 12.

1 They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry [land, One by one, one by one! As their weary feet touch the shining strand, Yes, one by one! Their brows are enclos'd in a golden Idown: crown. Their travel-stain'd garments are all laid And cloth'd in white raiment they rest flead. in the mede, Where the Lamb doth love His saints to

> Gath'ring home! gath'ring home! Fording the river one by one! Gath'ring home! gath'ring home! Yes, one by one!

2 We too shall come to the river side, . . . We are nearer its waters each eventide.... To some are the floods of the river still, As they ford on their way to the heav'nly hill! To others the waves run flercely and wild,

Yet they reach the home of the undefil'd. 3 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee, . . . We lift up our voices tremblingly, . .

The waves of the river are dark and cold But we know the place where our feet 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue shall hold:

O, Thou who did'st pass thro' in deepest [light. mid-night, Now guide us, and send us the staff and

I've found a Friend! 557 Prov. xviii. 24.

1 I've found a Friend! O, such a Friend! He lov'd me ere I knew Him; He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;

And round my heart still closely twine Those ties which nought can sever, For I am His, and He is mine, For ever and for ever !

2 I've found a Friend! O, such a Friend! He bled, He died, to save me; And not alone the gift of life, But His own self, He gave me Nought that I have my own I call,

I hold it for the Giver; ' My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for ever!

3 I've found a Friend! O, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender, So wise a Counsellor and Guide, So mighty a defender! From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sever?

Shall life? or death? or earth? or hell? No, I am His for ever!

O Worship the King! 558 1 Tim. i 17. 1 O worship the King all glorious above,

Ogratefully sing His pow'r and His love,-Our shield and defender, the Ancient Days. Pavilion'd in splendour and girded with

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace Whose robe is the light, whose canop space;

His chariots of wrath deep thunder clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of th

3 This earth, with its store of wonder fold untold. Almighty! Thy power hath founded

Hath stablish'd it fast by a changele decree.

And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the

[ligh recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in th It streams from the hills, it descends

the plain. And sweetly distils in the dew and the

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frai In Thee do we trust, nor find thee

Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the [Friend Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer

1 Ye servants of God. your Master proclaim.

And publish abroad His wonderful Name; 3 God calling yet! and shall He knock The Name all victorious of Jesus extol His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save: And still He is nigh, His presence we 4 God calling yet! and shall I give have! Ishall sing. The great congregation His triumph Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God." who sits on the 5 God calling yet! I cannot stay: throne:

Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son: The praises of Jesus all angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give Him His right: All glory and pow'r, all wisdom and might: All honour and blessing, with angels above:

And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite

There is None Righteous. 560 John viii. 2-11.

1 A guilty soul, by Pharisees of old, Was brought, accus'd, alone, But Jesus said-" Let him without a sin Be first to cast a stone."

There is none righteous, no, not one: All, all have sinn'd;

There is none righteous, for all have sinn'd And come short of the glory of God.

John iii. 1-21. A learned teacher, ruler of the Jews, God's kingdom could not gain— With all the lore and culture of the age, He "must be born again.

3. Matt. xix. 16-22. "Good Master," pray, can aught be Thy laws I do obey; [lacking yet? "Go, sell and give, then come and follow 「Me." But, sad, He turn'd away.

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God Calling Yet! Psa. lxxxv. 8.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing years all fly? And still my soul in slumber lie!

God is calling yet, O hear Him; O'hear Him calling yet!

2 God calling vet! shall I not rise? Can I His loving voice despise? And basely His kind care repay, He calls me still—can I delay?

And I my heart the closer lock? He still is waiting to receive. And shall I dare His Spirit grieve!

No heed, but still in bondage live? I wait, but He does not forsake-He calls me still-my heart, awake!

My heart I yield without delay-Vain world, farewell! from thee I part! The voice of God has reach'd my heart.

Love and Grace of Christ. 562 Eph. iii. 19

1 Lord Jesus, when I think of Thee-Of all Thy love and grace-My spirit longs and fain would see Thy beauty face to face.

2 And through the wilderness I tread, A barren thirsty ground; With thorns and briars overspread,

Where foes and snares abound. 3 Yet in Thy love such depths I see;

My soul o'erflows with praise-Contents itself, while, Lord, to Thee A joyful song I raise. 4 My Lord, my Life, my Rest, my Shield,

My Rock, my Food, my Light, Each thought of Thee doth ever yield Unchanging, fresh delight.

5 My Saviour, keep my spirit stay'd Hard following after Thee; Till I, in robes of white array'd, Thy face in glory see!

Rejoice, Rejoice, Believer! 563 Phil. iv. 4.

 Rejoice, rejoice, believer. And let thy joy and glory ever be In Him, the great Deliv'rer,

Who gave Himself a sacrifice for thee.

Rejoice, O rejoice, believer, Rejoice, O rejoice and sing Of Him who lives for ever, Thu Great High Priest and King!

2 Rejoice in thy Redeemer; fremove. Thou hast a place that nothing can He bids thee dwell in safety llove. And rest beneath the shadow of His 143

3 Rejoice, rejoice, believer,
A home on high is waiting now for thee;
And there, in all His beauty, [shalt see.
The King of Saints with wonder thou

4 Rejoice, rejoice, believer, [throng; Press on to join the happy happy Where soon thy Lord will call thee— To realms of joy and everlasting song!

Peace-Peace, Be Still.

THE APPRAL.

1 Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high! The sky is o'ershadow'd with blackness.

No shelter or help is nigh!
"Carest Thou not that we perish?"

How can'st Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat'nA grave in the angry deep? [ing

THE RESPONSE.

The winds and the waves shall obey My will: Peace, be still! peace, be still! Whether the wrath of the storm-tose'd sea, Or demons, or men, or whatever it be, No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, be still!

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
O waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul:
And I perish! I perish! dear Master;
O hasten, and take contro;

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirror'd,
And Heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessêd Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harAnd rest on the blissful shore. [bour,

565 The Dying Lamb.

1 A pilgrim thro' this lonely world The blessëd Saviour pass'd; A mourner all His life was He— A dying Lamb at last! 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on conth no matter all.

It found on earth no resting place, Save only in the cave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear The cross with all its scorn? Or love a faithless wicked world That wreath'd His brow with thorns?

That wreath'd His brow with thorns

4 No-facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him obedient still

Like Him, obedient still;
We'll homeward press, through storm
To you celestial hill! [or calm,

566 Is your Lamp Burning? Matt. v. 16; xxv. i.

1 Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you, look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beam would fall brightly on me;
There are many and many around you
Who follow wherever you go; [shadow,
If you thought that they walk'd in the
Your lamp would burn brighter I know.

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you, look quickly, and see; For if it were burning, then surely Some beam would full brightly on me!

2 Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They're bruis'd on the rocks, and they lie
With white pleading faces turn'd upward
To-the clouds and the pitiful sky;
There is many a lamp that is lighted—
We behold them a-near and afar;

We behold them a near and afar; But not many among them, my brother, Shine steadily on like a star.

3 If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line.
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her
To hail the millennial day! [gladness

Peace and Salvation. Eph. ii. 13.

1 O blessëd Lord, what hast Thou done! How vast a ransom paid! God's only, well beloved Son Is on the altar laid!

2 The Father, in His willing love, Could spare Thee from His side; And Thou could'st stoop, to bear above, At such a cost, Thy Bride.

- 3 While our full hearts in faith repose Upon Thy precious blood-Peace in a steady current flows. Fill'd from Thy mercy's flood.
- 4 Unseen, we love Thee—dear Thy name! But when our eyes behold-With joyful wonder we'll proclaim— The half hath not been told!

568 Carried by the Angels. Luke xvi. 22.

1 Sitting by the gateway of a palace fair-Once a child of God was left to die: By the world neglected, wealth would nothing spare,

See the throng awaiting him on high.

Carried by the anyels to the land of rest-Music sweetly sounding thro' the skies; Welcom'd by the Saviour to the heav'nly feast,

Gather'd with the lov'd in Paradise!

2 What shall be the ending of this life of 5 For, lo! the days are hast'ning on,

Oft the question cometh to us all; Here upon the pathway hard the burden bear.

And the burning tears of sorrow fall.

3 Follower of Jesus-scanty though thy Treasures, precious treasures wait on

Count the trials joyful-soon they'll all be o'er. fbv !

4 Upward then, and onward-onward for the Lord-Time and talent all for Him employ:

Small may seem the service, sure the 2 "Rejoice in Him"-again, again, great reward: fjoy! Here the cross, but there the crown of

569 It Came Upon the Midnight. Linke ii. 14.

 It came upon the midnight clear. That glorious song of old. From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold; "Peace on the earth, good-will to men. From heav'n's all-gracious King!" The world in solemn stillness lav To hear the angels sing.

2 Still thro' the cloven skies they come With peaceful wings unfurl'd:

And still their heav'nly music floats O'er all the weary world: Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hov'ring wing. And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffer'd long: Beneath the angel-strain have roll'd Two thousand years of wrong; And man, at war with man, hears not

The song of love they bring: O hush the noise, ye men of strife. And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low. Who toil along the climbing way With painful steps and slow.

Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing:

O rest beside the weary road. And hear the angels sing!

By prophets sung of old. When with the ever-circling years Comes round the age of gold. When peace shall over all the earth

Its ancient splendours fling, And the whole world give back the song Which now the angels sing.

Praise-Rejoice-Stand. 1 Chron. xvi. 10. 1 Pet. i. 8.

For the change that's coming by and 1 "Praise ve the Lord"—again, again, The Spirit strikes the chord: Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain ; We praise, we praise the Lord.

> The Spirit speaks the word; And faith takes up the happy strain— Our joy is in the Lord.

3 "Stand fast in Christ"-ah, yet again, He teaches all the band-Since human efforts are in vain. In Christ it is we stand.

4 "Clean ev'ry whit"—Thou said'st it, Lord; Shall we suspicion lurk? Thine, surely, is a faithful word— And Thine, a finish'd work.

5 For ever be the glory giv'n To Thee, O Lamb of God, Our ev'ry joy on earth, in heav'n, We owe it to thy blood!

Digitized by 145 OQ C

1 Stano up—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss;
From victry unto victry
His army shall He lead,
Till evry fee is vanquish'd

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey:
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day;
Ye that are men—now serve Him;
Against unnumber'd foes;
Your courage raise with danger—
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His pow'r alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armour—
And watching unto prayer—
Where duty calls, or danger—
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long—
This day the noise of battle—
The next, the victor's song!
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be—
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

572 Awake-Behold-Rejoice!

1 Christian, awake! the light breaks o'er See all the midnight shadows flee; [thee, Ting'd are the distant skies with glory— Bright beams the light hung out for thee. Arise! the light breaks sweetly o'er thee.

Arise! the light breaks sweetly o'er the Thy name is graven on the throne; Thy home is in the world of glory, Where the Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Christian, behold! the land is nearing, Here all the sea storm's rage is o'er; List! to the heav'nly host now cheering; See! in what throngs they line the shore.

3 Christian, rejoice! the light breaks o'er Clearas the summer's mid-day ray; (thee Bright shines the crown in realms of Calling your happy soul away. [glory,

573 "He Careth for You."

1 How sweet, my Saviour, to repose On Thine almighty pow'r, To find Thy strength upholding me

Through ev'ry trying hour!

Casting all your care upon Him,

For He careth for you.

2 It is Thy will that I should cast
My ev'ry care on Thee:

My ev'ry care on Thee:
To Thee refer each rising grief,
Each new perplexity.

3 That I should trust Thy loving care
And look to Thee alone,
To calm each troubled thought to rest
In pray'r before Thy throne.

4 Why should my heart then be distrest, By dread of future ill? Or why should unbelieving fear My trembling spirit fill?

574 My Spirit Longs for Thee.

1 My spirit longs for Thee, Within my troubled breast, 'Though I unworthy be Of so divine a guest.

2 Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around—
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found!

4 No rest is to be found,
But in Thy blessed love;
O let my wish be crown'd
And send it from above.

575 The Invitations of Grace.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come to the Mercy-Seat—fervently Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish: Earth has no sorrow that Christ cannot

2 Here waits the Father—love's waters are streaming [teous and pure; Forth from the throne of God plen-Come to His footstool for mercy redeeming:

Earth has no sorrow that He cannot

3 Here stands the Saviour! all tender and loving.

Ready to meet you, His grace to reveal;
On Him cast your burden, trustfully coming; [heal.
Earth has no sorrow that He cannot

4 Here speaks the Comforter! Light for

the straying,
Hope of the penitent, Advocate sure,
Joy of the desolate, tenderly saying, [cure!
Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot

576 Wake, Brethren, Wake.

1 Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry,
"Wake, brethren, wake!"
Jesus Himself is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright,

Wake, brethren, wake!

2 Call to each wak'ning band,
"Watch, brethren, watch!"

Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait,

Ready at their Master's gate, E'en tho' He tarry late, Watch, brethren, watch!

3 Heed we the Master's call,
"Work, brethren, work!"
There's room enough for all:

Work, brethren, work! This vine-yard of the Lord Constant labour doth afford; Yours is a sure reward,

Work, brethren, work!

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
"Pray, brethren, pray!"
Would ye His heart rejoice?—
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for ceaseless care,
Weakness needs the Strong One near;
Long as ye tarry here,
Pray, brethren, pray!

577 Saviour, Lead Me!

1 Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gently lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide. Lead me, lead me, Saviour, lead me, lest I stray; Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

2 Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh, On Thy mercy I rely.

3 Saviour, lead me, till, at last,
When the storm of life is past,
I shall reach the land of day,
Where all tears are wip'd away.

578 Beautiful Home.

1 There is a home eternal,
Beautiful and bright,
Where sweet joys supernal
Never are dimm'd by night;
White-rob'd angels are singing
Ever around the bright throne;
When, O, when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful Home?

Home! beautiful Home! Bright, beautiful Home! Bright Home of our Saviour, Beautiful, beautiful Home!

2 Flowers are ever springing
In that Home so fair;
Little children singing
Praises to Jesus there;
How they swell the glad anthem,
Ever around the bright throne!
When, 0, when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful Home?

3 Soon shall I join the ransom'd,
Far beyond the sky;
Christ is my salvation,
Why should I fear to die?
Soon my eyes shall behold Him
Seated upon the bright throne;
Then, O, then, shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful Home!

579 Cast Thy Burden.

1 O had I wings, I sigh and say, Like some swift dove to roam, Then would I hasten far away— And find a peaceful home!

> Cast thy burden upon the Lord— And He shall sustain thee!

- 2 Lo, wand'ring far my rest should he In some lone desert waste; I from the windy storm would flee, And from the tempest haste.
- 3 Yet, as for me, I'll call on God— The Lord will safety give; He'll hear me when I cry aloud At morning, noon, and eve!
- 4 He hath restor'd my soul to peace, From trouble set me free; And made the war against me cease, For many were with me.

Praying and Pleading. 2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need, While your Father calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?

- 2 You have wander'd far away, Do not risk another day; Do not turn from God your face, But to-day accept His grace.
- 3 In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind; Come to Christ, on Him believe, Peace and joy you shall receive.
- 4 Come to Christ, confession make; Come to Christ and pardon take; Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

581 Lord, I Hear.

- 1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring, full and free,— Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing; Let some drops descend on me, Even me, Even me, Let some drops descend on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father! Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st spurn me, but the rather Let Thy mercy light on me.—
- 3 Pass me not, 0 tender Saviour; Let me love and cling to Thee; I am longing for Thy favour; When Thou comest call for me—

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of pow'r to me—

5 Love of God so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ so rich and free, Grace of God so strong and boundless,— Magnify them all in me—

Note.—The fourth line of each verse is repeated.

The Home Beyond. John xiv. 3. John xiv. 2.

- 1 Beyond the light of setting suns, Beyond the clouded sky, Beyond where starlight fades in night— I have a home on high.
 - A mansion there, not made with hands, A place prepar'd for me; And while God lives and angels sing.

That home my home shall be.

- 2 Beyond all pain, beyond all care, Beyond life's mystery, Beyond the range of time and change— My home's reserved for me.
- 3 Beyond where death's dark billows roll. Beyond these scenes of night, I look, while gladness fills my soul, To yonder home of light.
- 4 My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears, I bid them all farewell, High up amid th' eternal years, With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.

583 Come Near Me.

1 Come near me, O my Saviour!
Thy tenderness reveal;
O let me know the sympathy
Which Thou for me dost feel!
I need Thee ev'ry moment;
Thine absence brings dismay;
But when the terrortes busiles;

But when the tempter hurls his darts.
'Twere death with Thee away!

2 Come near me, my Redeemer.

And never leave my side!
My bark, when toss'd on trouble's sea,
The storm can not outride,
Unless Thy word of power
Arrest the surging wave:

No voice but Thine its rage can quell No arm but Thine can save!

3 Come near me, blessed Jesus!
I need Thee in my joy,
No less than when the direst ills
My happiness destroy;
For when the sun shines o'er me,
And flowers strew my way,
Without Thy wise and guiding he

And flowers strew my way, Without Thy wise and guiding hand, More easily I stray.

4 Be near me, mighty Saviour,
When comes the latest strife!
For Thou hast thro' death's shadows
And ope'd the gates of life;
And when among the ransom'd

I stand with crown and palm, To Thee, Divine, unfailing Friend, I'll raise th' eternal psalm!

584 Sovereign Grace.

1 Sov reign grace o er sin abounding! Ransom'd souls the tidings swell! 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding; Who its breadth or length can tell?

On its glories,

Let my soul for ever dwell.

2 What from Christ the soul can sever,
Bound by everlasting bands?
Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th' eternal cov'nant stands.
None shall pluck thee

From the Strength of Israel's hands.

3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,
Long ere time its race began;

To His name eternal praises—
O what wonders love has done!
One with Jesus—

By eternal union one!

4 On such love, my soul, still ponder, Love so great, so rich, so free; Say, while lost in holy wonder, Why, O Lord, such love to me? Hallelujah!

Grace shall reign eternally.

585 Mizpah!—Watch.

1 Once more we've met in Jesu's name, In this appointed place, And, by the Holy Spirit's flame, Have seen the Saviour's face—

Dear Saviour, watch with tender care
Between us while we part—

O, keep us from the tempter's snare, And bind us heart to heart! 2 Together we have read God's word, Together join'd in pray'r— Our hearts in tuneful praise outpour'd, And breath'd celestial air—

3 Together labour'd with our might, The wanderer to guide From sin and darkness into light Where joys supreme abide.—

4 How sweet has been this tranquil hour!

How sweet this feast of love!

O, may we ever feel the pow'r

That cometh from above!

586 What Joy the Gospel Brings.

1 The Gospel comes like cloudless morn, After the dreary night; Then glitt'ring gems the fields adorn, And all is fair and bright.

What joy! what joy the Gospel brings To this sad world below! With healing in its golden beams It banishes our woe!

2 It falls upon the heart like rain, When flowers droop and die, It makes the desert bloom again Beneath a summer sky.

3 It brings new life into the dead,
And opens prison doors;
It lifts the sorrow-drooping head,
And consolation pours.

4 It helps to bear each weary cross,
To meekly suffer wrong,
It recompenses ev'ry loss,
And fills our mouths with song.

Perseverance in Work.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broad cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which may thrive— The late or early sown; Grace keeps the precious germ alive, When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

- 4 Thon shalt not toil in vain-Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, Shall foster and mature the grain For garners in the sky.
- 5 Thence, when the glorious end, The day of God, is come, The angel reapers shall descend And heav'n cry--" Harvest Home."

Glory-Halleluiah! 588 Rev. xix. 1.

Over on the other side we'll sing Glory Hallelujah! Over on the other side we'll sing Glory to the Lamb!

1 Our Saviour has gone over there, Over the river, He's gone our mansions to prepare,

Over the river— 2 He's beckoning on us to come, . . .

And join the everlasting throng, . . . 3 When we arrive in that blest place, . . . Eternally we'll sing His praise. . .

I Know I Love Thee. 589 John xxi. 17.

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord. Than any earthly joy, For Thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can destroy.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free, The half has never yet been told-The blood it cleanseth me!

2 I know that Thou art nearer still Than any earthly throng-And sweeter is the thought of Thee Than any lovely song!

3 Thou has put gladness in my heart-Then may I well be glad; Without the secret of Thy love I could not but be sad.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine, What will Thy presence be If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

590 Dear Saviour, We are Thine! 1 Cor. iii. 21, 23.

1 Dear Saviour, we are Thine By everlasting bands; Our names, our hearts, we would re- 3 Man may trouble and distress me. Our souls are in Thy hands. [sign-

2 To Thee we still would cleave With ever-growing zeal; If millions tempt us Thee to leave. O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite Our souls to Thee, our Head; Conform us to Thine image bright That we Thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide From these abodes of clay; But love shall keep us near Thy side Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one, Why should we yield to fear? If He in heav'n hath fix'd His throne He'll place His members there.

The Love of Christ. 591 Eph. iii. 19.

1 Love Divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down-Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesus, Thou art all compassion-Pure unbounded love Thou art: Visit us with Thy salvation— Enter ev'ry longing heart.

3 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit Into ev'ry troubl'd breast; Let us all Thy peace inherit, Let us find Thy promis'd rest.

4 Finish, Lord, Thy new creation— Pure and spotless may we be: Let us see our whole salvation Perfectly secur'd by Thee-

5 Chang'd from glory into glory, Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Faith and Consecration. 592 Matt. xvi. 24.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken — All to leave and follow Thee-Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken. Thou from hence my all shalt be.

2 Let the world despise and leave me. They have left my Saviour too: Human hearts and looks deceive me-Thou art not, like them, untrue.

'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;

Life with trials hard may press me. Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.

4 Thus I haste from grace to glory. Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r-Ileav'n's eternal day before me--Thine own hand shall guide me there! 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,

593 Grace, Love, Favour, 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour. And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favour, Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union— With each other and the Lord— And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth can not afford!

594 Much in Danger! 1 Cor. iv. 12.

1 Much in danger, oft in woe, Onward, Christian! onward go: Bear the toil, maintain the strife. Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye, Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry: Let not fear your course impede. Great your strength if great your need.

3 Let your drooping heart be glad; March in heav'nly armour clad: Fight, nor think the battle long, Soon shall vict'ry wake your song.

4 Onward, then, to battle move; More than congrers we shall prove; Though oppos'd by many a foe, Christian soldier onward go!

Faint not, Christian! 595 Gal. vi. 9.

1 Faint not, Christian, though the road Leading to thy blest abode Darksome be, and dang'rous too-Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'.

2 Faint not, Christian, though, in rage, Satan would thy soul engage: Gird on Faith's anointed shield. Bear it to the battle-field.

3 Faint not, Christian, though within There's a heart so prone to sin. Christ the Lord is over all. He'll not suffer thee to fall.

4 Faint not, Christian, Christ is near, Soon in glory to appear:

Then shall cease thy toil and strife. Thou shalt wear the crown of life.

596 Come, my Soul. James i. s.

Jesus loves to answer pray'r: He whose goodness bids thee pray, Will not cast thy suit away.

2 Thou art coming to a King. Large petitions with thee bring: For His grace and pow'r are such, None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord-remove this load within-Cleanse my heart from ev'ry sin; Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord—I come to Thee for rest; Take possession of my breast; There Thy blood bought right maintain. And without a rival reign.

597

Met Again! Matt. xviii. 20.

 Met again in Jesus' name. At His feet we humbly bow-He is evermore the same. Lo. He waits to meet us now!

2 In His name, if two or three Meet, and for His mercy call -There, the Saviour says, I'll be In the midst to bless you all-

3 You shall never ask in vain, Though your number be but few-Firm the promise doth remain-Lo, I always am with you.

4 Saviour, we believe Thy word. Calmly wait Thy promis'd grace; Spirit of our risen Lord-Holy Spirit, fill this place!

598 Thine For Ever. Psa. cxix. 04.

1 Thine for ever! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne above— Thine for ever may we be. Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life, Shield us through all earthly strife. Thou the life, the truth, the way, Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest;

Saviour, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend, O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep; Safe alone beneath Thy care, Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee supplied— All our sins by Thee forgiv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.

599 Christ the Ground.

1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground! Christ, the spring of all my joy! Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ!

2 Let Thy love my heart inflame! Keep Thy fear before my sight; Be Thy praise my highest aim; Be Thy smile my chief delight.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live!"

4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood, Nothing shall my heart confound; Safely I shall pass the flood, Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

5 When I touch the blessed shore, Back the closing waves shall roll, Death's dark stream shall never more Part from Thee my ravish'd soul.

6 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die!"

600 The Throne of Grace.

1 Lord! there is a throne of grace— There we now would seek Thy face; Thou wilt hear the humblest pray'r Of the soul that seeks Thee there.

2 Though our language simple be— Words are nothing, Lord, with Thee; To the broken, contrite heart Thou wilt joy and peace impart.

3 Saviour, for us intercede, While the promises we plead; And, while we the blessing gain, Thine the glory shall remain.

601 Lord! A Happy Child.

Lord, a happy child of Thine,
 Patient through the love of Thee,
 In the light, the life divine,
 Lives and walks at liberty.

2 Leaning on Thy tender care, Thou hast led my soul aright; Fervent was my morning pray'r, Joyful is my song to night.

3 O my Saviour, guardian true,
All my life is Thine to keep;
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thine arms I fall asleep.

Thou Art My Portion.

"Thou art my portion, saith my soul:
 And I am rich in Thee;
 My God, there is no want I crave
 But Thou suppli'st for me.

2 The labour of my hands may fail,
My path be girt with care;
But plenty crowns the heavinly board,
And I am welcome there

And I am welcome there.

3 Like mountain brooks in summer time,
Earth's streams of bliss may fail;
But joys perennial flow from Thee.

When parching droughts prevail.

4 O, rich and full from God's right hand
Are joys eternal giv'n;

That stream of bliss can never fail
That has its source in Heav'n.

5 "Thou art my portion, saith my soul;" I have no want denied, For from the treasures of Thy grace Are all my needs supplied.

How Sweet the Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's car!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds.
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole; It calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build. My shield and hiding place: My never failing treasury, fill'd

With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King! My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End! Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I Il praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim With ev'ry fleeting breath; And may the music of Thy name Refresh my soul in death!

Love and Brotherhood.

1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord In one another's peace delight, And so fulfil His word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh And with him bear a part, When sorrow flows from eye to eye And joy from heart to heart,

3 When free from every scorn and pride, Our wishes all above, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love.

When love in one delightful stream
Through ev'ry bosom flows,
When union sweet, and kind esteem
In ev'ry action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love!

The Sinner's Approach. Luke xv. 18.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers pray'r: There humbly fall before His feet, For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face—
And tell him Thou hast died.

O wondrous love to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame, That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious name!

606 The Saint's Desire.

Psa. cxvi. 9.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessëdness I knew When first I saw the Lord.— Where is the soul's refreshing view Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their mem'ry still—
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill!

4 Return, O holy Dove, return—
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer lights shall mark the road That keeps me with the Lamb!

607 Faith Through Trial.

1 My Father, it is good for me
To trust and not to trace;
And wait with deep humility
For Thy redeeming grace.

2 Lord, when Thy way is in the sea, And strange to mortal sense, I love Thee in the mystery, I trust Thy providence.

3 I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

4 So, faith and patience, wait a while— Not doubting, not in fear; For soon in heav'n my Father's smile Shall render all things clear.

5 Then shalt Thou end time's short eclipse, Its short uncertain night; Bring in the grand apocalypse— Reveal the perfect light!

608 The Grace of the Gospel.

1 O what amazing words of grace Are in the gospel found;

Suited to ev'ry sinner's case Who knows the joyful sound!

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls Are freely welcome here; Salvation like a river rolls Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then with all your wants and Your ev'ry burden bring— [wounds, Here love, unchanging love abounds, A deep celestial spring!

4 Millions of sinners, vile as you, Have here found life and peace— Come then and prove its virtues too, And drink, adore, and bless.

609 The Mercy-Seat.

1 From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat: "Tis found beneath the mercy-seat!

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all besides more sweet,— It is the blood-bought mercy-seat!

3 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar, And sin and sense molest no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

610 Fellowship in Christ.

1 Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake A hearty welcome here receive; May we together now partake The joys which only He can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n To know the Saviour's precious name; And shortly we shall meet in heav'n, Our life, our way, our end the same.

3 May He by whose kind care we meet Send His good Spirit from above; Make our communications sweet, And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme, When Christians meet together thus; We only wish to speak of Him Who liv'd and died, and reigns for us.

611 O Love of God!

1 O Love of God, how strong and true, Eternal and yet ever new— Uncomprehended and unbought— Beyond all knowledge and all thought! 2 O Love of God, how deep and great,

Far deeper than man's deepest hate— Self-fed, self-kindled like the light, Changeless, eternal, infinite!

3 O heav'nly love, how precious still In days of weariness and ill, In nights of pain and helplessness— To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

4 We read Thee best in Him who came To bear for us the cross of shame— Sent by the Father from on high, Our life to live, and death to die!

5 O Love of God, our shield, our stay, Through all the perils of our way— Eternal love, in Thee we rest, For ever safe, for ever blest!

612 Go, Labour On!

1 Go, labour on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will; It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought; Thy earthly loss is heav'nly gain; Menheed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labour on while it is day; The world's dark night is hast'ning on: Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away: It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thicket
gloom.

613 Lord, I was Blind. John ix. 25, 38.

1 Lord, I was blind, I could not see In Thy marr'd visage any grace; But now the beauty of Thy face In radiant vision dawns on me!

2 Lord, I was deaf, I could not hear The thrilling music of Thy voice; But now I hear Thee and rejoice. And sweet are all Thy words and dear

3 Lord, I was dumb. I could not speak The grace and glory of Thy name;

- But now, as touch'd with living flame, My lips Thine eager praises wake.
- 4 Lord, I was dead, I could not stir My lifeless soul to come to Thee; But now, since Thou hast quicken'd me, I rise from sin's dark sepurchre!
- 5 For Thou hast made the blind to see, The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, The dead to live—and lo, I break The chains of my captivity!

614 Spirit of Truth. John xvi. 13.

- Spirit of truth, indwelling light,
 For ever in our souls abide;
 Open our eyes to see aright,
 Into all truth our footsteps guide.
- 2 Spirit of comfort and of love, Come to our hearts with soothing spell, Our troubled thoughts, our fears, remove, With us for ever deign to dwell
- 3 Sent from the Father by the Son, Come forth, our guide to them to be; For Thou we know with them art one, And we have them in having Thee.
- 4 A peace the world has not to give Is theirs who do the Saviour's will; Help Thou us more to Him to live, And with His peace our spirits fill!

615 Jesus in the Midst.

- 1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet, There they behold Thy mercy-seat; Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few, Thy former mercies here renew; Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r, To strengthen faith and sweeten care, To teach our faint desires to rise, And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near; Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear; O, rend the heav'ns, come quickly down— And make our waiting hearts Thine own!

616 Hymn before Parting.

1 Come, Christian brethren, ere we part Join ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart,

- One solemn hymn to God we raise, One final song of grateful praise!
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more, But there is yet a happier shore; And there, releas'd from toil and pain, Brethren, we all shall meet again.
- 3 Now, to our God—the Three in One— Be everlasting glory done; Rehearse, ye saints, the sound again— Let ev'ry voice repeat Amen!

617 We Shall Meet Again.

- 1 We'll meet again—how sweet the word! How soothing is its sound! Like strains of far-off music heard On some enchanted ground.
- We'll meet again, we'll meet on the evergreen sh re.
- We'll meet again, yes, meet to part no more!
- 2 We'll meet again -- the true heart speaks When dearest ones depart; And in the pleasing prospect seeks Balm for the bleeding heart.
- 3 In heav'n's serene and endless rest, Secure from care and pain, There in the mansions of the blest We'll surely meet again.

618 Glory to God and the Lamb.

- 1 Glory to Him who tasted death—
 That we might life receive;
 If we in Him have steadfast faith—
 Though we were dead, we live.
- 2 Glory to Him who won the strife
 And is gone up on high...
 The Resurrection and the Life...
 In whom we never die.
- 3 Glory from us who think Him long, And for His coming wait; And glory from yon heav'nly throng Within the pearly gate.
- 4 When wilt Thou be at once ador'd—
 By one church, in one home?
 O haste the time—delay not, Lord—
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.
 - TO FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GEOST, THE GOD WHOM WE ADORE, BE GLORY, AS IT WAS AND IS, AND SHALL BE EVER MORE!

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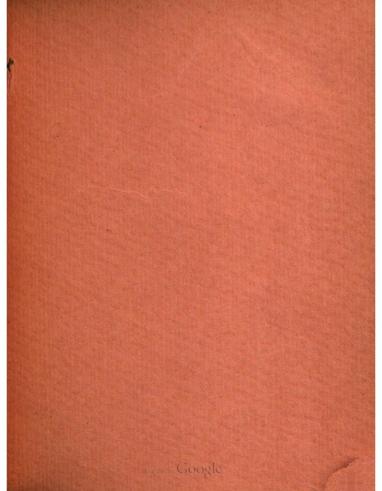
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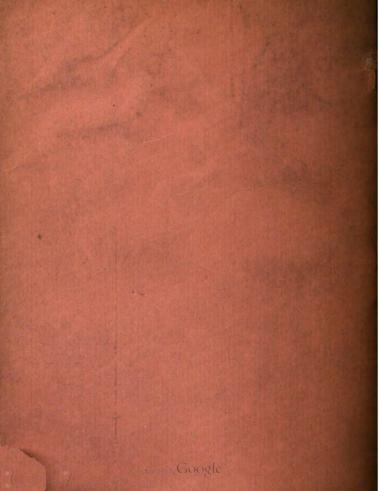
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SONG

EVANGEL.

114 BEAUTIFUL TUNES,

Specially Adapted for Evangelistic and Home Use.

Compiled by JOHN BURNHAM.

LONDON:

WILLIAM NICHOLSON & SONS,

o, Warwick Square, Paternoster Row, & Albion Works, Wakefield. J. Burnham, 24, Keston Road, East Dulwich Road. S.E.

dex to First Lines.

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All our loved ones are passing away 13 Almost persuaded	I am far frae my hame
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Hark, the lilies whisper	Oh, let me tell it onceagain

Song Evangel.



By GRACE WE ARE SAVED.

1 OH, the wonderful love our Redeemer bestows:

He has died, not alone for His friends but His foes!

To embrace the poor prodigal waiting He stands.

With the print of the nails in the palms of His hands.

Chorus.

By His grace we are saved! And thro' faith in His name. The poorest and weakest His mercy may claim.

Dh! the wonderful fountain that flows from His side:

There is health, there is peace in its life-giving tide,

And its blood-crimsoned waters are boundless and free:

Heavy-laden, behold it is open for thee ! Cho.

3 Oh! the Cross and its story will never grow old;

'Tis a wonder of wonders we cannot unfold:

To that Cross, guilty sinner, oh, cling while you may;

Tis the Saviour invites you, why will you delay? Cho,

BY THE WELL-SIDE.

I By the well-side in the desert, Neath the mid-day's burning heat, How I panted for the water.

Cool and crystal, at my feet! And my spirit died within me

Till a voice like music fell: Draw near and quench thy fevered

Behold the living well!

Ref.-Let me tarry at the well-side for ever,

With my Saviour at the well-side for ever;

'Tis the blessed well of love everlasting.

And my soul would linger there

2 By the well-side, by the well-side, How my soul delights to sing.

With its chalice filled and sparkling From the never-failing spring! Oh, ve trav'llers in the desert.

Hear the loving Saviour call:

Draw near and quench your fevered thirst.

There's room, there's room for all! Ref.

3 By the well-side, oh, my Father, Let me drink and drink again Of the water Jesus gives me, Till my earthly star shall wane; Then rejoicing, then exulting,
When a few more days are o'er,
The boundless ocean of His love
I'll drink for evermore! Ref.

3 NOT WITH THE MULTITUDE.

I It is not with the multitude
I feel my heart revive,
It is not with the giddy throng
My soul is kept alive;
'Tis in the silent, sacred hour,
When none but God is near,
My heart is filled with sacred love,
And reverential fear.

Cho.—Not with the multitude,
Not with the multitude—
No place is so sweet as the
mercy seat
When none but God is near.

2 It is not with the multitude I hear the still, small voice, Which whispers messages of love, And bids my heart rejoice; Oh, no; 'tis when, withdrawn from earth

And every earth-bound tie, I hear Thy kind parental voice, And "Abba, Father," cry. Cho.

3 It is not with the multitude
My sweetest joys arise;
Nor even with the saints on earth,
Though bound by sacred ties;
The fellowship of saints is sweet,
But sweeter, better far,
Is fellowship with Christ, my Lord,

4 THY FATHER SPEAKS, BE STILL!*

^T I saw a youth of slender form Bend o'er a silent bier,

mission of Sunday School Union.

The bright and Morning Star. Ch.

And, weeping, clasp the icy hand Of her he loved so dear: That hand had rested on his head, Those lips had moved in prayer:

"Be still!" I said, "O child of grief, On Jesus cast thy care."

Cho.—"Trust patiently, trust lovingly,
Oh, question not His will;
'Be still, and know that I am
God!'
Thy Father speaks: be still!"

2 I saw a man of fourscore years, His locks were white as snow, And through the churchyard gate he passed With tottering step, and slow;

With tottering step, and slow;
The last of all his dear ones gone,
'Twas hard the cross to bear,
Yet there I whisper'd, "Peace, be
still!
On Jesus cast thy care,"
Cho.

3 The leaf may fall, the blossom die,
The rose may cease to bloom,
And life behold a wintry day,
Whose skies are draped in gloom;
Yet mercy binds the broken heart,
And whispers gently there,

"Be still, O troubled one! be still!
On Jesus cast thy care." Cho.

5 God of Eternity.

I God of Eternity, Author of Time, Giver and Source of Life, Ruler sublime, Thou uncreated Lord, Ancient of Days, Glorious in boliness, Fearful in praise,



Cho.

Cho.

Cho.—High over all Thy works

Blest evermore,

God of the Universe,

Thee we adore.

Wondrous in Majesty,
 Wisdom, and might,
 Lo! 'twas Thy voice that said,
 "Let there be light!"
 Vast realms and numberless,
 Lord, are Thine own;
 Nations and sceptred kings
 Bow at Thy Throne.

3 Thine is a perfect law,
Thy word is pure;
Righteous are all Thy ways,
Thy judgments sure;
Mercy and truth abide
Ever with Thee;
Love like a river flows,

Deep as the sea.

6 THERE IS A NAME.

- I THERE is a Name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear, The sweetest Name on earth!
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile, Beaming upon His child, It cheers me through this little while, Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 Jesus, the Name I love so well,
 The Name I love to hear;
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.

5 This Name shall shed its fragrance still Along this thorny road, Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill That leads me up to God.

6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,

From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

7 ONLY FOR THEE.

PRECIOUS Saviour, may I live
Only for Thee;
Use the talents Thou dost give
Only for Thee;
Be my spirit's deep desire
Only for Thee;
May my powers of mind aspire
Only for Thee.

2 In my joys may I rejoice
Only for Thee;
In my choosing make my choice
Only for Thee;
Meekly may I suffer grief
Only for Thee;
Gratefully accept relief
Only for Thee.

3 Be my smiles and be my tears
Only for Thee;
Be my young and riper years
Only for Thee;
Be my song till latest breath
Only for Thee;
Be my glory after death
Only for Thee,

8 CARELESS SINNER.

I GoD grants thee yet a little space, Poor careless sinner, come;

He lengthens out thy day of grace,
Poor careless sinner, come.
Will not the story of His love
Who came, thy ransom, from above,
One tender thought within thee move?
Poor careless sinner, come.

- 2 Thou art unblessed and unforgiven, Poor careless sinner, come; Thou hast no hope of joy in heaven, Poor careless sinner, come. A rugged path thou long hast trod, Return and claim thy peace with God, Be washed in His atoning blood; Poor careless sinner, come.
- 3 Thy Saviour now is passing by, Poor careless sinner, come; He would not that thy soul should die, Poor careless sinner, come. His Spirit pleads and pleads with thee, Approach Him*now on bended knee, Accept by faith His love so free;

9 THE SEARCHING QUESTION.

Poor careless sinner, come.

I THE Twelve with Jesus sat at meat, Before our debt of sin was paid, And Jesus said, as they did eat, That He by one should be betrayed:

Their hearts grew heavy at the sound, Each faithful bosom heaved a sigh, And this sad question went around, Is it I? Oh, is it I?

Chorus.

Would I the Lamb of God betray? Afresh the Saviour crucify? Aye, many do it ev'ry day: Is it I? Oh, is it I? 2 Though Christ an offering must be made That guilty man might ransomed

be;
Yet woe to Iudas, who betraved

His Lord to death upon the tree; Who had before agreed for pay To give his Master up to die;

Yet with the rest, at meat, could say, Is it I? Oh, is it I? Cho.

3 Far better had he not been born Than by a kiss his Lord betray; His lot, so bitter and forlorn, He took his own poor life away: Before his wretched spirit fied, With failing strength and glazing

In vain remorse, he must have said,
It is I? Oh, it is I! Cho.

10 YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

A ruler once came to Jesus by night,
 To ask Him the way of salvation and
 light:

The Master made answer, in words true and plain.

"Ye must be born again."

Chorus.

"Ye must be born again, Ye must be born again, I verily, verily say unto thee, Ye must be born again."

s Ye children of men, attend to the

so solemnly uttered by Jesus, the

And let not this message to you be in vain.

"Ye must be born again."

3 O ye who would enter that glorious rest.

And sing with the ransomed the song

of the blest;
The life everlasting if ye would ob-

tain,
"Ye must be born again."

Cho.

4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see.

At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee;

Then list to the note of this solemn refrain.

"Ye must be born again."

Cho.

11 REJOICE EVERMORE.

I REJOICE! rejoice! for Jesus reigns, The Prince of peace and love, To guide the children of His grace To heaven their home above. And they who seek His loving care Thro' dark and sunny days, Shall know how safely they may walk When God directs their ways.

Chorus.

Rejoice! rejoice for evermore! Immanuel's praises sing; They must rejoice who surely know That Jesus is their King.

- 2 Rejoice! rejoice! the Christ has come The Saviour of mankind,
 To seek the lost ones of His fold,
 And heal the halt and blind.
 Oh, erring and repentant soul,
 Look up, and thou shalt live;
 The Friend of sinners comes to save,
 To ransom and forgive.
 Cho.
- 3 Rejoice! rejoice for evermore, Nor let one soul repine;

Though friends forget, and hearts grow cold,
A Father's love is thine.
And if the world seem dark with frowns,
Just meet them with a smile;
And, with the hope of future bliss,
All present ills beguile. Cho.

12 Song of the Lilies.

- I HARK, the lilies whisper
 Tenderly and low,
 "In our grace and beauty
 See how fair we grow;"
 Thus our heavenly Father
 Cares for all below.
 The lilies of the field,
 The beautiful lilies of the field,
 Your Father cares for them,
 And shall He not care for you?
- 2 Hark, the roses speaking, Telling all abroad, Their sweet wondrous story Of the love of God, In the Rose of Sharon, Jesus Christ the Lord. The roses, how they bloom! The beautiful roses, how they bloom! Your Father cares for them, And shall He not care for you?
- 3 Buttercups and daisies,
 And the violets sweet,
 Flowers of field and garden—
 All their voices meet,
 And their Maker's praises
 To our souls repeat.
 They sing their Maker's praise,
 The beautiful flowers, how they sing!
 Your Father cares for them,
 And shall He not care for you?
- 4 Let us then be trustful, Doubting not, although

Much of toil and trouble
Be our lot below.
Think upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow.
The lilies of the field,
The beautiful lilies of the field;
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?

13 THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

1 ALL our loved ones are passing away, Like the sweetest and fairest of flowers.

Only blossoming just for a day,
On this sorrowful earth-land of
ours.

They are going from you and from me, For no longer with us can they

For no longer with us can they wait;

But we know, in the glad days to be, We shall meet by the beautiful gate.

Chorus.

We will meet by the gate, by the beautiful gate,

Where the angels our coming shall wait:

When we cross o'er the tide to the sweet other side,
We will meet by the beautiful gate.

2 Oh, we cherish, in memory's bright

store,
Happy visions no time can efface,
Of the lost ones in glad days of yore,
They who cheered us with beauty
and grace.

One by one they have faded away,
For no longer on earth could they

But we know in some bright sunny day.

We will meet by the beautiful gate.

3 In that land that is fairest and blest, Where no sorrow can ever betide, We shall linger at last in sweet rest, With the lost ones again by ou

We are wandering home one by one,
To that promised land, weary and
late,
And we know when our journey is

And we know when our journey is done,

We will meet by the beautiful gate.

14 TELL US, O YE WATCHERS.

I TELL us, O ye watchers,
Can ye see a sign
Of the wondrous glories
Of the coming time?
On the mountains standing
Looking far and near,
Can ye see the gleaming
Of the morning star?

Cho.—O ye ever faithful watchers,
Tho' the night be long and dark,
Slumber not, slumber not,
Soon the morn will break.

2 Tell us, O ye watchers, Can ye, where ye stand, See the mists roll upward From the sea and land? Can ye hear the music, Faint and far away, That will break around us In the latter day?

Cho.

3 Not in vain, ye watchers,
Through the cold and damps,
With a tireless patience
Do ye trim your lamps;
Oft the weary stranger,
In the dreary night,
Smiles with sudden pleasure
When he sees the light,

Cho.

4 Patient, O ye watchers;
Do not count the hours
That ye keep a look-out
From the lonely towers;
Sweetest words of blessing
Will that servant hear,
Whom the Lord finds waking
When He shall appear.

15 ART THOU LOST?

ART thou lost, lost, lost!
 Wandering one, wailing alone?
 In the dark, dark past,
 Beameth no light for thee?
 Lo! a strong hand thro' the darkness

doth move;
Lo! a sweet voice bears this message
of love:

"I, the blest Jesus, came down from

above
To seek and to save the lost f'

2 Oh! believe on Him,
Sorrowing one, fainting alone;
To the Cross, oh, cling,
Trusting in God's dear son.
Only believe He is able to do
All that you ask, or is needed by
you;

Jesus is ready your soul to renew;
Then just as you are, oh, come!

3 Oh, be saved, saved!
Perishing one, trembling alone;

In thy Father's house
Many wait thy return.

25 The STILL

MASTER, the tempest is raging!
 The billows are tossing high!
 The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
 No shelter or help is nigh:

16 This is not Your Rest.

round my | pathway | roar,

Do ye not know some spot where mortals | weep no | more?

Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley | in the | west,

Where, free from toil and pain, the

weary | soul may | rest?
Where, free from toil and pain, the

weary | soul may | rest? The loud wind dwindled to a |

whisper | low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered,

And sighed for pity, as it answered | "No! | No! | No! | No!"

2 Te me, thou mighty deep, whose | billows | round me | play,

Know'st thou some favoured spot, some island | far a- | way,

Where weary man may find the bliss for | which he | sighs—

Where sorrow never lives, and friendship | never | dies?

Where sorrow never lives, and friendship | never | dies?

The loud waves, rolling in per-

Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer, | "No!"

3 And thou, serenest moon, that | with such | holy | face,

Dost look upon the earth asleep in | night's em- | brace,

Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not | seen some | spot

Where miserable man might find a | happier | lot?

Where miserable man might find a | happier | lot?

Behind a cloud the moon with-

And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, | "No!"

ogle^{sp}

me, | Hope and | Faith,

Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?

Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blest,

Where grief may find a balm, and weari- | ness a | rest?

Where grief may find a balm, and weari- | ness a | rest? Faith, Hope, and Love-best boons

to | mortals | given-

Waved their bright wings, and whispered, | "Yes! | in | heaven.

17 VERILY, VERILY.

I OH, what a Saviour that He died for me!

From condemnation He hath made me free:

"He that believeth on the Son," saith

"Hath everlasting life."

Chorus.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you,

Verily, verily," message ever new; "He that believeth on the Son,"

"Hath everlasting life."

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid. All my indebtedness by Him was paid;

All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said.

"Have everlasting life." Cho.

3 Though poor and needy I can trust my Lord,

Though weak and sinful I believe His word:

O glad message! every child of God, Hath everlasting life."

Tell me, my secret soul—oh, tell 4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt. For him that cometh He will not cast

> "He that believeth," oh, the good news shout.

"HATH everlasting life." Cho.

18 SAFE WITH THE MASTER.

I WHERE is now our loved one? Where, oh, where? Not where the living weary, Not where the dving moan, Not where the day is dreary. Not where the night is lone, Not in a home of weeping. Not in a darkened room. Not in a graveyard sleeping, Not in a silent tomb, Not in a graveyard sleeping, Not in a silent tomb. No! not there! No! not there!

2 Where is now our loved one? Where, oh, where? Safe in a land immortal. Safe in a country rare. Safe in a heavenly portal, Safe in a mansion fair. Safe with the joys supernal, Safe with the blest to bow, Safe with the Love Eternal. Safe with the Master now. Safe with the Love Eternal. Safe with the Master now. There! yes there! There! yes there!

4 Glorious Immanuel, ever to reign, Wide be Thy banner in splendour unfurled:

Send forth Thy messengers o'er land and main,

And bid them not cease till they conquer the world!

24 WHY DO YOU WAIT?

I WHY do you wait, dear brother? Oh, why do you tarry so long? Your Saviour is waiting to give you A place in His sanctified throng.

Chorus.

Why not? why not?
Why not come to Him now?
Why not? why not?
Why not come to Him now?

- 2 What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further delay? There's no one to save you but Jesus, There's no other way but His way. Cho.
- 3 Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now striving within? Oh, why not accept His salvation, And throw off the burden of sin. Cho.
- 4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
 The harvest is passing away,
 Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
 There's danger and death in delay.
 Cho.

25 PEACE, BE STILL!

MASTER, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high! The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh: "Carest Thou not that we perish?"
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is
threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

Chorus.

The winds and the waves shall obey
My will:
Peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed

Or demons or men, or whatever it be, No waters can swallow the ship where

lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and

skies;
They all shall sweetly obey My will:
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
They all shall sweetly obey My will
Peace, peace, be still!

2 Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief to-day;

The depths of my sad heart are troubled,
Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;

And I perish! I perish! dear Master, Oh, hasten, and take control. Cho.

3 Master, the terror is over, The elements sweetly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored.

And heaven's within my breast: Linger, O blessed Redeemer, Leave me alone no more;

And with joy I shall make the blest harbour,

And rest on the blissful shore.

26 WHY UNBELIEVING?

- Why unbelieving?
 Why wilt thou spurn
 Love that so gently
 Pleads thy return?
 Come ere thy fleeting day
 Fades into night away;
 Now mercy's call obey—
 To Jesus come.
- 2 Why unbelieving? Wounding thy Lord, Grieving His Spirit, Doubting His Word? Think, 'twas for thee He died; Think of His bleeding side; Now to the crucified— To Jesus come.
- 3 Why unbelieving:
 Thou canst be blest,
 Jesus will pardon,
 He'll give thee rest;
 Why wilt thou longer wait?
 Haste to the Open Gate,
 Come ere it be too late;
 To Jesus come.
- 4 Why unbelieving?
 Trifle no more,
 Death may be near thee,
 E'en at thy door—
 Come with a broken heart,
 Come, helpless as thou art,
 Come, choose the better part,—
 To Jesus come.

27 STILL UNDECIDED?

I STILL undecided?

Look to thy heart;

Grieve not the Spirit;

Lest He depart;

Why wilt thou longer wait? Come ere it be too late; Jesus at Mercy's gate Grace will impart.

- 2 Still undecided? Slight not the voice Breathing so kindly: Make Me thy choice; Look at My hands and see I bore the nails for thee, I died to make thee free; Come and rejoice.
- 3 Still undecided?
 Time flies apace;
 Jesus entreats thee;
 Spurn not His grace;
 What if the word were passed,
 This night should be thy last?
 Where would thy soul be cast?
 Where hide thy face?
- 4 Still undecided?
 What shall we say?
 Still undecided?
 Yet we will pray:
 Oh, may the Spirit move!
 Oh, may our God above
 Melt thy poor heart to love—
 Melt thee to-day!

28 THE NAME OF JESUS.

r On, speak the name of Jesus,
Tell it afar and near;
Tell how it heals your sorrows,
And dries the mourner's tear:
Speak it to those around you,
In your happy land:
But send the tidings farther,
To Afrie's burning sand.

Chorus.

Oh, speak the Saviour's name, Name of all names most dear:

step I see before me. Spread I is all I need to see, Tillue light of heaven more brightly shines

² To When earth's illusions flee, TAnd sweetly through the silence

comes His loving "Follow Me." Cho.

3 Oh, blissful lack of wisdom, 'Tis blessed not to know: He holds me with His own right hand.

And will not let me go; And lulls my troubled soul to rest In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go, not knowing. I would not if I might; I'd rather walk in the dark with God Than go alone in the light; I'd rather walk by faith with Him Than go alone by sight. Cho.

33 Working for the Master.*

I I'm working for the Master-Oh, glorious work divine! Thro' grace I'll labour in the field While breath and life are mine; I'm working for the Master, And this my boast shall be: The consecrated cross of Him Who bled and died for me. Dear Saviour, hear my earnest prayer, Descend in power and might: Make this the temple of Thy love, And bless our souls to-night.

2 If strains like mine, so simple, Can reach Thy gracious ear, Oh, grant the Christian hope they breathe

Some careless soul may hear:

If I am counted worthy To sing these songs for Thee, The least among Thy children, Lord, I am content to be.

Dear Saviour, hear my earnest prayer, Descend in power and might; Oh, turn some wand'rer to Thy fold,

Convert one soul to-night.

3 Thy name, oh, precious Jesus, My constant theme below: Thy love, that crowns the angels'

song, I'll sing where'er I go; While on my journey homeward, My greatest joy shall be To labour in the vineyard here, And gather souls for Thee-Dear Saviour, hear my earnest prayer,

Descend in power and might; Convert some thoughtless sinner

now.-

Oh, save some soul to-night.

34 THERE'LL BE JOY BY-AND-BYE

I THO' the night be dark and dreary. Tho' the way be long and weary, Morn shall bring thee light and cheer:

Child, look up, the dawn is near!

Chorus.

There'll be joy by-and-bye, There'll be joy by-and-bye: In the dawning of the morning. There'll be joy by-and-bye.

2 Though thine eyes are sad with weeping, Through the night thy vigils keeping.

God shall wipe thy tears away, Turn thy darkness into day.

3 Though thy spirit faints with fasting Through the hours so slowly wasting, Morn shall bring a glorious feast, Thou shalt sit an honoured guest. Ch.

By per, of Sunday School Union.

35 THE ARMY WITH BANNERS.

Is that the moon rising o'er you mountain's crest?

Is that the sun gilding the land of the

Is that the sun gilding the land of the west?

Oh, no! 'tis the army, with psalms and hosannas,

They praise their great Leader, and lift high their banners, And lift high their banners!

Chorus.

Our host ever shining, the Army with banners!

We're marching to Zion, with psalms and hosannas.

We're marching to Zion, we're marching to Zion,

We're marching to Zion, with psalms and hosannas.

2 Is that the great ocean that breaks on the shore?

Is that the loud thunder or fierce tempest's roar?

Oh, no! 'tis the shouting, with bright shining banners.

They're marching to conquest with psalms and hosannas.

With psalms and hosannas! Cho.

3 In days long departed the foremost have passed,

No eye of the living shall number the last;

March on, valiant army, with psalms and hosannas.

Sing praises to Jesus and lift high your banners,

And lift high your banners! Cho.

4 Come, join the great army, and march with the host,

Though kingdoms and empires shall crumble to dust;

To power and dominion, to conquest our banners,

Advance with the warriors, with psalms and hosannas, With psalms and hosannas! Cho.

36 TENDERLY HE LEADS US.

I TENDERLY He leads us All our days below, Carefully He shows us Ev'ry step we go.

Ref.—Tenderly He leads us

Ev'ry step we go;

Oh, how sweet to trust Him

All the way below.

2 Through the Holy Spirit, We are taught the way Upward to His kingdom, Brighter far than day.

Ref.

3 They who early seek Him With an humble mind, Pardon, life, and comfort, Evermore shall find.

Ref.

37 CHRIST RETURNETH.

I IT may be at morn, when the day is awaking,

When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is breaking,

That Jesus will come in the fulness of glory,

To receive from the world "His own."

Chorus.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song Christ returneth, Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen, Hallelujah! Amen, twilight:

It may be, perchance, that the blackness of mid-night

Will burst into light in the blaze of His glory.

When Iesus receives "His own." Cho.

3 While hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending. With glorified saints and the angels

attending. With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory. Will Iesus receive "His own." Cho.

4 Oh. joy! oh. delight! should we go without dving. No sickness, no sadness, no dread and

no crying; Caught up through the clouds with

our Lord into glory.

When Iesus receives "His own. Cho.

CLING TO THE ROCK. 38

I CLING to the Rock that through ages long

Has been the soul's Refuge secure: Cling with a faith, firm abiding and strong,

That we to the end may endure.

Chorus.

Then cling to the Rock, Cling close to the Rock. Then cling to the Rock of ages.

cling:

Then cling to the Rock, Cling close to the Rock.

Cling to the Rock of ages, cling.

2 It may be at mid-day, it may be at | 2 Bathe in the Flood, the all-cleansing Flood.-

> The Fountain for sin opened wide: Drink of the stream, the life-giving stream.

That flows from its deep riven side.

3 Cling to the Rock and the promises. No merit nor price we can bring; The Spirit says "Come," and the call we should heed.

With faith in the cross may we cling! Cho.

4 Cling to the Rock while life's dark seas roll.

And waves of temptation beat high:

Cling to the safe resting place of the

When trials and dangers are nigh. Čho.

39 WHICH ROAD ARE YOU CHOOSING?

I WHICH road are you choosing, my friends?

Which road are you choosing to take?

Just stop here and think what depends

Upon the decision you make; You know that one leadeth astray. And ends in destruction at last.

And that in the strait, narrow way You're safe when all trials are past

Chorus.

Then why are you doubtful, my friends, Which road of these two you should take?

Oh, think of the life that depends Upon the decision you make.

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2 The "witnesses" gather around, And earnestly, tremblingly wait To see who among us have found The way to the beautiful gate? The evil ones also are here,

And point to the way which is broad:

Beloved, whate'er may appear,
That way leads to death's dark
abode.
Cho.

3 Oh, where are you going, my friends?
Which road are you choosing to
take?

The Saviour in mercy descends; Choose rightly for His own dear sake;

Tis only with Him we can go;
We must cling alone to His hand;
But He will lead past every foe,
Safe, safe to His heavenly land.
Cho.

40 "MAY I COME IN?"

- I BEHOLD Me standing at the door, And hear Me pleading evermore With gentle voice above the din, "May I come in?" "May I come in?"
- 2 I fought for thee with death's dark wave.

I burst the dungeons of the grave; I would My rightful guerdon win— "May I come in?" "May I come in?"

- 3 I wore the cruel thorns for thee; I listen long and patiently To hear thy footsteps from within; "May I come in?" "May I come in?"
- 4 There's surely room within thy breast
 For one more loving than the rest;

More loving far than earthly kin—
"May I come in?" "May I come
in?"

5 I would not have thee beat in vain My Father's door, and plead in pain When Heaven and all its joys begin— "May I come in?" "May I come in?"

41 SIN OF WAITING.

ART thou waiting, weary spirit,
At the pool where Jesus stands?
Art thou gath'ring up thy merit
To present His holy hands?
Art thou waiting for the morrow,
For some better, brighter day?
Oh! beware, lest to thy sorrow
He should turn and pass away.

Chorus.

Only waiting, only waiting! Waiting means to disobey; Only waiting, only waiting! Sad and terrible delay!

2 Art thou waiting? Wherefore waiting?
 Till thy guilt to thee seem less?
 Till thy doubts and fears, abating,
 Cease to trouble and distress?
 Till the bloom of life is blasted,

And the mercy of thy Lord,
Which through patient years has
lasted.

Lifts the swift avenging sword?

3 He is waiting! Saviour Jesus, Thou hast waited all too long; Sin in vain has sought to please us— We are weary of its song.

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To Thy open bosom flying,
With compassion on Thy brow,
By Thy bleeding and Thy dying,
Save, Lord Jesus, save just now.
Cho.

42 LET THE MASTER IN.

I ONCE I heard a sound at my heart's dark door.

And was roused from the slumber of sin;

of sin;
It was Jesus knocked, He had knocked before;

Now I said, Blessed Master, come in.

Chorus.

Then open, open,
Open, let the Master in;
For the heart will be bright with a
heavenly light,
When you let the Master in,

2 Then He spread a feast of redeeming

And He made me His own happy

guest;
In my joy I thought that the saints
above

Could be hardly more favoured or blest. Cho.

3 In the holy war with the foes of truth,

He's my Shield, He my table pre-

He restores my soul, He renews my youth,

And gives triumph in answer to prayers. Cho.

4 He will feast me still with His presence dear, And the love He so freely hath given, While His promise tells, as I serve Him here, Of the banquet of glory in heaven. Cho.

43 BESIDE THE WELL AT NOON-TIME.

I BESIDE the well at noon-time,
I hear a sad one say,
"I want that living weter

"I want that living water, Give me to drink, I pray;"
"The well is deep, O pilgrim!"
"But deeper is my need;
I thirst for life eternal.

The 'Gift of God' indeed."

Chorus.

Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, The living water buy! Ye blessed ones that hunger, Take, eat, and never die.

Beside the pool Bethesda,

I hear a mournful cry;
No help, no hope is offered
To one so weak as I:
Oh, cease thy sad complaining,
The gospel gives thee cheer;
Come to the house of mercy,
For Christ, the pool, is here. Cho,

3 While seated on the hill-side,
The hungry ones were fed
By Him who said most truly,
"I am the living Bread:"
"Tis He, the heavenly manna,
Who doth our souls restore;
By faith, of Him partaking,
We live for evermore.

Cho.

44 LEAD US, O SHEPHERD TRUE.

I LEAD us, O Saviour dear! Keep us Thy side so near,

We shall no danger fear,
Nor ever stray:
When quiet waters flow,
And fairest flowers grow,
Or when the storm winds blow,
Lead us alway.

Chorus.

Lead us, O Shepherd true!
Lead, lest we stray;
Till we bid earth adieu,
Lead us, we pray;
Thou who hast gone before,
Guide to that blessed shore,
Where we shall sin no more,
Lead us, we pray.

2 Lead us, O Christ divine!
Take our weak hands in Thine;
Let Thy love o'er us shine;
Call us Thine own:
Hearing Thy voice so sweet,
May we with ready feet
Follow Thee till we meet
Round Thy pure throne. Cho.

45 SO NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

I So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack?
So near to the kingdom! what keepeth thee back?
Renounce ev'ry idol, tho' dear it may

And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee.

Refrain.

Pleading with thee,
The Saviour is pleading, is pleading with thee.

2 So near that thou hearest the songs that resound From those who, believing, a pardon have found! So near, yet unwilling to give up thy sin.

When Jesus is waiting to welcome thee in! Ref.

3 Oh come, or thy season of grace will be past,

The door will be closed, and this call be thy last;

Oh, where would'st thou turn if the light should depart

That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy heart? Ref.

4 To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost?

To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost!

So near to the kingdom! oh come, we implore,

While Jesus is pleading, come enter the door. Ref.

46 More than Tongue can Tell.

THE love that Jesus had for me— To suffer on the cruel tree, That I a ransomed soul might be— Is more than tongue can tell.

Chorus.

His love is more than tongue can tell, His love is more than tongue can tell; The love that Jesus had for me Is more than tongue can tell,

2 The many sorrows that He bore, And, oh, that crown of thorns He wore, That I might live for evermore, Is more than tongue can tell. Cho.

3 The joy I feel that He is near, The hope I have so bright and clear,

Cho.

The peace He gives without one fear, Are more than tongue can tell.

4 Oh, how I love His blessed Name! In sweetest songs to sing His fame! And everywhere His grace proclaim, Yes, more than tongue can tell. Cho.

47 MIGHTY TO SAVE.

I OH, who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed,

Oh, tell me now Thy name? I that saw thy soul's distress,

A ransom paid;

I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save.

Chorus.

Mighty to save, mighty to save,
Mighty to save;
Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love,
Mighty to save.

2 Oh, why is Thy apparel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the winepress red? Oh, why this bloody tide?

I the winepress trod alone, Neath dark'ning skies; Of the people there was none

Mighty to save. Cho.
3 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour!
How could'st Thou bear this

shame?— With mercy fraught, Mine own arm brought

Salvation in My name;

I the bloody fight have won, Conquered the grave:

Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save. 48 A Few More Prayers.

I A FEW more prayers, a few more tears,

It won't be long, it won't be long, A few more months, a few more

A few more months, a few more years, Will hush my song, this earthly

song,
And then I shall sleep, in the valley.

And then I shall sleep, in the valley.

2 A little pain, a little joy, And, less or more, it matters not, Some mingling yet with earth's alloy, And then forgot, ah! soon forgot, While I sleep, calmly sleep, in the valley.

3 A little gathering of the loved, Whose patient hearts were always true.

Some tears to mingle with the sod, A very few, a very few,

When they lay me to rest in the valley.

4 But Jesu's love, His precious love,
Will be my stay, will be my stay;
And radiance gleaming from above
Will light the way, the lonely way,
When my soul passes through the
dark valley.

49 No Tears in heaven. *

I MET a child whose feet were bare, His weak frame shivered with the cold:

His youthful brow was knit with care, His flashing eye his sorrow told.

I said, "Poor child, why weepest thou?"

"My parents both are dead," he said,

By per. of Philip Philips.

"I have not where to lay my head- I Oh, I am lone and friendless now!"

"Not friendless, child, a Friend on high.

For you His precious blood has given.

Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry; There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

Chorus.

"Not friendless, child, a Friend on high.

For you His precious blood has given,

Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry; There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

2 I saw a man in life's gay noon, Stand weeping o'er his young

bride's bier: "And must we part," he cried, "so

soon?" As down his cheek there rolled a

"Heart-stricken one," I said, "weep

not:" "Weep not!" in accents wild he

"But yesterday my loved one died, And shall she be so soon forgot?"

"Forgotten? no! still let her love Sustain thy heart with anguish riven:

Strive thou to meet thy bride above; And dry your tears in heaven." Cho.

3 I saw a gentle mother weep, As to her throbbing heart she pressed

An infant, seemingly asleep On its kind mother's sheltering

breast,
"Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more."

Sobbed she, "The idol of my heart

I now am called to render up: My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."

"Young mother, yield no more to

grief.

Nor be by passion's tempest driven, But find in these sweet words relief: There are no tears in heaven."

Cho.

4 Poor traveller o'er life's troubled

Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed with care.

There is an arm above can save. Then yield not thou to fell des-

pair. Look upward, mourner, look above! What though the thunders echo

loud: The sun shines bright above the

cloud. Then trust in thy Redeemer's

love-Where'er thy lot in life be cast .-Whate'er of toil or woe be given-Be firm-remember to the last.

"There are no tears in heaven."

Cho.

50 ETERNITY. ETERNITY.

I Over the river, from shore to shore. Mortals each moment are passing o'er:

From ev'ry land and from ev'ry clime.

Passing the limits and bounds of

Ask you whereto can their mission be?---

All for the boundless Eternity! All for the boundless Eternity!

Cho.

Chorus.

Vast and boundless Eternity, Who can fathom thy mystery? Age to age will the problem be— Eternity! Eternity!

a Hasten, ye doubting, decide your fate;

Wait not, to-morrow may be too late!

List to the warnings from heaven and hell;

Seek the assurance that all is well; Flee to the Saviour, who died for thee.

Go thou, prepare for Eternity! Cho.

3 Coming so soon—'tis the angel of death! Ready—'Tis echoed in bated breath! Swiftly the vessel will onward glide, Over the waters so deep and wide, Then cast her anchor and all will be Launched in the boundless Eternity. Launched in the boundless Eternity.

4 This is the fiat of God's decree:
Thou art, and thou shalt for ever be;
Heavens shall melt, age and time
expire.

Worlds pass away, and be wrapt in

Yet nothing changes thy destiny, There in the boundless Eternity. There in the boundless Eternity. Cho.

51 WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

LIKE snow in the sunshine, Like foam on the shore, From earth we are passing, Returning no more;

Chorus.

Returning no more,
Returning no more,
From earth we are passing,
Returning no more.

2 Like clouds that sweep o'er us, Like flowers that decay, And meteors that vanish, We're passing away. Cho.

3 Like waves that rush onward, To break on the strand, So fast we are hasting To death's silent land.

4 Like stars of the morning,
To whom it is given
Their splendour to hide in
The glory of heaven.
Cho.

5 So may we to Jesus
From earth pass away,
Enwrapt in the radiance
Of heavenly day.
Cho.

52 YES, THERE IS PARDON FOR YOU.

I Oh, come to the Saviour, believe in His name,

And ask Him your heart to renew; He waits to be gracious, Oh, turn not away, For now there is pardon for you.

Chorus.

Yes, there is pardon for you, Yes, there is pardon for you; For Jesus has died to redeem you, And offers full pardon to you.

2 The way of transgression that leads unto death,
Oh, why will you longer pursue?

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How can you reject the sweet message of love That offers full pardon to you?

Cho.

3 Be warned of your danger; escape to the cross: Your only salvation is there:

Believe, and that moment the Spirit of grace

Will answer your penitent prayer.

53 NEVER FROM THEE.

I TENDERLY guide us, O Shepherd of love, To the green pastures of heaven above. Guarding us ever by night and by

day, Never from Thee will we stray.

Chorus.

Never, never, Never, oh, never, for Thou art the way:

Never, never, Never from Thee will we stray.

2 What though the heavens with clouds be o'ercast. Fearful the tempest, and bitter the blast.

What though the river of Death bar the way.

Never from Thee will we stray.

3 Over our weakness Thy strength hath

been cast. Keep us in meekness, Thine own till the last,

Then safely folded, where Thou art the day, Never from Thee will we stray. Cho.

54 THE SOLEMN QUESTION.

I THERE is a solemn question, To which I must reply; Shall I accept the Saviour, Or all His claims deny? Behold, He standeth knocking Upon my bosom's door; Perhaps, if now He ceaseth, 'Twill be for evermore.

Chorus.

Oh, shall I now receive Him. Accept Him and believe Him? Or shall I now refuse to hear, And bid Him go away?

- 2 How long He hath been waiting My heart alone can tell; How patiently entreating My conscience knoweth well; What words of solemn warning. What promises of love, His voice hath ever pleaded My stony heart to move. Cho.
- '3 The question must be answered: The time will soon be past: It will not do to-morrow. To-day may be my last. I either must reject Him, And choose the world of sin, Or open freely to Him And bid Him enter in. Cho.
- 4 Oh! on that awful morning. When He, upon His throne, Shall summon all before Him. Who life on earth have known:

How shall I stand before Him, And look upon His face, If while He here entreateth, I scorn His offered grace? Cho.

55 THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

I SHE only touched the hem of His garment

As to His side she stole,

Amid the crowd that gathered around

Him,

And straightway she was whole,

Chorus.

Oh, touch the hem of His garment, And thou, too, shalt be free; His saving power this very hour Shall give new life to thee.

2 She came in fear and trembling before Him,

She knew her Lord had come, She felt that from Him virtue had healed her,

The mighty deed was done. Cho.

3 He turned with "Daughter, be of good comfort,

Thy faith hath made thee whole,"

And peace that passeth all understanding

With gladness filled her soul. Cho.

56 LEANING ON JESUS.

r A BURDEN was laid on my spirit, Whose weight was too heavy to bear;

And so I just leaned upon Jesus,
And His loving heart heeded my
prayer,

Chorus.

Leaning on Jesus, my Refuge and Guide,
Leaning on Jesus, what want I beside?

Earth's golden treasures seem nothing but dross.

Since I have anchored my heart to His cross;

Leaning, leaning, Leaning on Jesus alone, Leaning, leaning, Leaning on Jesus alone.

2 The shadows of doubt gathered round me,

While the skies above me were

And I scarce could see through the darkness,

The road that would lead me to Him. Cho.

3 Then weary I sat by the way-side, And the tears fell fast from my

When, lo, on the far-away mountains,

I beheld the glad morning arise.

4 And its light came down from the hill-tops, And smiled on the valleys below,

Till my heart sang aloud in its gladness,
For the sunshine's bright, radiant

glow. Cho.

5 And I looked on the face of the Master,

As it shone through the glory of day;

And leaning my spirit upon Him, The burden slipped softly away.

57 HARVEST HOME.

I CAST thy bread upon the waters, Find it after many days; Jesus' toiling sons and daughters Loud shall sing their harvest praise.

Chorus.

God's own children gladly singing, Singing songs of harvest home; Golden sheaves in triumph bringing, Jesus bids us welcome home.

- 2 Sow in faith, on God depending, E'en in hardest, poorest soil; Patient care and labour spending, God will recompense the toil. Cho.
- 3 Sow in faith, nor ever weary,
 Hoping on, and fainting not,
 Though the day be dark and dreary,
 Reaping soon shall be thy lot.
 Cho.
- 4 Soon shall cease the time of sowing, Soon the waiting days be o'er, Plenteous harvest richly growing, For God's glory, evermore. Cho.
- 5 Golden sheaves in triumph bringing, Jesus' reapers hasten home! Harvest welcome gladly singing, Jesus meets them as they come. Cho.

58 FATHER, I'M TIRED!

FATHER, I'm tired! The way is rough and thorny, and my feet are torn, Are torn and bleeding, and I'm weary, sad, and worn;

I thirst for the still waters of the promised land, And seem to hear them, rippling on the golden sand.

Yet through this arid waste I journey on and on.

All the long journey seems for me but just begun,

Yet I am tired.

Father, I'm tired!

I do not want to go to heaven on beds of ease;

Nor always would I ask clear sky and balmy breeze:

I would not shrink from clouds and threatening sky and storm:

I know the after sunlight seems more sweet and warm.

But oh, to strive and struggle thus from day to day,

And know that such must be my lot, I can but say.

Father, I'm tired!

Father, I'm tired!
Yet, oh, I would not murmur when

my lot seems hard,

I know the servant cannot be above
his Lord:

I know that every cross I bear for Thee below,

Shall make my crown in heaven more brightly glow;

I would do anything, be anything for Thee;

O Father, grant Thy grace to strengthen me
When I am tired.

4 Father, I'm tired! Yet this I know, that sometime I shall fold my hands

From their life work; my soul shall burst its prison bands;

My feet shall stand by Jordan; I shall catch a gleam

Of the pure, sinless clime that lies beyond the stream; I shall go hand in hand with Jesus through the tide;

And in the home prepared upon the other side,

Never grow tired.

59 Sow YE BESIDE ALL WATERS.

I Sow ye beside all waters, Where heaven's dew may fall; Labour, and be not weary, For the Spirit breathes o'er all. Sow ye beside all waters, Sowing with faith and prayer; Name Him whose hand upholds thee, And sow thou ev'rywhere.

Chorus.

Sow ye beside all waters, Where heaven's dew may fall; Labour, and be not weary, For the Spirit breathes o'er all.

2 Sow when the sun-light sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray;
For rain of heaven descendeth
When the sunbeams pass away.
Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days will break,
And seed in darkness nourished
A goodly plant may make. Cho.

3 Sow when the morning breaketh
In beauty o'er the land;
And when the evening falleth,
Then withhold not thou thine
hand.

Sow, though the rock repel thee, In cold and sterile pride; Some cleft there may be riven, Where little seeds may hide. Cho

4 On! with thine heart in heaven, On! in thy Master's might: Till the wild waste shall blossom
In the blessed Saviour's light.
Work while the day-light lasteth,
Ere shades of night come on;
Soon shall we rest from labour,
Soon shall our work be done. Cho.

60 SAVIOUR, COME IN!

I MY Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door; Has knocked, and is knocking again;

I hear His kind voice, I'll reject Him no more,

Nor let Him stand pleading in vain.

Refrain.

In infinite merey He came from above
To ransom, to cleanse me from sin;
I'll yield to the voice of His merciful

And let my dear Saviour come in. Chorus.

Saviour, come in, cleanse me from sin; Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in! Enter the door, waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in!

2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend,

The Life, and the Truth, and the Way,

On Thy precious merit alone I depend;

Dwell in me and keep me, I pray. Ref., &c.

3 Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart—

"Tis open in welcome to Thee, Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart;

Come in, with Thy mercy, to me. Ref., &c.

61 WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

I 'MID Christian hosannas, O'er conquering banners, There breaks on our shouting a desolate cry;

With pitiful moaning,
With sorrowful groaning,
The guilty implore us for help ere they
die.

Chorus.

Oh, work while 'tis day,
For the light flees away,
And the hand of the toiler will soon
work no more;
But the faithful will rise
To the Lord in the skies,
With the plaudit, "Well done!" when
the toiling is o'er.

2 Oh, up and be doing, Our duty pursuing, Nor drown with rejoicing the wailing of

Our hearts will be lighter,
Our path will be brighter,
The nearer our Master's own footprints
we go. Cho.

With watching and praying,
No longer delaying,
We'll follow with gladness the voice of
our Lord:
The fold is before us

The field is before us,
The crown is just o'er us,
And working for Jesus brings precious
reward. Cho.

62 MARANATHA.

THE dew of the morning in brightness is gleaming, The storms of the night are all gone; The Day Star has merged His soft light in the streaming Of glory that bursts from the Throne.

Chorus.

Maranatha, Maranatha, Our Lord cometh! Earth blooms with Paradise, with Paradise again;

Hail to the joyful day! Meet Him in glad array;

Shout, for the Lord is come to reign!

2 The power of the mighty for ever is broken,

The hosts of the vanquished are stilled;

The Lord hath remembered the word He hath spoken, The might of His arm is revealed.

The might of Fils arm is revealed.

Cho.

3 Like trees in the tempest, earth reeled and was shaken, It bent at the voice of its God:

The saints from their sleep in a moment awaken,

And come from their silent abode. Cho.

4 The city of God, in its glory descending,

Comes down to the children of men;

The sheen of its splendour, still onward extending, Reflects all the glory again. Cho.

63 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

r 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend;

If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share What a balm for the weary! Oh. how sweet to be there!

Chorus.

Blessed hour of prayer. Blessed hour of prayer, What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there?

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near. With a tender compassion His children to hear:

When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev'ry care.

What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there!

3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried

To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide:

With a sympathising heart He removes every care:

What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there! Cho.

At the blessed hour of prayer, if we firmly believe

That the blessing we ask for we'll surely receive.

In the fulness of delight we shall lose every care;

What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there! Cho.

64 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

I WHEN we hear the music ringing In the bright celestial dome; When sweet angel voices singing, Gladly bid us welcome home

To the land of ancient story. Where the spirit knows no care. In that land of light and glory. Shall we know each other there?

Chorus.

Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other there?

2 When the holy angels meet us, As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that greet

In the glorious spirit land? Shall we see the same eyes shining On us, as in days of yore?

Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly round us as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices. And my weary heart grows light: For the thrilling angel voices, And the angel-faces bright, That shall welcome us in heaven. Are the loved of long ago; And to them is kindly given, Thus their mortal friends to know. Cho.

4 Oh, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones, Droop not, faint not, by the way: Ye shall join the loved and just ones

In the land of perfect day! Harp-strings touched by angel fingers, Murmured in my raptured ear: Evermore their sweet song lingers,

"We shall know each other there!"

Cho.

THE ALTERED MOTTO.*

I OH, the bitter shame and sorrow, That a time could ever be, When I let the Saviour's pity Plead in vain, and proudly answered-"All of self, and none of Thee," Cho.-"All of self, and none of

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him Bleeding on the cursed tree, Heard Him pray, "Forgive them Father."

And my wistful heart said faintly .--"Some of self, and some of Thee." Cho.-"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and free, Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient.

Brought me lower while I whispered-"Less of self, and more of Thee." Cho.-" Less of self, and more of Thee.

4 Higher than the highest heavens, Deeper than the deepest sea, Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:

Grant me now my spirit's longing,-"None of self, and all of Thee." Cho.-" None of self, and all of Thee."

66 RESIGNATION.

I I KNOW not if the dark or bright Shall be my lot, If that wherein my soul delight Be best or not;

*By per. from Hymns of Consecration and Faith.

It may be mine to drag for years Toil's heavy chain, Or day and night my meat be tears, On bed of pain:

Chorus.

But this I know. There is a Hand divine. That holds me still. Whatever lot be mine.

2 Dear faces may surround my hearth With smiles and glee; Or I may dwell alone, and mirth

Be strange to me: The dearest friends I have on earth

May all depart: The purest joys may fade and leave An aching heart.

3 My bark is wafted to the strand By breath divine.

And on the helm there rests a Hand More strong than mine: One who has known in storms to sail,

I have on board; Above the raging of the gale Cho.

I hear my Lord.

67 Too LATE!

I Too late! ah, no, the pulse of life Still throbs within thy breast: And while that blessed spark remains, Thy soul may find a rest. The Lord in mercy spares thee yet, His love to thee is great: But do not tempt that love too far, Or it may be too late.

Refrain.

Too late, too late. Soon 'twill be too late; Too late, too late, Soon 'twill be too late.

waits.

He tarries at thy heart:

Canst thou reject His gracious call? And wilt thou say, "Depart?"

Oh, think on what a slender thread This moment hangs thy fate:

Arise-admit thy heavenly guest, Or it may be too late.

3 Behold His hands. His bleeding side!

His crown of thorns behold! And let His arms, extended wide, Thy trembling form enfold.

His mercy lengthens out thy days, His love to thee is great;

Oh, do not tempt that love too far. Or it may be too late. Ref.

68 FOR YOU I AM PRAYING.*

I I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in

So precious, tho' earthly enjoyments

be few:

And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me:

But oh, But oh, that my Saviour was your Saviour too!

Chorus.

For you I am praying,

For you I am praying, For you I am praying,

I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me He has given A hope for eternity, precious and true:

And soon will my spirit be with Him in heaven:

But oh, But oh, may He lead you to go with me, too! Cho.

By per. from "Harrison's Sacred Melodies," Malton.

2 He stands, He knocks, He calls, He | 3 I have a rest, and the earnest is given:

> Though now, for a time, 'tis concealed from my view;

'Tis life everlasting,-'tis Jesus,-'tis heaven:

And oh! dearest friend, let me meet YOU there, too! Cho.

4 I have a robe, 'tis resplendent in whiteness,

Awaiting in glory my wondering view:

Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,

Dear Friend, may I see YOU receiving one, too. Cho.

5 I have a peace, and it's "calm as a river.

A peace that the friend of the world never knew ;

My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver:

But oh! could I know it was given to YOU!

6 For you I am praying, for you I am praying,

For you I am praying, for you, yes, for you!

And soon I shall hear you rejoicing and saying:

"Your dear loving Saviour is MY Saviour, too!

And prayer will be answered for you—yes, for you!

7 And when He has found you, tell

others the story. How Jesus extended His mercy to you:

Then point them away to the regions of glory.

And pray that your Saviour may bring them there too! For prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you.

8 Speak of that Saviour, that Father in heaven.

That harp, crown, and robe which are waiting for you:

That grace you possess, and that rest

to be given: Stlll praying that Jesus may save them like you:

And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you.

69 NEARER HOME.

I NEARER home! yes, one day nearer To my Father's house on high; To the green fields and the fountains Of the land beyond the sky; For the heavens grow brighter o'er

And the lamps hang in the dome; And our tents are pitched still closer. For we're one day nearer home.

2 One day nearer, sings the seaman. As He glides the waters o'er: While the night is softly dying On his native distant shore; Thus the Christian, on life's journey, As his life-boat cuts the foam, In the ev'ning cries with rapture, I am one day nearer home.

70 VICTORY FOR EVERMORE!*

I WE have seen the dewy leaflets Dropping one by one away, We have marked the meek-eyed daisies Fading like the smile of day;

By per. of Sunday School Union.

But a keener, deeper sorrow Throws a mantle o'er the heart. When our precious buds of promise From our hearth and home depart.

Chorus.

Yet we know their harps are ringing, With angelic voices singing, On the happy, happy, happy, happy shore:

There's victory! there's victory! There's victory for evermore!

2 When beneath their silken lashes We have closed the languid eves. When the lips are cold and lifeless, And no voice to ours replies, When the little hands are folded On the calm and quiet breast.

And we lay our darling treasure In the silent grave to rest. Cho.

3 They have left us, only left us For a brighter home above; For a land of fadeless beauty.

Of eternal life and love. "Vict'ry, vict'ry" is their story. "Vict'ry, vict'ry" is their song, As they gather round the Saviour, With a pure and holy throng. Cho.

71 TRIED AND PROVED.

I WHO has tried and proved the gospel Given us by our loving Lord? Who has tried and proved the mes-

Written in His glorious Word?

Chorus.

Like a fount of living water, Comes the Word with sure supply. If you drink, oh, son or daughter, You shall never, never die.

Cho.

Cho

Cho.

2 Who has tried and proved the gospel?

Who is heeding day by day, Laws from heaven, His gracious wisdom

Left to guide us on our way? Cho.

3 Come and try, and prove, the gospel, Come and seek to know its worth; "Tis this sacred "hidden manna," Holds the power to save the earth. Cho.

72 ESCAPE THE WRATH TO COME.

I A TRAV'LLER, tired and weary, Was struggling on the road; Along the pathway dreary, He bore a heavy load; Though laughed at and derided, Cast out from friends and home. Yet still he was decided To escape the wrath to come, To escape the wrath to come,

Chorus.

Proclaim it far and near,
Proclaim it ev'rywhere,
The weary traveller
Escapes the wrath to come.

2 His strength was slowly failing, And, after he passed by, I heard him feebly calling, In sad and plaintive cry; Then came an angel guardian,

From yon celestial home,
To help him bear his burden
And escape the wrath to come,
And escape the wrath to come.

Cho.

He reached the living fountain,
Attended by his guide;
And there, on Calvary's mountain,
Washed in the saving tide;

From thence he viewed the city Across the narrow flood, And, raptured with its beauty, He glorified his God, He glorified his God.

4 Forsaking earth's dominions, His spirit cleaves the air; Upborne, on angel-pinions, To yonder regions fair; And now in mansions vernal, In yon celestial home,

He sings this song eternal; Escaped the wrath to come, Escaped the wrath to come.

73 ZION, THY KING BEHOLD.

I God of eternal truth,
 Joyful we praise Thee;
 Thou hast delivered us,—
 Thou art our King;
 Oh, let the anthem roll
 Sweetly on, from pole to pole,
 Till ev'ry living soul
 Praise to Thee shall sing.

Cho.—Zion, thy King behold,
Rise in thy beauty;
Sing, for the night is past,
Thy light has come.

2 Through Thy victorious arm
Thy foes are captive;
Death and the hosts of sin
Conquered for aye;
Now on Thy Father's throne,
Risen Saviour, God alone,
Earth shall Thy sceptre own,
Thy unbounded sway.

3 Swell your triumphant songs, Angels in glory! There let your golden harps Ring evermore;

From Eden's lovely plain,
Where immortal pleasures reign,
Hail Him who lives again,
Praise Him and adore. Cho.

74 Ho, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

- I Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth,
- Ch.—Come ye to the waters,
 Come ye to the waters,
 Come ye to the waters;
 He that hath no money,
 Come ye, buy and eat;
 Yea, come and buy,
 Buy wine and milk without money,
 Without money and without price.
 - 2 Come, saith the Holy Spirit, Come, saith the Holy Spirit, Come, saith the Holy Spirit, Cho.
 - 3 Come, every one that heareth, Come, every one that heareth, Come, every one that heareth. Cho.

75 WHAT IS MY IDOL?

I OH, what is the idol
That clings to my heart,
From which I am shrinking
For ever to part?
Oh, come, blessed Jesus,
And help me to see
My ev'ry heart idol,
And leave all for Thee.

Chorus.

Oh, come blessed Jesus And help me to see My ev'ry heart idol, And leave all for Thee,

- 2 Oh, why am I waiting?

 I well know the way,
 That leads me to Jesus—
 What keeps me away?
 Oh, come then, my Saviour,
 And help me to flee
 From every temptation
 That keeps me from Thee.
 Cho.
- 3 Oh, why do I tarry?
 I must not delay!
 The promise is for him
 Who cometh to-day.
 Then Jesus, my Saviour,
 My sins I will flee,
 I'll put them behind me,
 And love only Thee.

Cho.

76 Bless Me Now

I HEAVENLY Father, bless me now, At the cross of Christ I bow; Take my guilt and grief away, Hear, and heal me now, I pray.

Refrain.

Bless me now! Bless me now! Heavenly Father, bless me now!

- 2 Now, O Lord, this very hour, Send Thy grace and show Thy power; While I rest upon Thy word, Come, and bless me now, O Lord! Rei.
- 3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fetters break; While I look, and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me ere I die. Rei
- 4 Never did I so adore Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before; Now the time! and this the place! Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

77 OH. BE SAVED!

I SINNER, how thy heart is troubled, God is coming very near; Do not hide thy deep emotion, Do not check that falling tear.

Chorus.

Oh, be saved! His grace is free: Oh, be saved! He died for thee; Oh, be saved! He died for thee.

- 2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee, Jesus, lowly, meek, and mild; To the Friend who died to save thee, Canst thou not be reconciled? Ch.
- 3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?—
 Thou may'st never see its light;
 Come at once—accept His mercy—
 He is waiting—come to-night. Ch.
- With a lowly, contrite spirit,
 Kneeling at the Saviour's feet,
 Thou canst feel this very moment,
 Pardon—precious, sure, complete.
- ; Let the angels bear the tidings
 Upward to the courts of heaven;
 Let them sing, with holy rapture,
 O'er another soul forgiven. Cho

8 CLOSE THE DOOR LIGHTLY.

I CLOSE the door lighty,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel
Is talking with death;
Gently he woes her,
She wishes to stay;
His arms are about her,
He bears her away,
His arms are about her,
He bears her away.

- 2 Music comes floating
 Down from above,
 Angels are chanting
 Sweet welcome of love.
 Come, stricken weeper,
 And stand by the bed;
 Come, gaze on the sleeper,
 Our darling is dead,
 Come, gaze on the sleeper,
 Our darling is dead.
- 3 Smooth out the ringlets,
 Close the blue eye;
 No wonder such beauty
 Was claimed in the sky;
 Cross the hands gently
 Upon the white breast,
 So like a mild spirit
 Strayed from the blest,
 So like a mild spirit
 Strayed from the blest.
- 4 Bear her out softly
 To her last rest,
 Safe with her Saviour,
 Darling is blest,
 Jesus hath called her,
 Pure, undefiled:
 Take comfort, sad weeper,
 "Tis well with the child,"
 Take comfort, sad weeper,
 "Tis well with the child,"

79 MIGHTY ROCK!

I THRO' a weary land I tread, Burning skies are overhead, While the sands around my path Glimmer with a scorching wrath; Mighty Rock! to Thee I fly, Weary, fainting, near to die.

Chorus.

Rock of safety, Rock of grace, Ever be my hiding place;

Oh, how blissful thus to lie! Safe to live, and sweet to die.

- 2 Where my feet uncertain stray,
 Death and danger crowd the way;
 Blinded by the terrors there
 Whither can my soul repair?
 Mighty Rock! alone to Thee;
 Death and hell Thy presence flee.
 Cho.
- 3 Here my soul, supremely blest, Finds a sweet, a perfect rest; Drops its heavy, galling load, Treading up the heavenly road; Mighty Rock! around, above, Hangs Thy canopy of love. Ch
- 4 Christ, my Rock, will me defend,
 To the weary journey's end;
 Till the work of life is done,
 And thecrown of victory won;
 Mighty Rock! ah, then with Thee
 Evermore my soul shall be! Cho.

80 Justified Now I Am.*

I JUSTIFIED now I am, Saved thro' the bleeding Lamb, Made pure and white God's own sight, Thro' Jesus' blessed name.

Chorus.

Justified now I am!
Justified now I am!
The Gospel of Grace
I gladly embrace,
Justified now I am.

2 Justified now I am, Saved through the bleeding Lamb; A victim led, He died instead, And answered judgment's claim. Ch.

· By per. of Ned Wright:

3 Justified now I am, Saved through the bleeding Lamb; Washed white as snow, His love I know, Through Jesus' blessed name. Cho

4 Justified now I am,
Saved through the bleeding Lamb;
Whom God forgives
For ever lives,
Through Jesus' blessed name. Che

5 Justified now I am, Saved through the bleeding Lamb; My song I raise, To God be praise, Through Jesus' blessed name. Cho.

81 THE LOST SHEEP.

I How many sheep are straying,
Lost from the Saviour's fold!
Upon the lonely mountain
They shiver with the cold;
Within the tangled thickets,
Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges
Wander the poor, lost sheep.

Chorus.

Oh, come, let us go and find them!
In the paths of death they roam:
At the close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say,

"I have brought some lost one home."

2 Oh, who will go to find them? Who, for the Saviour's sake, Will search with tireless patience Thro' brier and thro' brake? Unheeding thirst or hunger, Who still from day to day Will seek, as for a treasure, The sheep that go astray?

3 Say, will you seek to find them? From pleasant bowers of ease. Will you go forth, determined To find the "least of these?" For still the Saviour calls them. And looks across the wold. And still He holds wide open The door into His fold. Cho.

4 How sweet 'twould be at evening. If you and I could say. Good Shepherd, we've been seeking The sheep that went astray! Heart-sore and faint with hunger. We heard them making moan,

And, lo! we come at nightfall, And bear them safely home. Cho.

HE THAT GOETH FORTH AND WEEPETH.

I HE that goeth forth and weepeth, Bearing precious seed, Let him know that as he soweth To the sinner's need. So he'll reap.

Chorus.

Sewing now, sowing now. But reaping by and by: Weeping now, weeping now, Rejoicing by and by.

. He that goeth forth and weepeth, Trusting in the Lord, Let him know that all he soweth Of the precious word,

That he'll reap. Cho.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, All aglow with love, Oftentimes, just while he soweth, Hearts begin to move; So he'll reap. Cho. 4 He that goeth forth with weeping. Christ he never leaves. Doubtless shall return, rejoicing! Bringing home his sheaves: Cho. Thus he'll reap.

83 TELL IT WITH JOY!

I TELL it with joy! Tell it with joy! Love in my bosom is glowing;

Iesus' blood has cleansed me. Iesus

makes me free:

Tell it again! Tell it again! Oh, the sweet rapture of pardon!

Grace divine has saved me, and Iesus

my all shall be.

Weary and lonely, seeking in vain for pleasure,

Far from the fold my spirit has gone astray.

Chorus.

Tell it with joy! Tell it with joy! Oh, the sweet rapture of pardon! Grace divine has saved me, and Jesus my all shall be.

2 Tell it with joy! Tell it with joy! Wonderful, wonderful story! I was lost till mercy gently came down

from heaven: Tell it with joy! Tell it with joy!

Now I am happy in Jesus; All is calm and peaceful, and all my

sins forgiven. I will adore Him, Jesus, my dear

Redeemer.

Yes, I will give Him glory from day to day. Cho.

3 Come unto Him! come unto Him! Mercy is tenderly pleading; Weary, heavy-laden, still there's room for thee

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Only believe! only believe! Jesus is ready and willing;

All may come and welcome, salvation for all is free.

Why will ye linger? Mercy is still entreating;

Come and be happy! Come and with rapture say— Cho.

84 No One Knows but Jesus.

No one knows but Jesus how sinful I have been;

No one knows but Jesus all my heart within;

No one knows but Jesus my conflicts day by day; No one like Jesus guideth my way.

No one like Jesus temptation can feel;

No one like Jesus my sorrow can heal.

2 No one knows but Jesus how oft His name I plead;

No one knows but Jesus everything I need:

No one knows but Jesus how humble I would be; No one like Jesus careth for me.

No one like Jesus will comfort and cheer.

Pity my weakness, and banish my fear.

3 No one else like Jesus so ready to forgive—

Pledge and promise broken nearer him to live;

No one knows but Jesus the secret tears that fall; No one like Jesus hears when I

No one but Jesus my refuge shall be;

No one will love me so dearly as he.

85 PRAISE YE THE LORD.

r Praise ye the Lord, all ye moorlands and mountains,

Praise Him alone, all ye ever-green hills;

Glory to God, shout the bright flowing fountains,

Till all the earth with your melody

fills.

Woodlands and meadow flowers,

Bloom of the summer hours,

Bend to the winds with your anthems of praise;

Sprays of the waterfall, Chant ve acoronal,

Here at the feet of the Ancient of Days.

Here at the feet of the Ancient of Days.

2 Praise ye the Lord, all ye winds of the corners.

Up from the glen peal the notes of your song;

Praise Him who cheereth the hearts of earth's mourners,

Sing to the Lord, in His praise be ye strong. Praise Him each bounding wave.

Desert, and cliff, and cave, Rock and ravine where the shadows

are dim; Wake from your silentness,

Sing to the wilderness, Praise ye the Lord, pay your homage

to Him.

Praise ye the Lord, pay your homage to Him.

3 Sing to the Lord, all ye kindred and

nations,
Tribes and dominions that people
the world;

Where'er the sun sheds his glowing carnations,

There let your standards of praise be unfurled.

Shout till the bending sky,
Ringing, shall send reply
ck from the farthermost wandering

Back from the farthermost wandering star:

Shout till your songs of love Peal through the air above, Bearing your lay to the mountains afar.

Bearing your lay to the mountains afar.

86 THE GOSPEL FEAST.

I COME hither to the Gospel feast Within God's banquet hall;
A welcome waits for ev'ry guest,
And Christ inviteth all.

Chorus.

All things are ready, go and find
Those who would gladly come—
The poor, the maimed, the halt and
blind.

And fill my banquet room.

2 How many wander on in sin .Who hear the blessed Word, Yet never, never enter in The kingdom of our Lord! Cho.

Oh, blessed they whose feet shall tread

The royal King's abode!
Thrice blessed they who shall eat
bread

Within the home of God! Cho.

37 He is near Thee.

HE is near thee, ever near thee, Weary pilgrim, weak and worn, Thou who long hast followed Jesus, Who the burden long hast borne; Soon the long and toilsome journey Of thy mortal life shall end, And thy spirit gain the mansions Of thy ever-loving Friend.

Refrain.

He is near thee, ever near thee, In the darkness and the day; He is near thee, ever near thee, And will never turn away.

2 He is near thee, ever near thee, Young disciple, do not fear; He has promised to sustain thee, And thy tempted spirit cheer; And though friends may prove unfaithful.

As all earthly friends may do, And forsake thee on thy journey,— Jesus ever will be true. Ref

3 He is ever near the children, As He was in days of old, When He took them up and blessed them.—

Blessing richer far than gold! From the faithful, loving Saviour, Children, never, never stray; All who truly love and serve Him Dwell with Him in endless day.

88 NOT YET.

I NoT yet is the summer ended,
Not yet is the harvest past;
But the fields with the grain are
golden,

And the days are waning fast,

Refrain.

Not yet, not yet is the summer ended, Not yet is the harvest past;

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But the season of hope will be over, And the harvest will come at last.

2 Not yet have the sheaves been gathered;

But oh! it will not be long
Till a sound from the fields shall
reach thee
Of the reaper's happy song. Ref.

Of the reaper's happy song.

3 Not yet is the hand of mercy Removed from the open door; There is time for thy soul's returning Ere the day of grace is o'er. Ref

4 Oh, come, as the Lord commandeth; Not yet is the harvest past, And the summer is not yet ended; But the days are waning fast. Ref.

89 IF WE KNEW.

I IF we knew, when walking thoughtless

Thro' the crowded noisy way, That some pearl of wondrous white-

Close beside our pathway lay, We would pause when now we hasten.

We would often look around, Lest our careless feet should trample Some rare jewel in the ground Lest our careless feet should trample Some rare jewel in the ground.

2 If we knew what forms were fainting For the shade that we should fling, If we knew what lips were parching For the water we should bring, We would haste with eager footsteps, We would work with willing hands, Bearing cups of cooling water, Planting rows of shading palms, Bearing cups of cooling water, Planting rows of shading palms. 3 If we knew, when friends around us Closely press to say "good-bye," Which, among the lips that kiss us, First should 'neath the daisies lie, We would clasp our arms around them,

Looking on them through our tears.

Tender words of love eternal 'We would whisper in their ears,
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

4 If we knew what lives were darkened By some thoughtless word of ours, Which had ever lain upon them Like the frost upon the flowers, Oh, with what sincere repenting, With what anguish of regret, While our eyes were overflowing We would cry "FORGIVE," "FOR-GET,"

While our eyes were overflowing
We would cry "FORGIVE," "FOR-

5 IF WE KNEW! alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know,
Whether bitter herbs or roses
In our neighbours' gardens grow?
God forgive us! lest hereafter,
Our hearts break to hear Him say,
"Careless child, I never knew you,
From My presence flee away!"
"Careless child, I never knew you,

90 Bringing in the Sheaves.

From My presence flee away!"

I SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;

Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping, [in the sheaves. We shall come rejoicing, bringing

Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, [the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, [chilling breeze; Fearing neither clouds nor winter's By-and-bye the harvest, and the labour ended.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Cho.

3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master, [often grieves; Though the loss sustained our spirit When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Cho.

91 BROOKLYN.

I FAIR shines the morning star, The silver trumpets sound, Their notes re-echoing far, While dawns the day around; Joy to the slave; the slave is free; It is the year of jubilee.

2 Pris'ners of hope, in gloom And silence left to die, With Christ's unfolding tomb, Your portals open fly; [free; Rise with your Lord; He sets you It is the year of jubilee.

3 Ye, who yourselves have sold, For debts to justice due, Ransomed, but not with gold, He gave Himself for you; [free; The blood of Christ hath made you It is the year of jubilee.

Captives of sin and shame, O'er earth and ocean, hear An angel's voice proclaim

The Lord's accepted year;

Let Jacob rise, be Israel free;

It is the year of jubilee.

92 WORK! Christian labourer, work, Now, while 'tis called to-day; Toil in thy Master's work, And, toiling, watch and pray; The tempter bids thee pause and sleep; [reap.

Work! if thou would'st the harvest

2 Pray! Christian pilgrim, pray! And keep thine armour bright, Though rugged be the way, Though cheerless be the night; Through darkest night and weariest day, Pray without ceasing — Christian,

3 Fight! Christian soldier, fight!
The battle is the Lord's;
Strong in Jehovah's might,
The strength Himself affords;
O'er foes without, and foes within,
Strong in the Lord, the day thou'lt win.

4 Wait! Christian workman, wait! Nor yet impatient be, In this thine earthly state, Thy harvest time to see. The Lord's appointed time will come; He'll take His faithful workmen home.

93 BLow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Exalt the Lamb of God, The sin-atoning Lamb; Redemption by His blood, Through all the lands proclaim. The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive, And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live. The year of jubilee is come: Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear, The news of pardoning grace; Ye happy souls, draw near, Behold your Saviour's face. The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mourning souls, be glad. The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

94 OH, LET ME TELL IT ONCE AGAIN.

I OH, let me tell it once again, The story of His love, Who came to seek and save the lost, And guide them safe above.

Cho.—Oh, tell the story once again, The story of His love; &c.

2 He bore our frail humanity Our Brother He became, That He, upon the blood-stained cross, Might bear our sin and shame. Ch.

3 "Come unto Me," His tender call; The Spirit doth entreat, [Come; The Bride, the Church, re-echoes, Let each the call repeat.

4 For whosoever will may come-Exhaustless the supply— And, from life's everlasting fount, May drink and never die.

ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE.

ENTREAT me not to leave thee. My heart goes with thee now: Why turn my footsteps homeward? No friend so dear as thou l

Thy heart has borne my sorrow. And I have wept for thine; · And now how can I leave thee? Oh, let thy lot be mine.

Cho.—Entreat me not to leave thee, Or to return from following after thee; For where thou goest I will go, And where thou lodgest I will lodge; Thy people shall be my people, and the God my God.

2 I'll follow where thou leadest: My love will cling to thee; And where thy head is pillowed, My nightly rest shall be: Thy birth-place and thy kindred I'll cherish like my own: Thy God shall be my refuge, I'll worship at His throne. Cho.

3 Where death's cold hand shall find thee There let my eyelids close, And, in the grave beside thee, This mortal frame repose: Oh, do not now entreat me; No friend so dear as thou: My heart would break in anguish If I should leave thee now. Cho.

96 JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

I JESUS, I love Thee, Thou art to me Dearer than ever Mortal can be: Jesus, I love Thee, Sawour divine, Earth has no friendship Constant as Thine: Tenderly folded Safe on Thy breast, There be my refuge,

There let me rest. Full of compassion, Loving and mild, Thou art my Father,

I am Thy child:

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Thou wilt forgive me When I am wrong; Thou art my comfort, Thou art my song. Blessed Redeemer, Precious to me, Draw me still closer, Closer to Thee.

3 Jesus, I love Thee;
Reign in my heart;
Oh, may Thy spirit
Never depart:
Jesus, I love Thee;
Yes, Thou art mine;
Living or dying,
Still I am Thine.
Jesus, I love Thee;
Thou art to me
Dearer than ever
Mortal can be.

7 ABIDING LOVE.

O Thou, in power and majesty transcending, [above, Ruling for ever from Thy throne May Thy blest Spirit, on our souls descending, [love. Fill ev'ry heart with firm ablding

At early morn, when roseate tints are

streaming
Athwart the broad immensity of sky,
May we arise with gladness to adore
Thee, [King on high.
Great God our Father, Friend, and
As beacon light, on some bold headland shining, [treacherous shore,
Its warning gives, to shun the
so may Thy Word, our pathway clear
defining.

defining, [evermore.
Guide us through danger safely
and when for us shall end life's pass-

ing story— [chased away— This fleeting dream by death be Oh! take us, Lord, to reign with Thee in glory, | perfect day. Where night and gloom dissolve in

98 UNDER HIS WINGS.

I In God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge, nor rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

Cho.—Oh, what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings;
I am safe from all danger
While under His wings.

2 I dread not the terror by night, No arrow can harm me by day; His shadow has covered me quite, My fears He has driven away. Ch.

3 The pestilence walking about, When darkness has settled abroad, Can never compel me to doubt The presence and power of God.

4 The wasting destruction at noon, No fearful foreboding can bring; With Jesus, my soul doth commune, His perfect salvation I sing. Cho.

5 A thousand may fall at my side, And ten thousand at my right hand; Above me His wings are spread wide, Beneath them in safety I stand. Ch.

99 THE THREE MOUNTAINS.

I BETWEEN me and my Saviour Three mighty mountains rose, That all the way and ever My coming did oppose; And darkness gathered round me, The light was growing dim, Until my Saviour found me, And now I rest in Him.

2 I waited for a feeling, Some new mysterious power,

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A heavenly light revealing
My heart as ne'er before;
This mountain dark and gloomy
Concealed a loving Lord,
Until His voice came to me,
"My child, believe My word."

3 I waited for a fitness—
To pray would be a sin!
My past life bore the witness
How vile my heart had been:
This mountain crushed my spirit,
Till God deliverance gave—
"Twas sinners without merit
That I esus came to save."

4 And then my fear of failing,
Of hopes indulged in vain,
Of efforts unavailing
Eternal life to gain:
This mountain rose before me:
I called for help divine;
Said Jesus, "Dost thou love Me?
Then rest thy life in Mine."

100 DEEPER LOVE FOR THEE.

PRECIOUS Saviour, dearest Friend, While we bend the knee, Come and give our longing hearts Deeper love to Thee.

Ref.—O Saviour, loving Redeemer, Saviour, precious to me, Grant me, I pray Thee, More of Thy Spirit, Drawing me closer Closer to Thee.

2 Come and consecrate us now, Seal us ever Thine; May we to Thy holy will Ev'ry power resign.

3 Trusting as a little child, Help us, Lord, to be, While we ask in simple faith Deeper love to Thee. 4 Deeper love, yes, deeper love, This our constant plea; Deeper love, yes, deeper love, Till we're lost in Thee.

101 O My SAVIOUR, HEAR ME!

Ref.

TO MY Saviour, hear me!
Draw me close to Thee;
Thou hast paid my ransom,
Thou hast died for me;
Now by simple faith I claim
Pardon thro' Thy gracious Name!
Thou, my ark of safety,
Let me fly to Thee.

9 O my Saviour, bless me! Bless me while I pray; Grant Thy grace to help me, Take my fear away; I believe Thy promise, Lord; I will trust Thy holy word; Thou, my soul's Redeemer, Bless me while I pray.

3 O my Saviour, love me,
Make me all Thine own;
Leave me not to wander
In this world alone;
Bless my way with light divine,
Let Thy glory round me shine.
Thou, my Rock, my Refuge,
Make me all Thine own.

4 O my Saviour, guard me,
Keep me evermore;
Bless me, love, and guide me,
Till my work is o'er.
May I then, with glad surprise,
Chant Thy praise beyond the skie
There with Thee, my Saviour,
Dwell for evermore.

102 ALMOST PERSUADED TO BE.

ALMOST persuaded a Christian to be Almost persuaded from danger to fe

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Ref.

Almost persuaded a prize to obtain, Almost persuaded a vict'ry to gain.

Ref.—Almost persuaded! Almost!

2 Almost persuaded that Saviour to love, Who left His bright home in the regions above, [to die, And came down to earth to bleed and To ransom thee, bless thee, and raise thee on high. Ref.

3 Almost persuaded, when sunk in the
wave, [save:
To cling unto Him who is mighty to
Almost persuaded, when danger is
near, [fear!

To seek a sure refuge, to triumph o'er

4 Almost persuaded, when sick and when faint, [complaint: A Physician to seek who can heal thy Almost persuaded, when storms rage around, [is found! Your frail bark to anchor where safety

Is it "almost persuaded" I still hear you say? [delay;
Oh! come altogether and do not The voice of our Saviour is calling to thee, [Me."

"Come, heavily-laden one, come unto
"Tis Jesus alone who can give thee

true rest— [be blest;
Oh! come at His call and thou shall
He'll gently conduct thee with care
and with lowe,

Through storm and through sunshine to mansions above.

33 STAND STILL, O CHILD OF GOD.

3TAND still and trust His might,
Who bids your trembling cease;
The Lord for you shall fight,
And ye shall hold your peace.

Stand still, oh, child of God!
 Whatever ill betide;

Stand still and trust His word, And in His love abide;

Stand still, though Jordan's waves In gathering billows roar; The Lord who surely saves I ads on to Canaan's shore. Ch

3 Stand still, and sing, and praise,
The battle is not thine;
Stand still, while Cod displays

Stand still, while God displays
His grace and power divine. Che

104 TOTL ON.

I THRUST in the sickle, reap for God, Behold the rip ning grain; A glorious harvest soon will prove Our labour not in vain.

Chorus—Toil on, toil on,
Let not our vigour wane,
How sweet to know the faithful here,
Shall labour not in vain.

2 The gleaners soon will gather in With joy, their precious gain; The weakest Christian soul will find His labour not in vain. Cho.

3 The welcome song of harvest home We'll sing o'er hill and plain, And angel choirs take up the theme: We laboured not in vain. Cho.

4 But sweeter far than harps of gold, When He who once was slain, Shall say to all His toiling ones, Ye laboured not in vain. Cho,

105 My AIN COUNTRIE.

I Am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aften-whiles,

For the lang'd for hame-bringing, an'
my Father's welcome smiles,
I'll pe'er be fu' content, until my cen

I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see [ain countrie. The gowden gates of heaven, an' my The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony

tinted, fresh and gay;

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The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;

But these sichts an' these soun's will as naething be to me,

When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

2 I've His gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King, To His ain royal palace, His banished hame will bring; [we shall see Wi' een, an' wi' heart running owre

"The King in His beauty," an' our ain countrie. [rows hae been sair: My sins hae been mony, and my sor-But there they'll never vex me, nor be

remembered mair;
For His bluid hath made me white,
and His hand shall dry my e'e,

When He brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,

I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,

For He gathers in His bosom witless worthless lambs like me,

An' "He carries them Himsel'," to His ain countrie.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come again,

He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken; [aye to be, But He bids me still to wait, an' ready To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

4 So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait, For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this

For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha

listens noo to me, That we may a' gang in gladness to

our ain countrie.

Repeat the last four lines of the 1st verse.

106 HAVE YOU ANY ROOM FOR JESUS.

I HAVE you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

Ch.—Room for Jesus, King of glory, Hasten, now His word obey, Swing the heart's door widely open, Bid Him enter while you may.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the crucified, Not a place that He can enter, In the heart for which He died?

Cho.

3 Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, to-day is time accepted,
To-morrow you may call in vain.
Cho.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus, Soon will pass God's day of grace; Soon thy heart left cold and silent, And thy Saviour's pleadings cease. Cho.

107 A LITTLE WHILE.

r A LITTLE while we labour ere the harvest, [tears:

A little while we sow the seed in Toiling all day, we bear the heat and burden, [appears.

Waiting until the ripened grain.

A little while, and when the shades of even.

Warn us that our allotted time is Homeward we come, and bring our sheaves rejoicing, [feet before. To lay them down the Master's

2 A little while to keep the oil from failing, [flick ring light...

To watch and trim our feeble.

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Though eyes grow dim, and head and ! heart are weary, [dead of night: The warning voice may come at So may we keep our vigil unrepinrelease: Trusting in Thee, O Lord, for our A little while, and lo, the Bridegroom cometh: peace. With Him we enter into rest and 3 We look to Thee for strength, our Lord and Master, [employ: Give us Thy work to do, our hands We fear no evil, have we not Thy promise?— [to joy! Ere long our sorrow shall be turned A little while, and, joyful at Thy coming, dens down, Before Thee we shall lay our bur-

Receiving from Thy hands the pro-

Hearing Thy gracious words of love

mised crown.

SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life!
Words of life and beauty!
Teach me faith and duty.

and welcome,

1.—Beautiful words! wonderful words! Wonderful words of Life!

Thrist, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life!
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life!
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven. Cho.

woolng us to heaven.

weetly echo the gospel call!

Wonderful words of Life!

Here pardon and peace to all!

Wonderful words of Life!

Jesus, only Saviour,

Sanctify for ever!

109 WHY WAITEST THOU?

I ONE there is who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee;
Canst thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He.
Do not grieve Him longer,
Come and trust Him now;
He has waited all thy days,
Why waitest thou?

Refrain.

Still His love would save thee, Oh, receive Him now; He has waited all the day, Why waitest thou?

2 Tenderly He wooes the— Do not slight His call; Though thy sins are many, He'll forgive them all. Turn to Hin repenting, He will cleanse thee now; He is waiting at thy heart, Why waitest thou?

3 Jesus still is waiting; Sinner, why delay? To His arms of mercy Rise and haste away. Only come believing, He will save thee now; He is waiting at the door, Why waitest thou?

Ref.

Ref.

10 'TWILL NOT BE LONG.

I 'TWILL not be long our journey here, Each broken sigh and falling tear Will soon be gone, and all will be A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

Ref.—Roll on, dark stream,
We dread not thy foam; [Home.
The pilgrim is longing for Home, sweet

2 'Twill not be long; the yearning heart May feel its ev'ry hope depart,

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And grief be mingled with its song: We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.

3 Though sad we mark the closing eve Of those we loved in days gone by. Yet sweet in death their latest song-"We'll meet again, 'twill not be long."

4 These checkered wilds, with thorns o'erspread. Πed. Through which our way so oft is This march of time, if faith be strong, Will end in bliss: 'twill not be long.

111 CRY ALOUD. TEMPERANCE ANTHEM.

Lift up thy voice like a trumpet, lift up thy voice.

CRY aloud. Cry aloud, spare not. Show the people their transgressions. and the house of Jacob their sins.

Say woe to them that tarry long at wine, till wine inflame them. For the drunkard shall come to poverty.

112 o lord our governor! ANTHEM.

O LORD, O Lord our Governor! We lift our hearts to Thee! Thy glory shines thro' earth and heaven. Thy way is in the sea. Thou leddest men from sin and death. By strange, unlookedfor ways, To love Thee here, to hope in Thee, To sing Thine endless praise! Chorus.

To sing Thine endless praise! For ever and for ever. Our songs to Thee we'll raise: For ever and for ever, Thro' never ending days. With angels and the host of heaven. We'll sing our Father's praise. Amen, Amen.

113 I HAVE SET WAT

ANTHEM.

I HAVE set watchmen upon O Terusalem! which shall no their peace day nor night: Go gates, prepare ye the way, pre the way of the people; Cast highway, and gather out the Lift up a standard among the pe Hallelujah! Amen.

EXALT HIM, ALL PEOPLE.

ANTHEM.

EXALT Him, all ye people, And let your songs arise In loud exalted numbers. While heaven and earth replies. The brook that murmurs lightly, The bird, in silver lavs. Proclaim our great Creator. And gently speak His praise. Repeat 1st strain to . Exalt Him. &c.

The crystal drops that linger In yonder arch of blue, And from the bow of promise. With ever varied hue: The radiant stars that glisten Like angel eves above. Are messengers of gladness That tell His wondrous love. Repeat 1st strain to . Exalt Him. 64.

Pour out your hearts before Him. And to His sceptre bend. Who lives and reigns for ever, Whose kingdom has no ext Exalt Him, exalt the King of gior His mighty works proclaim. Let ev'ry clime adore Him. And bless His holy name

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KEY

FOR THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND THE OLD SPELLING.

The twenty-three old letters must be pronounced, every time they occur, as they are generally pronounced in the beginning of the following words:

At, ale, bow, cow, doe, end, fit, go, hoe, it, jet, lo, mow, no, on, pay, rare, so, tow, up, vow, woe, yolk, zeal.

The value of the seventeen new letters will be understood by comparing the following words in both spellings:

E el, eel; Al, ale; A qmz, alms; Θ el, all; Ω op, ope; W uz, ooze; at, at; W fut, foot; H il, isle; Θ ol, oil; & sl, owl; U u, you; Θ gez, cheese; T tin, thin; I dis, this; Σ sin, shin; X vizun, vision; W sin, sing.

It should be observed that "A" is the capital of "a," and "A" is the capital of "a."

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AE CONTENTS.

Boz and gerlz, cum her and luc At mi lit'l Rimin Buc!

Lulabį and sudin rimz, For a babiz slepi timz;

Meri linz for gerlz and boz, Fond ov frolic, fun, and noz;

Ol ar in mi Rimin Buc;
Boz and gerlz, cum her and luc!

HE EG.

Lit'l Tom Trot
An eg had got,
But had cwit fergót'n tu bol it;
He cract it sun
Wid a wud'n spun,
And so he contrivd tu spol it!

He fand it no joc
Turet hwit and yoc,
Hwen da had'nt ben set bir bolin;
So de necst tim Tom Trot
An eg had got
He cuct it, turcep it from spolin!

HE SPARQZ.

Sparoz in a nest,
Wun, and tú, and tre;
Under muderz brest,
Worm az worm can be.

Muder ceps u worm; Fader brinz u fud; Trub'lz u hav nun; Hapi lit'l brud!

Mind u du not fel From ur nest on hi, Uv no federz yet, So u canot fli.

Hwen ur federz gro,
On a suni da,
U sal lern tu fli:
Eerp, gerp awá!

JOU 3E

Lit'l Mis Pol
Haz got a nu dol,
And its fas iz mad ov wacs;
Her bruter Jac
Laz & dol on its bac,
And stamps on its fas til it cracs.

Lit'l Mis Pol
Crid over her dol,
And celd Jac, "a neti bruder!"
Jac went tu hiz sister,
And cist her, and cist her,
And told her he'd bi her anuater.

So hwenéver papá,
Unc'l, ant, er mamá,
Gav Jaci a peni tu spend,
He savd it fer Pol,
Tu bí her a dol;
And he did bí a dol in de end.

AE MARCET-WUMAN.

Up and dsn! up and dsn! Gudi'z trotin intu tsn!

Sitin on a donciz bac, Lucin lic a wel fild sac.

> Up and don! up and don! Gudi'z joltin intu ton!

Bascets han on eder sid, Fild wid egz, and mug besid.

Up and dsn! up and dsn! Gudi'z bumpiŋ intu tsn! Gudi! mind ur donciz legz, Els he'l fel, and brac ur egz.

Up and den!—no—den and den; Gudi den wont get tu ten;

Gud luc, Gudi, on ur rid! Sel ur egz, and ol besid.

Up and den! up and den! Trot awá from marcet ten!

Brin ur huzbund el ur muni; Ien he'l tinc u swet az huni!

Up and dsn! up and dsn! Bumpin hom from marcet tsn.

2 2

LIT'L ROBIN REDBREST.

Lit'l Robin Redbrest, Cumin for hiz bred, Hops abst & windo, Cocs asíd hiz hed.

Lit'l Robin Redbrest,
Evri mernin cumz;
Tristi, Pini, Edi,
Spred him st sum crumz.

Lit'l Robin Redbrest
Nun ov dem wil vecs,
Hwil he hops abst dar,
' And hiz brecfast pecs.

Lit'l Robin Redbrest, Haz had enúf tudá, So he clenz hiz bec, and Ien he fliz awá.

Lit'l Robin Redbrest, Mind u cum agén; U sal find ur brecfast Redi for u den.

Lit'l Robin Redbrest Wont fergét tu cum, If Tristi, Pini, Edi, Dont fergét hiz crum.

BEDANS.

Cum, let me dans and sin,
Lic a meri lit'l tin!
Litli trip it rand abát,
Jentli sin, and never fat!
Tra la, la lera la;
Le lera, tra la la!

O, hwot a meri tin?
Lit'l berdz ma uz dar win;
As can sin, and da can fli,
But da canot dans az i.
Tra la, la lera la;
Le lera, tra la la!

Lit'l gildren mus'nt pst:
Cum wit me, and dans abst!
Ns we'l dans, and ns we'l sin;
O, hwot a meri tin?
Tra la, la lera la;
Le lera, tra la la!

AE WINDMIL.

"Hwen de wind bloz, Hen de mil goz; Hwen de wind drops, Hen de mil stops;" No de wind z bloin So de mil z goin!

Luc at a salz! he as swin, he as swin! Lic a big berd at iz flapin its win! Rend abét, and rend abét! Corn goz in, and fler cumz et. We canot hav bred if we canot hav fler, And i must hav bred bi mi breefast er.

So:---

Turn abst mil! Never be stil! Blo, wind, blo! Mac de mil go!

PUS.

"Scrag! scrag! ! hwi can be far."
"Mu! mu!" "Its Pus, i declár.
Op'n fe dor, der, and dont let her fret;
Pur lit'l Pusi iz dripin wif wet!

"Cum, mi pur Pusi, li den bi de fir, And mac urself worm tu ur harts dezír. Worm ur cold scin, and dri ur wet fur; Lev of ur muz, and begin tu pur."

Pusi liz den bi de brit burnin fir, And macs herself worm tu her harts dezir. And az her scin wormz and her furi cot driz, Ee stregez her legz and se suts her iz.

Worm iz her scin and dri iz her fur, But sez gen tu slep and fergót'n tu pur!

CAC ME!

Porin ran! porin ran! We must stop at hom agén. Let us hav a gam ov pla On dis cold and rani da!

"Cag me! cag me! if u can!"
Jaci crid, and of he ran.
"It be after u, mi man!
Rend de tab'lz, rend de garz,
Tru de pasej, up de starz.
Tod'l on, ser; faster! faster!
It be wid u sun, yun master."
Hwi, he z gon!——It se him dar,
Hidin undernét a gar.
"It fal cag u bi de hel."
No, he z of; de lit'l el!

Aarz a cuburd; stop a minit;

H wil hid misélf widin it,—
Cag him az he pasez bi.

Hwot a cunin rag am i!

"H hav got u, master Jac,
Bi de clodz upón ur bac!
Uv no cans tu get awá!"

Hwot a meri gam ov pla On dis cold and rani da! SNO.

Sno, sno, sno! Ol iz hwit beló, Ol abúv iz gra; Hwot a snoi da!

Hwen de snoin'z dun,
And de frest's begún,
Platinz wil be fønd
On de snoi grønd.
Men we'l bild, and belz we'l pelt,
Til de sno beginz tu melt;
Hen at hom we'l el remán,
Til dri weder cumz agén.

Sno, sno, sno! Ol iz hwit beló, Ol abúv iz gra; Hwot a snoi da!

HE DONCI.

Tú bơz in đe stret
A donci did bet,
For it wud'nt muv from đe spot;
So đa bet it mor,
Til it felt cwit sor,
But ster đe donci wud not.

Neti boz! ? ha can u du so. Ját's not de wa tu mac eni tin go.

Sed Bil, hu past bi,
"? Wil u just let me tri;"
So he oferd a tis'l tu Jac.
Jac tet it so nis,
He muvd in a tris,
And forgót el de bloz on hiz bac!

на масіи.

Hwot a suni sumerz da! Let's go st and mac sum ha!

Cut it den, and spred it et, Tes it wid a ferc abét, Undernét de sumer sun; Hwot a glorius bit ov fun!

Macin ha, macin ha, On a suni sumerz da!

Pig it intu cocs so hi, Spred it st agén tu dri; Bild de ric, and mac it gud, For de cat'lz winter fud.

Macin ha, macin ha, On a suni sumerz da!

FHTIV.

Fitin dogz! snarlin, grslin, Barcin, bitin, hwinin, hslin!

Juler and Tuzer ar havin a mag; At it da go, bit, scramb'l, and scrag. Noti dogz! u mus'nt fit! If wont hav u scramb'l, and scrag, and bit!

Hari and Jamz eworeld over car pla, And, lie Jeler and Tezer, wer fitin wun da; Hwen mamá herd ce noz in ce rum over hed, And cumin up ewicli, tu bot ov cem sed:—

"If we want let tu cworelsum dogz mac a noz, Hwot sal we sa tu tu cworelsum boz.

Fi! fi! wud u stric at ur bruder.

Mac it up cwicli, and luv wun anuder!"

CLHMIV.

Hiz fater had meni a da erderd Franc Never tu clim up a sliperi banc, For he nu if he did, he wud fol and be hurt, Or cuver hiz clotz wit te nasti blac dert; But Franc did'nt mind, and ov cors he got hurt.

He tot he wud du it so clever, did Franc, And he climd wun da up de sliperi banc. Lit'l Franc had a terib'l fol! He hurt hiz hed, and began tu sewol! And he wift in hiz hart dat he d not climd at ol.

Plasterz and legez wer put tu hiz hed,
And el da lon he'd tu li in hiz bed;
And twenti timz tu himsélf he sed:
"O; o; hwot a terib'l fel;
wif in mi hart dat i'd not climd at el."

ANUHER DANS.

Bruderz, sisterz, cuz'nz,
Gerlz and boz bi duz'nz,
Cum and hav a prans!
Rønd abét we'l go,
Tripin on ør to;
Hwot a meri dans!

Cum! ur hand, ur hand!

Nun sud id'l stand;

Ol ov u be brisc.

Rond abét we'l go,

Tripin on or to,

Wid frolic, fun, and frisc!

BALAD-SIMER.

"Old man, old man!
Sinin baladz in åe stret!
Old man, old man!
! Hav u got enuf tu et."

"Lit'l bo, lit'l bo!

H am sinin in de stret,
Lit'l bo, lit'l bo!

For j v not enuf tu et."

"Old man, old man!

dar'z a peni in de stret;

Old man, old man!

No go hom and bi sum met."

"Lit'l bo, lit'l bo!
Tanc u cindli for ur peni!
Lit'l bo, lit'l bo!
Ma u never wont for eni!"

Old man, old man,
No goz hom and biz sum met;
Old man, old man,
Ned'nt sin abót de stret.

NED'L AND TRED.

Lit'l Mari wud hwed'l
Nurs Jan for a ned'l,
And sum cot'n az hwit az nu milc.
And den se'd sit den
Tu stig at a gen,
Or a pin-cusun mad ov blu silc.

Mis Mari woz pred
Hwenéver aléd
Tu hand'l a ned'l and tred;
But hwen se gru older,
Her wisez gru colder;
Stigin never wuns cam in her hed.

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So mamá sed wun da:

"Lit'l Mari, į pra,

Mac us ov ur ned'l and tred;

Or u'l fel intu ragz,

And be cuverd wid tagz,

And den u'l be hidin ur hed!"

So Mari aróz,
And mended her cloz,
And mad hersélf tidi and net;
And after tát da,
Es ef'n wud sa,
Es tet stigin az gud az a tret.

38 3B.

Hari! Lusi! cum wit me, Tac a wec besid the se, Hwar the curling bracerz ror, Splasing up agénst the sor. Fil wit selz ur bizi handz; Dig big holz upón the sandz; Run and snus the brasing ar Hat's for ever bloin than.

Harz a bot! i se it go.
Ha it wag'lz tu and fro!
Na it's bobin up and dan,
Tru de holo, up de cran
Ov de wav dat's never stil,
Lic an ever-muvin hil.

Hip, hurá! de se for me! dar z hwar į wúd ever be!

AE RALWA.

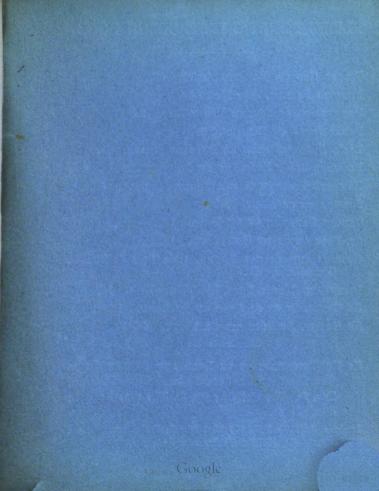
Of goz de stem,
Wid a puf and a screm!
Rond go de hwelz! on we rid!
Horsez gud bi,
U ned nun ov u tri,
Tu caç us, or run bi or sid.

dar z a holo, car z a rij,
dar z a tunel, car z a brij,
And car z a stajun bi sid ov ce wa!
Plenti ov wimen, and plenti ov men,
Sum getin st, and sum in agén:
dar goz ce hwis'l! hurá! hurá!!
We sal be hom befór darc tudá!

LULAB#.

Lulabi! lulabi!
Go tu slep mi babi der.
Lulabi! lulabi!
Wip awá đát lit'l ter.

Lulabi! lulabi!
Lit'l berdz nv hid far hed.
Lulabi! lulabi!
Babi tú must go tu bed.



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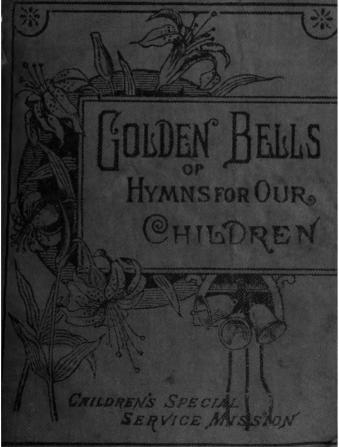
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THREEFENCE

Mission Class

GOLDEN BELLS;

OB.

HYMNS FOR OUR CHILDREN.



ELEVENTH EDITION OF FIFTY THOUSAND.

Mondon:

CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SERVICE MISSION, 18A, WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER BOW, E.C.



THE Committee of the CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SERVICE MISSION have much pleasure in issuing the present Collection of "Hymns for Our Children."

The work has taken many months to complete, and has received the personal and careful attention of the Committee, who have devoted much time and trouble to the selection and classification of the Hymns, and the choice of Tunes, and they believe they have succeeded in forming a collection which will prove of practical use in Children's Services, in Sunday Schools. and at home. They desire to acknowledge the large share taken by Mr. Josiah Spiers in the compilation of the book.

While nearly all the old established favourites will be found in the collection, a large number of bright hymns for children, from all sources, which have only to be known to be appreciated, have been included: There are also many hymns which have been specially chosen as suitable for the young people growing up in our services, while the needs of the now happily large number of Christian children in our midst have not been forgotten.

The Committee desire to express their hearty acknowledgment of the ready permission given by the various authors, publishers, or other owners of copyrights, to use their Hymns. A full list is given in the Musical Edition of the work.

The contents of this book are sent forth with the earnest prayer that they may be used of God for blessing to many souls, and the building up of many of His dear children.



GOLDEN BELLS.

3

1 87's..

GOLDEN bells, their sweet chimes ringing

O'er the earth the gospel plan. Tidings of great gladness bringing, Peace on earth, good will to man.

- 2 Wonderingly the Bethlehem shepherds Hear the news the angel tells; Praises sung by seraph voices, Music as from golden bells.
- 3 For they tell how God has leved us, Sent His Son for us to die, And to bring us to the mansions In His glorious house on high.
- 4 Hear again the gladsome music; Through the pearly gates it swells: Jesus, King of glory, enters; Heavenly praise His triumph tells.
- 5 Triumph over sin and Satan, Triumph over death and hell; Perfected is our redemption: Ring again, ye gelden bells.
- 6 Golden bells and rich pomegranates Fringed the high priest's robe on earth.

Telling us of heavenly graces, Fruitfulness, and holy mirth.

- 7 Fruitfulness and joy that only Come to those who trust His love, And by faith are each united To our great High Priest above,
- 8 Jesus, Lord, in mercy bring us Where Thine unveiled glory dwells, Then we'll praise in music sweeter Than can come from golden bells.

Praise and Wership.

2 10's.

OH, worship the King, all glorious above;
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love:
Our Shield and Defender, the An-

cient of days, Pavilioned in splendour, and girded

with praise.

87's. 2 Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace,

Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space; His chariots of wrath the deep

thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of

the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old:

Hath stablished it fast, by a changeless decree.

less decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air, it shines in the light:

It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweetly distils in the dew and

And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee

to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

11 12, 12 10.

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall

rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and

mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed
Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea; Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee.

Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see; Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty.
God in Three Persons, blessed

CLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring, Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King; Children, raise your sweetest strain To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost, Be this day a Pentecost: Children's minds may He inspire, Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity!
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

WE praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, [above. For Jesus who died, and is now gone Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light Who has shown us our Saviour, and

scattered our night.

8 All glory and praise to the Lamb that

was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed every stain.

All glory and praise to the God of all grace
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

6 Revive us again; rouse the dead from their tomb:

May they now come to Jesus, while yet there is room.

6
OME, ye children, praise the
Saviour!
He regards you from above;
Praise Him for His great salvation!
Fraise Him for His precious love!
Sweet hosannas to the name of
Jesus sing!

2 When He left His throne in glory. When He lived with mortals here, Little children sang His praises, And it pleased His gracious ear.

3 When the anxious mothers round Him With their tender infants pressed; He with open arms received them, And the little ones He blessed.

4 Up in yonder spirit regions,
 Angels sound the chorus high;
 Twice ten thousand times ten thousand
 Sound His praises through the sky.
 5 Come, ye children, praise the Savion!
 Praise Him. your undying Friand:

Praise Him, till in heaven you meet Him,

There to praise Him without end.

OME, ye children, sweetly sing Praises to your Saviour-King; Hearts and voices gladly bring:
Praise His name!

2 Jesus is the children's Friend, Loving, faithful, to the end; Richest gifts from Him descend, Joy and peace.

3 Once from heaven to earth He came, Suffered death, contempt, and blame, Died upon a cross of shame, Crowned with thorns.

4 'Twas our sinful souls to save Thus His precious blood He gave! Ransomed now from sin's dark grave, We may sing.

5 Oh, what boundless grace and love, Passing all our thoughts above! Fear and unbelief remove

- 6 Blessed Jesus, loving, kind, We would early seek and find; And our souls in covenant bind, Thine to be.
- 7 For our sins we deeply grieve, But Thy promise we believe— "Him that cometh I receive": Lord, we come.
- 8 Help us love Thee more and more, Serve Thee truly evermore, Till Thy mercy we adore In heaven above.

WE gather, we gather, Lord Jesus, to bring
The breathings of love 'mid the blossoms of spring;
Our Maker! Redeemer! we gratefully

Our hearts and our voices in hymning Thy praise.

> Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hosanna in the highest! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Ho-

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hosanna to the Lord! . .

2 Those arms, which embraced little children of old, [fold; Still love to encircle the lambs of the That grace, which receiveth the wanderer home, [come. Has never forbidden the youngest to

3 Hosanna! Hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise Our hearts and our voices in songs

to Thy praise,
For precept and promise so graciously

given,
For blessings of earth and the glory
of heaven.

65, p.

AVIOUR, blessed Saviour,

Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising,
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Ω

Onward, upward, heavenward, To our city bright, Singing as we journey Forward into light.

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to Thee,
 Deep in adoration
 Bending low the knee:
 Thou, for our redemption,
 Cam'st on earth to die;
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.
- S Onward, ever onward, Journeying o'er the road Worn by saints before us, Journeying on to God: Leaving all behind us, May we hasten on, Backward never looking Till the prize is won.
- 4 Jesus, Lord and Master, At Thy sacred feet, Here, with hearts rejoicing, See Thy children meet: Often have we left Thee, Often gone astray; Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way.

JESUS, high in glory, lend a listening ear; When we bow before Thee, children's

praises hear. Though Thou art so holy, heaven's

almighty King, Thou wilt stoop to listen while Thy praise we sing.

Onward, upward, heavenward, To our city bright; Singing as we journey Forward into light.

2 We are little children, weak and apt to stray:

Saviour, guide and keep us in the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning, watch us day by day:

Help us now to love Thee, take our sins away.

3 Then when Thou shalt call us to our heavenly home,

We will gladly answer, "Saviour, Lord, we come." In the many mansions, from all sin set free.

Loud shall be our praises, when Thy face we see.

76, D. 11 COME, let us sing of Jesus. While hearts and accents blend: Come, let us sing of Jesus.

The sinner's only Friend. His holy soul rejoices. Amid the choirs above.

To hear our youthful voices Exulting in His love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus Who died our souls to save: We love to sing of Jesus Triumphant o'er the grave:

And in our hour of danger We'll trust His love alone, Who once slept in a manger,

And now sits on the throne. 3 Then let us sing of Jesus While yet on earth we stay, And hope to sing of Jesus Throughout the eternal day. For those who here confess Him He will in heaven confess; And faithful hearts that bless Him

12

He will for ever bless.

87. D. OME. Thou Fount of every blessing. Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Jesus sought me, when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God: He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter. Bind my wandering heart to Thee. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love: Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal Seal it from Thy courts above.

13 NOME, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their

tongues, But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died!" they "To be exalted thus!" [cry, "Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply, " For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive Frive. Honour and power divine: And blessings, more than we can Be. Lord. for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift Thy glories high,

And speak Thine endless praise. 5 The whole creation join in one To bless the sacred name Of Him that sits upon the throne,

And to adore the Lamb.

14 P.Y. ET every heart rejoice and sing. Let sweet hosannas rise : Let old and young together bring To God their sacrifice.

For He is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all His ways; [loud, With songs and honours sounding The Lord Jehovah praise:

While the rocks and the rills. While the vales and the hills. A glorious anthem raise. Let all prolong their grateful song,

2 He bids the sun to rise and set : In heaven His power is known: And earth subdued to Him shall yet Bow low before His throne.

And the God of our fathers praise.

15 TOY-BELLS ringing, children sing-

Fill the air with music sweet: Joyful measure, guileless pleasure, Make the chain of song complete.

Jov-bells! Jov-bells! Never, never cease your ringing; Children! children! Never, never cease your singing; List, list the song that swells-

Joy-bells! joy-bells! 2 Joy-bells ringing! children singing! Hark! their voices loud and clear,

Breaking o'er us, like a chorus From a purer, happier sphere. 3 Earth seems brighter, hearts grow

lighter. As the gladsome melody

Charms our sadness into gladness, Pealing, pealing joyfully.

65, D.

P.M.

4 Jov-bells nearer sound, and clearer, When the heart is free from care; Skies are clearing, and we're hearing Joy-bells ringing everywhere.

16

IN the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now;
"Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came;
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last;
Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed.

Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with 'bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,

In your hearts enthrone Him, There let Him subdue All that is not holy, All that is not true; Crown Him as your Captain In temptation's hour, Let His will enfold you

Trusted, and adored.

In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus Shall return again With His Father's glory, With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire Meet upon His brow, And our hearts confess Him

King of glory now.

17
OME, let us join, with one accord,

To magnify and bless the Lord;
He kindly bends His gracious ear,
And condescends our praise to hear.
Happy songs, happy songs.

Let us praise Him in our happy songs.

Let us praise Him in our happy songs.

2 The children in the temple sang, Till through its courts their voices rang;

Nor will our tongues refuse to sing The praises of our Saviour-King.

3 Our earthly joy, our hope of heaven, By Him in tender love are given; And daily blessings from His hand Our highest, sweetest praise demand.

4 Then let us join, with one accord, To magnify and bless the Lord; Oh may He bend His gracious ear, And condescend to meet us here.

BE our joyful song to-day,
Jesus! only Jesus
He who takes our sins away,
Jesus! only Jesus!
Name with every blessing rife,

Name with every blessing rife, Be our joy and hope through life, Be our strength in every strife, Jesus! only Jesus!

2 Once we wandered far from God,
Knowing not of Jesus;
Treading still the downward road,
Leading far from Jesus;
Till the Spirit taught us how
'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,
And we fain would follow now,
Jesus! only Jesus!

3 Be our trust through years to come,
Jesus! only Jesus!
Password to our heavenly home,
Jesus! only Jesus!
When from sin and sorrow free,

On through all eternity,
This our theme and song shall be,
Jesus! only Jesus!

A LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
A Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, [grace, Hail Him who saves you by His And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe.

And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,

Join in the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all! A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's

praise; He justly claims a song from thee: His lovingkindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me, notwithstanding all: He saved me from my lost estate; His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered

loud, He near m

He near my soul has always stood: His lovingkindness, oh, how good!

Often I feel my sinful heart Prone from my Saviour to depart; But though I have Him oft forgot, His lovingkindness changes not.

I.M.

ORD, how delightful 'tis to see

A whole assembly worship Thee!

At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the
way.

2 I have been there, and still would go; 'Tis like a little heaven below: Let not my pleasure or my play E'er tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh, write upon my memory, Lord, The texts and doctrines of Thy word; That I may break Thy laws no more, But love Thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine

Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, pleading pardon through His blood,

I may lie down and wake with God.

P.M.

OSANNA, hosanna, hosanna!

Hosanna! be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

Hosanna! then our song shall be, Hosanna! to our King: This is the children's jubilee, Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna! Hesanna! here in joyful bands Maidens and youths proclaim, And hail with voices, hearts, and The Son of David's name. [hands, 3 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna! Hosanna! sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain; While louder, sweeter, clearer still, Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna! on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my veice I'll
raise;
With all His saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 And since my soul has known His love,

What mercies has He made me prove! Mercies which do all praise excel: My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 Soon shall I pass this vale of death, And in His arms shall lose my breath; Yet then my happy soul shall tell, My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 And when to that bright world I rise, And join the anthems of the skies, Above the rest this note shall swell— My Jesus hath done all things well.

O.M.

OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace,

2 My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, [abroad, And spread through all the earth The henours of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin, He sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the foulest clean,

His blood can make the foulest clear His blood availed for me.

Praper.

25
COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King, Large petitions with thee bring; For His grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much,

3 With my burden I begin, Lord, remove this load of sin! Let Thy blood for sinners spilt Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right mainAnd without a rival reign.
[tain,

5 While I am a pilgrim here, Let Thy love my spirit cheer; As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my journey's end.

26 77.77.77.

SAVIOUR, bless a little child,
Teach my heart the way to Thee;
Make it gentle, good, and mild;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
Jesus, hear Thy child to-day;

Hear, oh, hear me when I pray.

3 I am young, but Thou hast said
All who will may come to Thee;
Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how and what to speak;
Loving Sayiour, care for me.

4 I would never go astray, Never turn aside from Thee; Keep me in the heavenly way; Leving Saviour, care for me.

WEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known. In seasons of distress and grief My soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of

prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear ~
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,

Engage the waiting soul to bless: And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of

air, [prayer!"
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with flial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord! May we Thy true disciples be; Speak to each heart the mighty word, Say to the weakest, "Follow Me."

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour, Spirit of truth! and fill the place With wounding and with healing power, [grace.

With quickening and confirming 4 With Thee and Thine for ever found, May all the souls who here unite,

May all the souls who here unite, With harps and songs Thy throne surround,

Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire

That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try; [reach Prayer, the sublimest strains that

Prayer, the sublimest strains that The Majesty on high. 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,

The Christian's native air, His watchword at the gate of death; He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O Thou by whom we come to God, The Life, the Truth, the Way! The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;

Lord, teach us how to pray!

30

L.M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of wees,

The contract of t

There is a calm, a safe retreat;
Tis found beneath the mercy-seat

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place than all beside more sweet; It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spet where spirits blend, And friend holds fellowship with friend; [meet Theugh sundered far. by faith they

Though sundered far, by faith they Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there on eagles' wings we soar, And time and sense appear no more; These heavenly joys our spirits greet, And glory cowns the mercy-seat.

31 с.н.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires When human strength gives way; There is a love which never fails When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on scraph throngs; That arm upholds the sky; That ear is filled with angel songs; That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can When mortal aid is vain, (wield That eye, that arm, that love to reach, That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on Through Jesus to the throne, [high, And moves the hand which moves the To bring salvation down. [world.

32 78.

MET again in Jesus' name, At His throne we humbly bow; He is evermore the same:

Lo. He waits to meet us now!

Oh! happy, happy, happy place, Where oft we seek the Saviour's face; [grace: And He reveals His wondrous Happy, happy, happy place.

2 In His name, if two or three Meet, and for His mercy call, "There," the Saviour saith, "I'll be In the midst to bless you all.

3 "You shall nover ask in vain. Though your number be but few; Firm the promise doth remain,— 'Lo! I always am with you." 4 Saviour, we believe the word, Calmly wait the promised grace; Spirit of our risen Lord, Holy Spirit, fill this place!

AY.

I OFTEN say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart

And do the wishes of my heart Go with the words I say? I may as well kneel down

And worship gods of stone
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart The Lord will never hear;

The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.

Lord, teach me what I want, And teach me how to pray; Nor let me ask Thee for Thy grace

Not feeling what I say.

34

7

TESUS, we Thy promise claim,
We are gathered in Thy name;
In the midst do Thou appear;

Manifest Thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless:
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace:
Come and dwell within each heart,
Light and life and joy impart.

3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet—
Meet to appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus All our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we often forfeit!

Oh, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our refuge— \(\)\(\Take \) it to the Lord in prayer. De thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

86

P.M. 'I'IS the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend,

And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour

and Friend: If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share.

What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there! Blessed hour of prayer, Blessed hour of prayer! What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there!

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With tender compassion His people to When He tells us we may cast at His feet every care:

What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there!

3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried, To the Saviour who loves them their

sorrows confide;

With a sympathising heart He removes every care : What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there !

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, if we firmly believe

That the blessing we ask for we'll surely receive.

In the fulness of delight we shall lose every care :

What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there!

37

66,66.

M/E love Thy house, O God, Wherein Thy children meet: For Thou, O Lord, art here, Thy little flock to greet.

2 We love the hour of prayer, No hour on earth so sweet: For then we cast our care At our Redeemer's feet.

3 We love the word of life. The word that tells of peace. Of comfort in the strife. And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below Of mercies freely given: But oh! we long to knew The triumph-song of heaven.

5 Lord Jesus, give us grace On earth to love Thee more. In heaven to see Thy face. And with Thy saints adore.

38 L.M. ORD, teach a little child to prav. I Give me the words I ought to say; For I am young and very weak, And know not how I ought to speak.

2 The words of prayer I've often said With evelids closed and bowed head: But, ch! I'm very much afraid That with my heart I've seldom prayed.

3 But now, O God, be pleased to take Away this heart, for Jesus' sake : Oh! give me one that loves to pray, And read the Bible every day.

4 Show me how, on the cruel tree, Jesus has bled and died for me; Help me to give myself to Him, That I may bate and flee from sin.

5 And now. O Lord, hear this my prayer: Keep me beneath Thy watchful care; And when I die, be pleased to take My soul to heaven, for Jesus' sake.

God in Creation, Providence, and Grace. 39 76, D.

'TIWAS God that made the ocean. And laid its sandy bed; He gave the stars their motion. And built the mountain's head; He made the rolling thunder, The lightning's forked flame: His works are full of wonder,

All glorious is His name. 2 And must it not surprise us That One so high and great Should see and not despise us.

Poor sinners, at His feet? Yet day by day He gives us Our raiment and our food, In sickness He relieves us, And is in all things good.

3 But things that are far greater His mighty hand hath done,

ind sent us blessings sweeter Through Christ, His only Son; Who, when He saw us dying
In sin and sorrow's night,
On wings of mercy flying,
Came down with life and light,
He gives His word to teach us
Our danger and our wants,
And kindly doth beseech us
To take the life He grants.

And kindly doth beseech us
To take the life He grants.
His Holy Spirit frees us
From Satan's deadly powers,
Leads us by faith to Jesus,
And makes His glory ours.

40
1 HOW fair are the lilies, what fra-

Unwatched and untended by man!

For the Lord gives them beauty to

brighten the field,
And the flowers are a part of His plan.
Let me never despair

Of His love and His care,
If He thinks of the flowers, if on fields
He has smiled.

He will care so much more for a child. 2 There is not a sparrow that cleaves

the blue air Unnoticed by God in its fall;

For He made them. He knows them, they all have His care, [small. And He leves them, although they're so

Let us bless His dear name
For the lesson so plain;

For He wants us to know that we're thought of above,

And that each little child has His love.

The moss grows unseen in the niche of

the wall,
But could not be there without God;

And the dew-drops, that find it where rain cannot fall, He has purposely scattered abroad.

So in my lowly place
I may still feel His grace,

For the dew of His love can e'en fall on me there, [prayer. And His blessing in answer to

And His blessing in answer to 4 As we in His beautiful image were Helovesus beyond all beside; [made, But it grieved Him when sin caused that image to fade,

And then to redeem us He died.
And He now from His throne
In His beautiful home
Still is saying with love that is bound-

less and free,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

41 P.K.

I ITTLE beam of rosy light,
Who has made you shine so bright?
With sour Father."
Little bird, with golden wing.

Who has taught you how to sing?
"'Tis our Father."
"'Tis our Father, God above;

"'Tis our Father, God above; He has made us, He is love."

2 Little blossom, sweet and rare.

Who has made you bloom so fair?
"Tis our Father."
Little streamlet in the dell.

Who has made you, can you tell?
"'Tis our Father."

Little child, with face so bright.

Who has made your heart so light?
"'Tis our Father."
Who has taught you how to sing

Like the merry bird of spring?
"'Tis our Father."

LITTLE birds that all day long
Carol in every tree,
What is the secret of your song,

The meaning of your glee?

You are so very, very glad;—
How loving God must be!

2 Dear flowers that blossom round my It fills my heart to see [feet, Your smiling faces, when you meet God's wind upon the lea; You seem to laugh for happiness—

You seem to laugh for happiness— How loving God must be!

3 And all day long our hearts rejoice, God cares for you and me: We are but children; yet our voice

May praise Him merrily:
And we can sing like all the birds—

How loving God must be!

4 Though men and women sometimes
Less full of joy than we. flook

Less full of joy than we, [look Yet He their suffering nature took As Son of man, and He

Poured out His life to save them all: Hew loving God must be!

43

To W dearly God must love us,
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers!
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air.

But tells, in accents holy, His kindness and His care. 2 He bids the sun to warm us, And light the path we tread; At night, lest sught should harm us, He guards our welcome bed; He gives us needful clothing, And sends our daily food; His love denies us nothing His wisdom deemeth good.

The Bible too He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose blood can cleanse and save us
From guilt and sin and shame.
Oh! may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers;
For, oh, how He must love us,
And this poor world of ours!

ORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear.

Are all bestowed by Thee.

2 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour:

I cannot draw another breath Unless Thou give me power.

3 My health, and friends, and parents
To me by God are given; [dear
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant A child can ne'er repay; [care But may it be my daily prayer To love Thee and obey.

DEHOLD, what love, what boundless love,
The Father bath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called the "sons of God."

"Behold ... what manner of love ... what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we ... that we should be called ... should be called the sons of God!"

2 No longer far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh! Accepted in the Well-beloved, Near te God's heart we lie.

3 What we in glory soon shall be "It deth not yet appear"; But when our precious Lord we see, We shall His image bear proceed by 4 With such a blessed hope in view, We would more holy be, More like our risen, glorious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

OME, let us all unite to sing—
God is love!
While heaven and earth their praises
bring— God is love!
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sweetly sing for Jesus' sake,
God is love!

God is love!

2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love!

In Christ is full redemption found—
God is love!

His blood can cleanse our sins away;
His Spirit turns our night to day,
And leads our souls with joy to say—
God is love!

His promises our spirits cheer—
God is love!
He is our Sun and Shield by day,
By night He near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way—
God is love!

3 How happy is our portion here—

4 What though my heart and flesh shall fail— God is love!
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail—God is love!
E'en Jordan's swell I will not fear,
For Jesus will be with me there,
My soul above the waves to bear—
God is love!

QOD loved the world of sinners lost And ruined by the Fall; Salvation full, at highest cost, He offers free to all.

Oh, 'twas leve, 'twas wondrous The love of God to me; [love! It brought my Saviour from above. To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The risen Son of God; Redemption by His death I find, And cleansing through the blood.

3 Believing ones, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
Aglorious foretaste, here below,
Of endloss life in heaven.

4 Of victory now o'er Satan's power Let all the ransomed sing, And triumph, in the dying hour. Through Christ the Lord, our King.

48

L.M.D.

THE spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame.

Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty Hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly to the listening earth Repeats the story of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings, as they roll, And spread the truth frem pele to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

49

7's.

POOR and needy though I be, God Almighty cares for me; Gives me clothing, shelter, food, Gives me all I have of good.

- 2 He will hear me when I pray:— He is with me night and day; When I sleep and when I wake,— For the Lord my Savieur's sake.
- 3 He who reigns above the sky Once became as poor as I; He whese blood for me was shed Had not where to lay His head,
- 4 Though I labour here awhile, He will bless me with His amile, And when this short life is past I shall rest with Him at last.
- 5 Then to Him I'll tune my song, Happy as the day is long; This my joy for ever be,— God Almighty cares for me.

50

A LL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

- 2 Each little flower that opens, Each little bird that sings, He made their glowing colours, He made their tiny wings.
- 3 The rich man in his castle,
 The poor man at the gate,
 God made them, high or lowly,
 And ordered their estate.
- 4 The purple-headed meuntain, The river running by, The sunset, and the morning That brightens up the sky.
- 5 The cold wind in the winter, The pleasant summer sun, The ripe fruits in the garden, He made them every one.
- 6 He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell How great is God Almighty, Who hath done all things well.

51

L.M.

76. D.

YES, God is good; in earth and sky, From ocean depths and spreading wood, Ten thousand voices seem to cry—

God made us all, and God is good.

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way, And downward pours his golden flood, [say,

Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to In accents clear, that God is good.

3 The merry birds prolong the strain, Their song with every spring renewed:

And balmy air, and falling rain, Each softly whisper, God is good.

- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze; The hills that have for ages stood, The echoing sky and roaring seas, All swell the chorus—God is good.
- 5 Yes, God is good, all nature says, By God's own hand with speech endued;
 - And man, in louder notes of praise, Should sing for joy that God is good.

6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord; But most for Thy redeeming blood, Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening

These prompt our song that God is good.

52 C.M. SING the almighty | power of | God, I That | made the | mountains | rise, That spread the | flowing | seas a- |

broad. And | built the | lofty | skies.

2 I sing the wisdom | that or | dained The | sun to | rule the | day; The moon shines full at | His com-

mand. And | all the | stars o | bey.

8 I sing the goodness | of the | Lord, That | fills the | earth | with | food; He formed the creatures | with His |

And | then pro | nounced them |

4 Lord, how Thy wonders | are dis- | played,

Where | e'er I | turn mine | eye, If I survey the | ground I | tread, Or | gaze up | on the | sky !

5 There's not a plant or | flower be | low But | makes Thy | glories | known ; And clouds arise, and | tempests |

> blow. By | order | from Thy | throne.

53 YOD is love! delightful truth! In the sacred page revealed; May it from our earliest youth On our minds and hearts be sealed. 2 God is love! He sent His Son

Us to save from endless wee. Oh. what more could God have done, His amazing love to show?

3 God is love! and when we read How He loved us, in His word, Hard must be our hearts indeed If we do not love the Lord.

4 Who so worthy of our love? None on earth, and none in heaven: Oh, then, to the Lord above Let our youthful hearts be given!

5 Take, O Lord, these hearts of ours. Fill them with Thy love divine; Take our souls with all their powers, Let them be for ever Thine. Digitized by 54 L.W. REAT God! and wilt Thou condescend To be my Father and my Friend: I a poor child, and Thou so high, The Lord of earth and air and sky?

2 Art Thou my Father?-Can'st Thou

To hear my poor, imperfect prayer? Or wilt Thou listen to the praise That such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my Father?—Let me be A meek, obedient child to Thee : And try in word and deed and thought To serve and please Thee as I ought. 4 Art Thou my Father ?-I'll depend

Upon the care of such a Friend. And only wish to do and be Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

5 Art Thou my Father ?-Then at last. When all my days on earth are past, Send down and take me in Thy love To be Thy better child above.

The Birth and Chilehood of Jesus Christ.

55 THERE came a little Child to earth His birth. Long ago; And the angels of God proclaimed High and low.

2 Out on the night, so calm and still. Their song was heard; For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill

Was Christ the Lord.

3 Far away in a goodly land. Fair and bright.

Children with crowns of glory stand Robed in white:

4 In white more pure than the spotless And their tongues unite [snow: In the psalm which the angels sang On Christmas night. flong ago.

5 They sing how the Lord of that world A Child was born; so fair. And that they might a crown of glory Wore a crown of thorn. I wear,

6 And in mortal weakness, in want, and Came forth to die: [pain, That the children of earth might for ever reign

C With Him on high.

7 And for evermore, in their robes most
And undefiled, [fair
Those ransomed children His praise
declare.

Who was once a child.

56

7°8, D.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelie host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

hrist is born in Bethlenem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

- 2 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Bora to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
- 3 Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home:
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head:
 Sing we then, with angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 Glory in the highest heaven,
 Peace on earth, and sins forgiven."

57

P.M.

Ostroy of old?

It talls of a Saviour's love.

It tells of a Saviour's love,
Of Jesus who came, and died as a
Lamb.

To bring us to heaven above.

Oh, sing a Saviour's love; Oh, sing a Saviour's love; Christ Jesus, He came, and died as a Lamb,

To bring us to heaven above.

2 He came as a Babe, in a manger was Christ Jesus, the Son of God; [laid, He came from on high, that here He might die, To ransom us by His blood.

To ransom us by His blood.

8 He lived upon earth, as a Child, as a

Man, So gentle and loving and kind, So spotless and pure, so ready to cure

So spotless and pure, so ready to cure
The deaf and the dumb and the blind.

4 But oh, how He loved little children!
when here
They brought them to Him, and
His hands on them laid, and tenderly
said.

"Let the little ones come unto Me."

5 And now He has gone to His Father's bright throne;

And if this dear Saviour we love, Then, when we shall die, He will take us on high,

To be with Him in heaven above.

58 87, 87, 77

ONCE, in royal David's city, Stood a lowly cattle-shed, Where a mother laid her Baby, In a manger for His bed. Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little child.

Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all.

And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous child-He would honour and obey, [hood Love and watch the lowly mother,

In whose gentle arms He lay. Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern: Day by day like us He grew;

He was little, weak, and helpless; Tears and smiles like us He knews And He feeleth for our sadness, And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love; For that Child, so dear and gentle, Is our Lord in heaven above;

And He leads His children on To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor, lowly stable, With the oxen standing by,

We shall see Him; but in heaven, Set at God's right hand on high; When like stars His children, crowned,

All in white shall wait around.

DRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend w

thine aid I

Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our intant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrons are shining,

Low lies His head with the beasts of the stail:

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining fof all! Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion.

Odours of Edom and offerings divina

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean. Tthe mine? Myrrh from the forest, or gold from

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would His favour secure :

Richer by far is the heart's adoration: Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning. [thine aid! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us

Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

60 C.M. INTHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night. All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down. And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind: "Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you and all mankind. 3 " To you in David's town, this day, Is born, of David's line.

A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord: And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall To human view displayed. All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the scraph; and forthwith Appeared a shining throng Of angels, praising God, who thus

Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glery be to God on high. And on the earth be peace: 'Imen Goodwill henceforth from heaven to Begin and never cease."

61 OW the infant Saviour lies : He appears in lewly guise; Yet by faith we read the words-

King of kings, and Lord of lords. 2 See! He stands at Pilate's bar. Most despised of all by far :

Still to Him belong the words-King of kings and Lord of lords.

3 He who wears the crown of thorns. He whom man reviles and scorns. Yet demands as His the words— King of kings and Lord of lords.

4 On the cross 'tis still the same, Never can He vield His claim To these ever-glerious words-King of kings and Lord of lords.

5 Passed the conflict of His love. See! He takes His place above: On His vesture shine the words, King of kings and Lord of lords. By permission of Mesers. Gall & Inglis.

62 P.M. THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown.

When Thou camest to earth for me: But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room

For Thy holy nativity.

Oh. come to my heart. Lord Jesus! There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,

Proclaiming Thy royal degree; But of lowly birth cam'st Thou. Lord. And in great humility. Ton earth,

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds

had their nest In the shade of the cedar tree:

But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God.

In the deserts of Galilee.

5 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word

That should set Thy children free: But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn.

They bore Thee to Calvary.

Oh, come to my heart. Lord Jesus! Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing. At Thy coming to victory.

C.M.

Let Thy voice call me home, saying,
"Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for
thee."

And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus, When Thou comest and callest for me,

63

I LOVE to think, though I am young, My Saviour was a child; That Jesus walked this earth along, With feet all undefiled.

2 He kept His Father's word of truth, As I am tsurph to do; And while He walked the paths of He walked in wisdom too.

3 I love to think that He who spake And made the blind to see, And called the sleeping dead to wake, Was once a child like me:

4 That He who wore the thorny crown, And tasted death's despair, Had a kind mother like my own,

And knew her love and care.

5 I know 'twas all for love of me

That He became a child,
And left the heavens, so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.

6 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child, A child may come to Thee; And, oh! in all Thy mercy mild, Dear Saviour, come to me.

76, D.

THE Saviour loves all children,
For He was once a child—
So joyons and so happy,
So gentle, meek, and mild.
He loves the young in heaven,
He loves the young on earth;
For every child that liveth
Reminds Him of His birth.

2 Oh! happy were those children— We wish we had been there— Who gained the Saviour's blessing, And heard His loving prayer. We wish His hands had rested Upon our heads as well, And we had heard the lessons Which frem the Master fell.

3 And yet we know that Jesus Is with us every day; He stands within our chamber, When we knoel down to pray. He speaks when we are reading, Although no voice is heard, And whispers many blessings To children in His word.

4 And if we seek Him early
He'll lead us by the hand,
Until some day in glory
We at His side ahall stand:
And then with those same children,
Our harps of gold we'll bring,
And sit down at His footstool,
And endless praises sing.

65
86,86,88.
O'ER Bethlehem's hill, in time of old,
Came wise men from afar,
Bringing their costly gifts of gold,
For they had seen His star;
In princely pomp, with presents meet,
They came to worship at His feet.

2 The silvery lamp through all the night
Led on their eager way,
Until upen His lowly home
Was shed its gentle ray:
And there they found the infant King,
And on the ground fell worshipping.

8 So, gracious Spirit, by Thy light Shine Theu upon our way, To guide our feet to Christ the Lord; We would our homage pay; For He who is the children's King

Will not discain what children bring.

4 Not as wise men, in princely robes,
With offerings rich and rare:

We come with empty hands, O Lord, Burdened with sin and care, With hands that wrought Thy misery: And yet Thou bidd'st us come to Thee.

5 For gifts: we give ourselves to Thee; Our hearts shall be Thy throne; For gold: we give Thee all our love, Oh, make it all Thine own! As incense sweet Thy praise we sing, And bless Thy name, our Saviour-King.

THE Son of God, in mighty love,
Came down to Bethlehem forms,
Forsook His throne of light above,
An Infant upon earth to be.

2 In love the Father's sinless Child Sojourned at Nazareth for me; With sinners dwelt the Undefiled, The Holy One in Galilee. 3 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore. Became a Man of griefs for me ; In love, though rich, becoming poor, That I, through Him, enriched might be.

4 Though Lord of all, above, below. He went to Olivet for me: He drank my cup of wrath and woe. And bled in dark Gethsemane.

5 The ever-blessed Son of God Went up to Calvary for me ; There paid my debt, there bore my In His own body on the tree. [load,

6 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies. Went down into the grave for me: There evercame my enemies. There won the glorious victory.

7 'Tis finished all: the veil is rent. The welcome sure, the access free: Now may we leave our banishment, O Father, to return to Thee.

67

87. D. TESUS CHRIST. MY Lord and Saviour. Once became a child like me:

Oh that in my whole behaviour He my pattern still may be ! All my nature is unholy, Pride and passion dwell within: But the Lord was meek and lowly And was never known to sin.

2 While I'm often vainly trying Some new pleasure to possess, He was always self-denying. Patient in His worst distress. Lord, assist a feeble creature; Guide me by Thy word of truth: Condescend to be my Teacher Through my childhood and my youth.

68

TE sing a loving Jesus, Who left His throne above. And came on earth to ransom The children of His love: It is an oft-told story. And yet we love to tell How Christ, the King of glory, Once deigned with man to dwell. All glory, laud, and honour To Thee, Redeemer, King, To whom the lips of children

Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 We sing a holy Jesus: No taint of sin defiled The Babe of David's city, The pure and stainless Child. Oh, teach us, blessed Saviour. Thy heavenly grace to seek; And let our whole behaviour. Like Thine, be mild and meek.

3 We sing a lowly Jesus: No kingly crown He had : His heart was bowed with anguish: His face was marred and sad: In deep humiliation He came. His work to do:

O Lord of our salvation, Let us be humble too.

4 We sing a mighty Jesus, Whose voice could raise the dead: The sightless eyes He epened. The famished souls He fed. Thou eamest to deliver Mankind from sin and shame: Redeemer and Life-giver. We praise Thy holy name!

5 We sing a coming Jesus: The time is drawing near When Christ with all His angels In glory shall appear. Lord, save us, we entreat Thee. In this Thy day of grace, That we may gladly meet Thee. And see Thee face to face.

69

76.

76. D.

THERE is a loving Saviour, Who came from heaven above. This Saviour's name is Jesus. And He is full of love. It is the old, old story, And yet 'tis ever new, It tells of grace and glory, 'Tis strange, and yet 'tis true.

This Saviour's name is Jesus. And all who taste His love For ever and for ever Shall live with Him above.

2 He came a lowly Saviour. And as a babe was bern. An outcast in a manger Upon that birthday morn: Obedient, humble, patient, Worked for His daily food. Despised of men, rejected, Though always doing good. 76.

3 He was a dying Saviour; The soldier pierced His side. And on the cross this Saviour. The Lord of glory, died. He is a risen Saviour, And now in heaven lives. And unto all who ask Him His Holy Spirit gives.

4 He is a coming Saviour; His coming draweth nigh, And He, with tens of thousands. Is coming from on high. Then "every eye shall see Him," And they who taste His love For ever and for ever Shall live with Him above.

70

LOVE to hear the story. Which angel voices tell, How once the King of glory Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sinful. But this I surely know,-The Lord came down to save me, Because He loved me so. I love to hear the story, Which angel voices tell, How once the King of glory Came down on earth to dwell.

- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and holy His little ones might be: And if I try to follow His footsteps here below, He never will forget me, Because He loves me so.
- 3 Te sing His love and mercy My sweetest songs I'll raise: And though I cannot see Him, I know He hears my praise: For He has kindly promised That even I may go To sing among His angels. Because He loves me so.

The Life and Miracles of Jesus Christ. 71 76, 76, D.

WHEN. His salvation bringing. To Zion Jesus came. The children all stood singing Hosanna to His name:

Digitized by

Nor did their zeal offend Him, But as He rode along He bade them still attend Him, And smiled to hear their song.

2 Then since the Lord retaineth His love for children still. Though now as King He reigneth On Zion's heavenly hill. We'll flock around His banner

Who sits upon the throne, And sing aloud, Hosanna! To David's royal Son! 3 For should we fail proclaiming

Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our silence shaming, Would their hosannas raise. But should we only render The tribute of our words?

No : while our hearts are tender. They too shall be the Lord's. 72

THILDREN of Jerusalem Sang the praise of Jesus' name; Children too of later days Join to sing the Saviour's praise. Hark, hark, hark! while youthful voices sing,

Loud hosannas to our King. 2 We are taught to love the Lord : We are taught to read His word; We are taught the way to heaven: Praise for all to God be given.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young. All unite to swell the song: Higher and yet higher rise. Till hosannas reach the skies.

73 ITTLE thought Samaria's daughter. On that ne'er forgotten day. That the tender Shepherd sought her, As a sheep astray;

That from sin He longed to win her-Knowing more than she could tell Of the wretchedness within her. Waiting at the well.

Hear, oh hear the wondrous storn. Let the winds and waters tell-'Tis the Christ, the King of glery, Waiting at the well.

2 'Neath the stately palm tree swaying. Listened she to words of truth: While each thought was back and straving

O'er her wasted vouth.

Hastening homeward, with desire All His wondrous speech to tell. Asked she, "Is not this Messiah Waiting at the well?"

3 Living waters still are flowing. Full and free for all mankind. Blessings sweet on all bestowing: All a welcome find.

All the world may come and prove Him:

Every doubt will Christ dispel. When each heart shall truly love Him. Waiting at the well.

74

P.W. OH! I love to think of Jesus as He sat beside the sea.

Where the waves were only murmuring on the strand.

When He sat within the boat, on the silver wave afloat.

While He taught the waiting people on the land.

Oh! I love to think of Jesus by the sea, Oh! I love to think of Jesus by the sea: And I love the precious word which He spake to them that heard.

While He taught the waiting people by the sea.

2 Oh! I love to think of Jesus as He walked upon the sea. When the waves were rolling fear-

fully and grand,

How the winds and waves were still at the bidding of His will.

While He brought His loved disciples safe to land.

Oh! I love to think of Jesus by the sea. Oh! I love to think of Jesus by the sea; How He walked upon the wave, His

beloved ones to save. While He brought them safely o'er the stormy sea.

3 Oh! I love to think of Jesus as He walked beside the sea.

Where the fishers spread their nets upon the shore:

How He bade them follow Him, and forsake the paths of sin,

And to be His true disciples evermore. Oh! I love to think of Jesus by the sea. Oh! I love to think of Jesus by the sea: And I long to leave my all at the dear Redeemer's call.

And His true disciple evermore to be.

75 D. W. THO is He in yonder stall. V At whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord! oh, wondrous story! "Tis the Lord, the King of glory! At His feet we humbly fall-Crown Him! crown Him. Lord of all!

2 Who is He in deep distress

Fasting in the wilderness? 3 Who is He the people bless

For His words of gentleness? 4 Who is He to whom they bring

All the sick and sorrowing? 5 Who is He who stands and weens

At the grave where Lazarus sleens?

6 Who is He the gathering throng Greet with loud, triumphant song?

7 Lo! at midnight, who is He Prays in dark Gethsemane?

8 Who is He on yonder tree Dies in grief and agony?

9 Who is He who from the grave Comes to succour, help, and save?

10 Who is He who from His throne Rules through all the worlds alone

76

76, D.

HOSANNA! loud hosanna! The little children sang : Through pillared court and temple The glorious anthem rang: To Jesus who had blessed them.

Close folded to His breast.

The children sang their praises. The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed.

'Midst an exultant crowd, Waving the victor palm branch And shouting clear and loud: Bright angels joined the chorus

Beyond the cloudless sky-"Hosanna in the highest:

Glory to God on high!"

3 Fair leaves of silvery olive They strewed upon the ground, Whilst Salem's circling mountains

Echoed the joyful sound; The Lord of men and angels Rode on in lowly state, Nor scorned that little children

Should on His bidding wait.

"Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing:
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King,
Oh, may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!

WHEN mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back,
And bade them depart:
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetlysmiled, and kindly said,
"Suffer little children to come unto
"For I will receive them,
And fold them in My bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,
Oh, drive them not away!

For if their hearts to Me they give, They shall with Me in glory live: Suffer little children to come unto Me." How kind was our Saviour To bid those children welcome!

But there are many thousands
Who have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour
said,
Suffer little children to come unto

Oh! soon may the heathen
Of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessed word,
And cast their idols all away;
Oh, shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love;
Teach the little children to come unto

Thee.

MASTER, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with black.
No shelter or help is nigh.
Carest Thou not that we perish?
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threatening

A grave in the angry deep?

The winds and the waves shall obey My will!

Peace! . . be still! . . .

Whether the wrath of the stormtossed sea, [be, Or demons, or men, or whatever it No waters can swallow the ship where lies [skies. The Master of ocean and earth and They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace! be still! Peace! be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will: Peace! peace! be still!"

2 Master, with anguish of spirit,
I bow in my grief to-day! [bled;
The depths of my sad heart are trouOh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul,
And I perish! I perish! dear Master:
Oh, hasten, and take control!

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is
mirrored,

mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more; [harbour,
And with joy I shall make the blest
And rest on the blissful shore.

79
RIERCE raged the tempest o'er the keep, Watch did Thine anxious servants But Thou wast wrapped in Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish!" was their "O save us in our agony!" [ory, Thy word above the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep Sank, like a little child, to sleep;

The sullen billows ceased to leap,

At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm winds drift us from the
shore,
Saw lore, we sink to rise no more.

Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still."

80

SHE only touched the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around and straightway she was whole.

Oh touch the hem of His garment, And thou too shalt be free! His saving power this very hour Shall give new life to thee! 2 She came in fear and trembling be- 4 But such a cruel death He died: fore Him. She knew her Lord had come:

She felt that from Him virtue had healed her:

The mighty deed was done.

3 Heturned with "Daughter, be of good

comfort : Thy faith hath made thee whole!" And peace that passeth all understand-With gladness filled her soul.

81 98, 98, D. A CROWD fills the court of the temple, A sound as of praise stirs the air, Jerusalem thrills with emotion. The Lord of the temple is there!

In vain is the priestly displeasure To silence the anthems that ring; Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! The children all joyfully sing.

2 Lord! make each young heart Thine

own temple.

Reveal Thy sweet presence within, Illumine our minds by Thy coming, Expel every longing for sin;

And when in our souls we adore Thee How pure the glad praise we shall

bring! Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! The children will joyfully sing.

3 And when in that temple of glery, Where falls never shadow of night. Where sorrow and sin never sadden.

And Thou shalt Thyself be the light; [thronging, When round Thee the ransomed ones

High heaven with their praises will Hosanna! Hosanna! [ring, The children for ever will sing.

From " Voice of Praise," by permission of the Sunday School Union,

82 L.M. TESUS, who lived above the sky. Came down to be a man and die, And in the Bible we may see How very good He used to be.

2 He went about-He was so kind-To cure poor people who were blind; And many who were sick and lame, He pitied them, and did the same.

3 And more than that. He told them too The things that God would have them And was so gentle and so mild, [do: He would have listened to a child

He was hung up and crucified! [good, And those kind hands that did such They nailed them to a cross of wood!

5 And so He died : and this is why He came to be a man and die: The Bible says He came from heaven That we might have our sins forgiven.

6 He knew how wicked man had been, And knew that God must punish sin; So, out of pity. Jesus said

He'd bear the punishment instead.

83 WHEN Jesus, at a wondrous feast. Five thousand people fed. And, with almighty power, increased The fish and barley bread:

2 A lad was there, whose frugal store Received the Saviour's word:

Thus was he raised, though mean and To wait upon the Lord. 3 Thrice happy youth, how blest his lot!

O Lord, permit that we. Although our eyes behold Thee not.

May thus Thy servants be. 4 Thy steps, dear Saviour, we would

And, like Thy followers, feed [trace. On heavenly bread, Thy plenteous Supplying all our need.

5 Our time and all our active powers. All good that we have known. In solemn trust alone are ours:

We give Thee of Thine own. 6 Lord, with a smile of pardoning love Our feeble efforts see:

And, till we reach Thy heaven above. Help us to follow Thee.

84 LITTLE ship was on the sea. It was a pretty sight;

It sailed along so pleasantly And all was calm and bright. 2 When, lo! a storm began to rise.

The wind grew loud and strong: It blew the clouds across the skies. It blew the waves along.

3 And all but One were sore afraid Of sinking in the deep: His head was on a pillow laid,

And He was fast asleep. 4 "Master, we perish : Master, save!" They cried. Their Master heard:

He rose, rebuked the wind and wave And stilled them with a word.

5 He to the storm says, "Peace, be The raging billows cease; [still!" The mighty winds obey His will, And all are hushed to peace.

6 Oh! well we know it was the Lord, Our Saviour and our Friend, Whose care of those who trust His Will never, never end. [word

85 L.M.
RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes "Hosanna!"
cry;

O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road, With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty! In lowly pomp ride on to die: O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged armies of the sky [eyes
Look down with sad and wondering
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty! The last and flercest strife is nigh: The Father on His sapphire threne Awaits His own anointed Son.

6 Ride on! ride on in majesty! In lowly pomp ride on to die: Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain, Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

A WIDOWED mother lost her son,
She had no son beside:
He was her loved, her enly one,
And he fell sick and died.

2 And many a friend shed many a tear, But none had power to save; They placed the body on a bier, To bear it to the grave.

3 When, lo! a company appears, A band by Jesus led — Jesus can dry the mourner's tears, Jesus can raise the dead!

4 His heart, with tender pity moved, Felt for the widow's grief;
"Weep not," He said, and soon He His hand could give relief. [proved
5 He touched the bier—the mourners'

Are fixed upon the Lord: [eyes
"Young man, I say to thee, arise!"
Is His almighty word populated by

6 He rises up,—he speaks,—he lives; No tear need now be shed; Christ to the widowed mother gives The son she mourned as dead.

87 c.m.
THE night was wild, and stormy winds
To fury lashed the sea;
And up and down a little boat
Was tossing restlessly.

2 Amid the storm a sight was seen So strange; what could it be? The boatmen saw approaching them One walking on the sea.

3 No wonder they were all afraid, And raised a frightened cry, Till Jesus kindly calmed their fears, And told them, "It is I."

4 Oh! have we ever heard that voice?
For Jesus, though on high,
Still stoops to cheer and comfort us,

And whispers, "It is I."

5 When strong temptations hedge us
From which we wish to fly, [round,
And Jesus opens up a way.

And Jesus opens up a way,
He then says, "It is I."

6 When daily proofs of love are sent,
In every fresh supply

We ought to hear the Giver's voice, Which tells us, "It is I."
7 Oh! may we through life's busy scenes,

And when we come to die,

For ever hear the Saviour say,

"Fear not, child; it is I."

The Love and Death of the Lord Iesus Christ.

88
| TELL me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word!
| Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard.
| Tell how the angels in chorus |
| Sang as they welcomed His birth,

"Glory to God in the highest, Peace and good tidings to earth." Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart avery word

Write on my heart every word.
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

2 Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that He passed;
How He was tried and was tempted.

C Yet was triumphant at last.

Tell of the years of His labours,
Tell of the sorrows He bore;
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected, and poor.

nomeless, rejected, and poor.

Toll of the cross where they nailed Him,
Writhing in anguish and pain;
Tell of the grave where they laid Him;
Tell how He liveth again.
Love in that story so tender,

Olearer than ever I see; Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

89
L.M.
I T is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from
heaven

And die to save a child like me.

2 And yet I know that it is true: He came to this poor world below, And wept and toiled and mourned and Only because He loved us so. [died,

3 I cannot tell how He could love A child so weak and full of sin; His love must be most wonderful, If He could die my love to win.

4 I sometimes think about His cross, And shut my eyes, and try to see The cruel nails, and crown of thorns, And Jesus crucified for me.

5 But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great lave, which like a free

Of that great love, which, like a fire, Is always burning in His heart. 6 It is most wonderful to know

His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

7 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord: Oh, light the flame within my heart, And I will love Thee more and more, Until I see Thee as Thou art.

free . . . O Calvary! dark Calvary! Where Jesus shed His blood for O Calvary! blest Calvary! [me: "Twas there . . . my Saviour died for me.

2 'Mid rending rocks . . . and darkening skies . . .

My Saviour bows . . . His head and dies; . . .

The opening veil ... reveals the way...
To heaven's joys . . . and endless
day. . . .

3 O Jesus, Lord, ... How can it be, ...
That Thou shouldst give . . . Thy life
for me, . . .

To bear the cross... and agony,... In that dread hour... on Calvary?...

OINCE His life the Saviour gave
Sinners to redeem and save,
I can now His pity see:

Jesus suffered thus for me.
Oh, how He loves me!
Oh, how He loves me!
Oh, how He loves me!
And I will love Him too.

2 When to Him the young were led, "Let them come to Me," He said; Then on each He kindly smiled: Jesus loves a little child.

3 Children can in Him believe, Children can His grace receive; None He ever has cast out: Why should I His kindness doubt?

4 I can hear Him from His throne, Calling to each little one: "I for thee My life did give; Come to Me, and thou shalt live."

JESUS loves me! this I know.
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to open wide; He will wash away my sin, Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still, When I'm very weak and ill; From His shining throne on high Comes to watch me where I lie.

4 Jesus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way; If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high. 7°s.

22

RSUS from His throne on high Came into the world to die: That I might from sin be free, Bled and died upon the tree.

Yes, Jesus loves me. Yes, Jesus loves me. Yes, Jesus loves me. The Bible tells me so.

2 I can see Him even now, With His pierced, thorn-clad brow. Agonising on the tree: Oh, what love, and all for me!

3 Now I feel this heart of stone Drawn to love God's holy Son, "Lifted up" on Calvary. Suffering shame and death for me.

4 Jesus, take this heart of mine: Make it pure, and wholly Thine: Thou hast bled and died for me: I will henceforth live for Thee.

94

P.M. OH what has Jesus done for me? He pitied me, my Savieur. My sins were great, His leve was free; He died for me, my Saviour. Exalted by the Father's side,

He pleads for me, my Saviour. A heavenly mansien He'll provide For all who leve the Saviour.

Jesus, dear Jesus, Thy name is sweet, my Saviour. When shall I see Thee face to face. My wondrous, blessed Saviour?

2 To my weak steps He doth give heed, He watcheth me, my Saviour. He helpeth me in every need, He loveth me, my Saviour. He heareth, and doth answer send To my poor prayer, my Saviour;

And He will keep unto the end The child that trusts his Saviour.

From "Child's Own Hymn Book," by permission of Mesers. J. Curven & Sons.

95 C.M. MHERE is a story sweet to hear, I love to tell it too: It fills my heart with hope and cheer. 'Tis old, yet ever new.

Tis old, . . . yet ever new ! Tis old, . . . yet ever new! I know, . . . I feel it's true; 'Tis old, yet ever new! 2 They tell me God the Son came down From His bright throne to die. That I might wear a starry crown. And dwell with Him on high.

3 They say He bore the cross for me. And suffered in my place, That I might always happy be,

And ransomed by His grace. 4 Oh, wondrous love, so great, so vast.

So boundless, and so free! Low at Thy feet my all I cast;

I covet only Thee.

96 P.W. THERE'S a wonderful story I've fold ": heard long ago, 'Tis called "the sweet story of

I hear it so often, wherever I go That same old story is told.

And I've thought it was strange that so often they'd tell

That story as if it were new; But I've found out the reason they

love it so well-That old, old story is true! That old, old story is true!

That old, old story is true! But I've found out the reason they love it so well-That old, old story is true!

2 They told of a Being so lovely and pure,

That came to the earth to dwell. To seek for His lost ones, and make them secure

From death and the power of hell: That He was despised and with thorns He was crowned:

On the cross was extended to view: But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found

That old, old story is true! . . . But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found

That old, old story is true!

3 He arose and ascended to heaven. we're told.

Triumphant o'er death and hell: He's preparing a place in that city of

gold, [dwell: Where loved ones for ever may Where our kindred we'll meet, and

we'll never more part. And oh, while I tell it to you, It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my

heart-That old, old story is true! . . . It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart. That old, old story is true!

4 Oh, that wonderful story I have to

repeat. Of peace and good-will to men! There's no story to me that is half so

sweet. As I hear it again and again.

He invites you to come—He will freely receive.-

And this message He sendeth to you. There's a mansion in glory for all who believe:

That old, old story is true! . . . There's a mansion in glory for all

who believe: That old, old story is true!

97 P.M. THE love that Jesus had for me. To suffer on the cruel tree. That I a ransomed soul might be. Is more than tongue can tell!

His love is more than tongue can tell! . . . [tell! . . . His love is more than tongue can The love that Jesus had for me

Is more than tongue can tell! 2 The bitter sorrow that He bore. And oh! that crown of thorns He wore. That I might live for evermore. Is more than tongue can tell!

3 The peace I have in Him. my Lord. Who pleads before the throne of God The merit of His precious blood. Is more than tongue can tell!

4 The joy that comes when He is near. The rest He gives, so free from fear, The hope in Him, so bright and clear, Is more than tongue can tell.

នន P.M. BY faith I view my Saviour dying, On the tree, on the tree; To every nation He is crying. Look to Me! Look to Me! He bids the guilty now draw near. Repent. believe, dismiss their fear : Hark! hark! what precious words I hear!

"Mercy's free! Mercy's free!" 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,

Pity me, pity me? And did He snatch my soul from ruin? Can it be? can it be?

Oh. ves! He did salvation bring: He is my Prophet, Priest, and King: And now my happy soul can sing, "Mercy's free! Mercy's free!"

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes: Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

And every moment Christ is precious Unto me, unto me:

None can describe the bliss I prove. While through the wilderness I move: All may enjoy the Saviour's love: Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying, "Mercy's free! Mercy's free!" And this shall be my theme when

dying, "Mercy's free! Mercy's free!" And when the vale of death I've nassed. When lodged above the stormy blast. I'll sing while endless ages last.

" Mercy's free! Mercy's free!"

99

THERE'S a book I love to read. Full of Jesus' love:

There I find that He indeed Shed for me His blood. Jesus died and paid it all.

All the debt I owe : Something either great or small From love to Him I'll do.

2 'Twas for me that Jesus died On the cruel tree:

There He bowed His thorn-clad head. Oh, what agony !

3 'Twas my sins that nailed Him there. Mine that shed His blood: Mine that pierced the bleeding side Of the Son of God.

4 Now my life shall all be given To my risen Lord, Walking in His steps to heaven, Trusting in His word.

100 THERE is a word I fain would speak-Jesus died. Eyes that weep and hearts that break; Jesus died.

No music from the quivering string Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring :

Oh I may I always love to sing-Jesus died. 2 Satan seeks my soul to have : Jesus died.

Jesus died my soul to save : Jesus died.

The holy Lord, the bleeding Lamb, The Crucified, the great I AM; There's life in every lovely name: Jesus died.

3 And now I need not fear to pray: Jesus died.

He washes all my sins away : Jesus died.

He washes all my sins away, He is the Life, the Truth, the Way, And now to all men I can say— Jesus died.

4 'Twill soothe my heart with death in view: Jesus died.

And bear me that cold river through:

Jesus died.

That word will heaven's bright gates

unclose,
Release me from my mortal woes,
And hear me where Thy glory glows

And bear me where Thy glory glows; Jesus died.

THERE is a green hill far away,
I Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucifed,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains He had to bear; But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good; That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved;
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

11's.

HOW loving is Jesus, who came from the sky.
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
His hands and His feet, they were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered for sinners like me!

Digitized by GO

2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart

To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!

No evil befalls them, their home is above,

And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe!

And out of His fulness what grace they receive!

When weak He supports them, when erring He guides. [vides.

erring He guides, vides.

And everything needful He kindlypro-

4 Oh, give then to Jesus your earliest days:

[His ways:
They only are blessed who walk in In life and is death He will still be their Friend,

For those whom He loves He will

love to the end.

JESUS, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and
Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His

name!
Seeking for me. for me!...
Seeking for me! for me!...

Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His Seeking for me, for me! [name!

2 Jesus. my Saviour, on Calvary's tree Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;

Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be?

Dying for me, for me!

Oh, it was wonderful—how could it Dying for me, for me! [be?

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I was wandering afar from the fold, Gently and long did He plead with my

Calling for me, for me! Gently and long did He plead with my

Calling for me, for me! [soul,

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high— [fly; Sweet is the promise as weary years Oh, I shall see Him descending the

Coming for me, for me! [sky, Oh, I shall see Him descending the Coming for me, for me! [sky]

104 P.W. CHILDREN, think on Jesus' love-All for you! How He came from heaven above-All for you! He whom angels did adore. Full of wisdom, grace, and power, How He all your sorrows hore. Yes, children, 'twas for you! yes, all for you! [all for you! Yes, children, 'twas for you! yes, 2 Think how He contrived the plan-All for you! And, to save, became a man-All for you! Left His glorious throne on high; Came to suffer, bleed, and die, You to raise above the sky. 3 See! He hangs upon the tree-All for you! Crowned with thorns in agony-All for you! Yes, for you all this He bore, And fer thousands, thousands more, All to save from hell's dark door. 105 NOME, children, and learn of the infinite grace Of Jesus in coming to die: How He left His bright throne, that all-glorious place-His beautiful home in the sky. Oh, think of the Lamb, who on Calvary died, And died for such sinners as we: Of the thorns on His brow, and the spear in His side. When He suffered and bled on the 2 Ah! never was sorrow so bitter as this. The anguish He suffered below: For the dear Son of God had done nothing amiss: [woe. 'Twas for others He tasted such Oh, think of His love, when He gave up His life For sinners so guilty as we: 'Twas for us that He finished the conflict and strife: 'Twas for us that He bled on the 3 Dear little ones, think, is it nothing to you.

The tale of His wonderful grace?

When He comes in the clouds will

Or tremble to look in His face?

you joyfully view.

And died for such sinners as we:-Of the thorns on His brow, and the spear in His side. When He suffered and bled on the 4 When He comes back to reign in glory so bright. The wicked He'll fill with despair; But children who love Him will rise with delight To meet their dear Lord in the air. Oh, think of His love, when He gave up His life For sinners so guilty as we: 'Twas for us that He finished the conflict and strife; 'Twas for us that He died on the tree. 108 87, D. TESUS was the first to love us : Our dear Lord came from the sky, Lived a weary life of sorrow, Then a shameful death did die. We must all have died for ever. Had not Jesus died instead: Now our sins may all be covered By the precious blood He shed. 2 Oh, how dearly He has loved us, Long before we loved at all! Now with us He standeth pleading. And His loving voice doth call: "Do you love Me? do you love Me?" Now I think I hear Him say : And He waiteth for the answer Which my heart will give to-day. 3 Jesus Lord, I think I love Thee. But I want to love Thee more: Now, I pray Thee, send Thy Spirit, In my heart Thy love to pour. "If ye love Me, if ye love Me," Hark! again I hear Him sav. "Do the things you know will please All My loving words obey." 107 P.M. ONE there is above all others-Oh, how He loves! His is love beyond a brother's-Oh. how He loves! Earthly friends may fail or leave us,

One day soothe, the next day grieve us,

But this Friend will ne'er deceive us

COh, how He loves!

Oh, think of the Lamb who on Cal-

vary died.

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him-Think, oh think, how much we owe Him-

With His precious blood He bought In the wilderness He sought us. Ius. To His fold He safely brought us.

3 We have found a Friend in Jesus-'Tis His great delight to bless us-How our hearts delight to hear Him Bid us dwell in safety near Him! Why should we distrust or fear Him?

4 Through His name we are forgiven-Backward shall our foes be driven-Best of blessings He'll provide us. Naught but good shall e'er betide us. Safe to glory He will guide us.

108

THERE is no love like the love of Never to fade or fall. [Jesus-Till into the fold of the peace of God He has gathered us all.

Jesus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free; Oh, turn to that love, weary wandering soul: Jesus pleadeth with thee!

2 There is no heart like the heart of Filled with a tender love: No throb nor throe that our hearts can know.

But He feels it above.

3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus, Piercing so far away : Ne'er out of the sight of its tender Can the wanderer stray. [light

4 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus-

Tender and sweet its chime, Like musical ring of a flowing spring In the bright summer time.

5 Oh! let us hark to the voice of Jesus; Oh! may we never roam.

Till safe we rest on His loving breast, In the dear heavenly home.

109

C.M. THERE is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven. The name before His wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour given.

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him blessed Jesus! For there's no word ear ever heard So dear, so sweet, as "Jesus!"

2 And when He hung upon the tree. They wrote His name above Him, That all might see the reason we For evermore must love Him.

3 So now, upon His Father's throne-Almighty to release us From sin and pains-He ever reigns. The Prince and Saviour. Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless name Thy grace shall fail us never: The same to-day as yesterday. Thou art the same for ever!

110

P.M.

FAN of sorrows!" what a name M. For the Son of God, who came Ruined sinners to reclaim ! Hallelujah | what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude. In my place condemned He stood: Sealed my pardon with His blood: Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we; Spotless Lamb of God was He: "Full atonement."-can it be? Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 "Lifted up" was He to die. "It is finished!" was His cry: Now in heaven exalted high : Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King. All His ransomed home to bring, Then anew this song we'll sing : "Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

111

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AM so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the book He has

given: Wonderful things in the Bible I see: This is the dearest, that Jesus leves

I am so glad that Jesus loves me.

Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me: I am so glad that Jesus loves me. Jesus loves even me.

Though I forget Him, and wander away,

Still He doth love me whenever I stray

Back to His dear, loving arms would I flee. When I remember that Jesus loves me. 3 Oh! if there's only one song I can sing When in His beauty I see the great King.

This shall my song in eternity be. "Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me l"

4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him. Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem : Yes. it was love made Him die on the

tree : Oh! I am certain that Jesus loves me.

5 In this assurance I find sweetest rest, Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest; Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee. When I just tell him that Jesus loves

112 77. 77. 77.

TO. at noon 'tis sudden night. L Darkness covers all the sky: Rocks are rending at the sight! Children, can you tell me why? What can all these wonders be?-Jesus dies on Calvary.

2 Nailed upon the cross, behold How His tender limbs are torn: For a royal crown of gold They have made Him one of thorn ! Cruel hands that dare to bind Thorns upon a buow so kind!

3 See ! the blood is falling fast From His forehead and His side! Hark! He now has breathed His last: With a mighty groan He died! Children, shall I tell you why Jesus condescends to die?

4 You were wretched, weak, and vile, You deserved His holy frown: But He saw you with a smile. And to save you hastened down. Listen, children: this is why Jesus condescends to die.

5 Come then, children, come and see : Lift to Him your hands and pray: " Blessed Jesus, pardon me, Help a guilty sinner," say: "Since it was for such as I

Thou didst condescend to die."

113

C.M. THERE is a Name I leve to hear. I love to speak its worth ; It sounds like music in my ear, The sweetest Name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love. Who died to set me free : It tells me of His precious blood. The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe. Who in my sorrow bears a part That none can bear below.

4 It bids my trembling heart rejoice. It dries each rising tear : It tells me in a "still, small voice."

To trust and never fear.

5 Jesus, the Name I love so well, The Name I love to hear! No saint on earth its worth can tell. No heart conceive how dear!

114 P.W. TESUS loves! Jesus loves! Jesus loves poor sinners!

Jesus loves—leves even me : He came from heaven to save us. Jesus invites us; His love invites

poor sinners: His wondrous love invites us all:

He came from heaven to save us. 2 Jesus died! Jesus died! Jesus died

for sinners! Jesus died -died on the tree: He shed His blood to save us.

Now Jesus calls us: from Calvary He

calls us: His blood calls loudly from the

His blood He shed to save us.

3 Jesus lives! Jesus lives! Jesus lives for ever!

Jesus lives-lives new a King: He lives a King to save us.

Jesus can keep us-from all our foes can keep us :

Can keep us even unto death. He lives a King to save us!

4 Jesus comes! Jesus comes! Jesus comes in glory!

Jesus comes—cemes on the throne: He's coming soon to judge us.

Jesus is coming: He'll come, the heavens rending:

The Crucified will come to judge; He's coming soon to judge us.

5 Weary soul, weary soul, come at once to Jesus:

Come at once-come now to Him: come while He waits to save you.

P.M.

The Saviour loves you : He's coming soon to judge you; He lives to set you free from sin ; He shed His blood to save you.

115

T GAVE My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That Thou mightest ransomed be, And quickened from the dead: I gave My life for thee : What hast thou given for Me?

2 I spent long years for thee In weariness and woe. That an eternity Of joy thou mightest know: I spent long years for thee: Hast thou spent one for Me?

3 My Father's home of light, My rainbow-circled throne, I left for earthly night. For wanderings sad and lone: I left it all for thee; Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 I suffered much for thee --More than thy tongue can tell Of bitter ageny, To rescue thee from hell: I suffered much for thee: What canst theu bear for Me?

5 Lord, let my life be given, And every moment spent, For God, for souls, for heaven, And all earth's ties be rent. Thou gavest Thyself for me, Now I give all for Thee.

116

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to And ever faithful be; fown. And when Thou sittest on Thy throne.

O Lord, remember me.

2 Was it for sins that I had done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity ! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide. And shut his glories in. When Christ, the mighty Maker. died For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears. Dissolve my heart in thankfulness. And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give myself away;

'Tis all that I can do.

Redemption by the Blood of Christ.

117

TELL me the old, old story Of unseen things above. Of Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love: Tell me the story simply,

As to a little child, For I am weak and weary. And helpless and defiled. Tell me the old, old story Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly, That I may take it in-That wonderful redemption. God's remedy for sin. Tell me the story often, For I forget so soon; The early dew of morning

Has passed away at noon. 3 Tell me the story softly. With earnest tones and grave: Remember! I'm the sinner Whom Jesus came to save. Tell me that story always, If you would really be.

In any time of trouble, A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glory Is costing me too dear. Yes, and when that would's glory Is dawning on my soul. -Tell me the old, old story-

"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

118 (I)HERE is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins: And sinners plunged beneath that Lose all their guilty stains.

I do believe, I will believe, That Jesus died for me. That on the cross He shed His From sin to set me free.

Digitized by GOOGLE

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he,

Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme,

And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

P.M.

REDEEMED! how I love to proRedeemed by the blood of the Lamb!
Redeemed through His infinite mercy,
His child—and for ever—I am.
Redeemed!...Redeemed!...

Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb!
Redeemed!...Redeemed!...
His child—and for ever—I am!

2 Redeemed! and so happy in Jesus, No language my rapture can tell; I know that the light of His presence With me doth continually dwell.

3 I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of Him all the day long: I sing, for I cannot be silent; His love is the theme of my song.

4 I know I shall see in His beauty
The King in whose law I delight,
Who lovingly guardeth my footseps,
And giveth me songs in the night.

5 I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansions for me; And soon, with the spirits made per-

At home with the Lord I shall be.

120

To God be the glory! great things He hath done!

So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,

Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,

And opened the life-gate that all may go in.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Lot the earth hear His voice!

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Let the people rejoice.

Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son:

And give Him the glory! great things
He hath done!

2 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood!

To every believer the promise of God: The vilest offender who truly believes, That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

3 Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,

And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son:

But purer and higher and greater will be

Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see!

121

BLESSED be the fountain of blood,
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blessed be the dear Son of God:
Only by His stripes we are healed.
Though I, we wandered far from His

fold, 'Bringing to my heart pain and woe, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow!

Whi . . . ter than the snow . . . Whi . . . ter than the snow . . Wash me in the blood of the Lamb . . And I shall be whiter than snow!

2 Thorny was the crown that He wore On the cross, with the scoffing and shame;

Grievous were the sorrows He bore, My eternal salvation to gain. May I to that fountain be led, Opened for my sins here below;

Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow?

3 Father, I have wandered from Thee, Often has my heart gone astray; Crimsen do my sins seem to me— Water cannot wash them away. Jesus to that fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise, I go!

Cleaning on Thy promise, 1 go! Cleanse me by Thy washing divine And I shall be whiter than snow

For that blood has power to cleanse 122 S.W. each stain. ATOT all the blood of beasts. And to loose my heart from each bind-On Jewish alters slain. ing chain. Could give the guilty conscience peace, 124 Or wash away its stain. WHAT can wash away my stain? But Christ, the heavenly Lamb. Nothing but the blood of Jesus! Takes all our sins away: What can make me whole again? A sacrifice of nobler name. Nothing but the blood of Jesus! And richer blood than they. Oh, precious is the flow, My faith would lay her hand That makes me white as snow! On that dear head of Thine, No other fount I know. While like a penitent I stand, Nothing but the blood of Jesus! And there confess my sin. 2 For my cleansing this I sec-My soul looks back to see Nothing but the blood of Jesus! The burden Thou didst bear. For my pardon this my plea-When hanging on the accursed tree, Nothing but the blood of Jesus! For all her guilt was there. 3 Nothing can for sin atone-Believing, we rejoice Nothing but the blood of Jesus! To see the curse remove: Naught of good that I have done-We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice. Nothing but the blood of Jesus! And sing His wondrous love. 4 This is all my hope and peace-123 Nothing but the blood of Jesus! P.W. This is all my righteousness-WITE are not redeemed with vain ail-Nothing but the blood of Jesus! · ver and gold. For our ransom price was a sum un-125 TESUS. Thy precious blood alone That the blood of Jesus alone could The sinner can redeem. For all our sin and guilt atone. And that blood can wash all our sins And make entirely clean. away. l've been redeemed. Oh! His blood . . . was shed for been redeemed. Been washed in the blood of the On the mount . . of Cal-Lamb: vary: Been redeemed by the blood of And the cleansing fountain is the Lamb. opened wide, Been redeemed by the blood of In the heart of Jesus, the Crucithe Lamb 2 Oh! His precious blood was my soul-Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb ransom free: He will cast my sins in the deep, dark That flowed on Calvary. And the cleansing fountain is opened 2 For all the fountain of Thy blood Is flowing night and day. In the heart of Jesus, the crucified. And they who plunge beneath its flood Wash all their sins away. 3 Has the precious blood of the dear spotless Lamb 3 Come to the crimson, flowing tide. Touched your soul's deep wounds O weary, sin-sick soul! Come, have the precious blood applied, with its healing balm? Is your heart made clean? Are your And it will make you whole. robes washed white? [light? 4 And when we reach the "ahining Are you walking on in the path of shore" 4 From the guarded door of my inner-Amid the blood-washed throng, most heart

May the sprinkled blood bid all sin

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depart:

We'll praise the Lamb for evermore.

We've been redeemed.

And this shall be our song:

126

886, 886.

THOUGH all the beasts that live and feed Upon a thousand hills, should bleed, Though all their blood should flow. The sacrifice would be in vain,

The stain of sin would still remain: Sin is not cancelled so.

2 "A better sacrifice" than these It needs, the conscience to appease,

Or satisfy the Lord. No blood hath virtue to atone For man's offence, but His alone Whose title is "The Word."

3 Jesus the Christ, how sweet His name! He came, in love to sinners came, And bowed His head, and died; A full atonement now is made, The ransom, by His death, is paid, And justice satisfied.

4 That sinners might draw near to Him, God planned this great, this wondrous

scheme. And found the ransom too: Let all His saints their voices raise, And sing the great Redeemer's praise While endless ages flow.

127

76, D.

COULD not do without Thee. O Saviour of the lost. Whose precious blood redeemed me At such tremendous cost; Thy righteousness, Thy pardon, Thy precious blood must be My only hope and comfort. My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee, I cannot stand alone.

I have no strength or goodness. No wisdom of my own; But Thou, beloved Saviour.

Art all in all to me. And weakness will be power If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee, For, oh! the way is long,

And I am often weary. And sigh replaces song. How could I do without Thee? I do not know the way:

Thou knowest, and Thou leadest, And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee. O Jesus, Saviour dear :

E'en when my eyes are holden, I know that Thou art near:

How dreary and how lonely This changeful life would be Without the sweet communion.

The secret rest with Thee! & I could not do without Thee. For years are fleeting fast. And soon in solemn loneliness

The river must be passed; But Thou wilt never leave me, And though the waves roll high,

I know Thou wilt be near me, And whisper, "It is L."

128

L.M. JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress;

'Midst flaming worlds, in these arraved.

With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day, For who aught to my charge shall lav? Fully absolved through these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise. To claim my mansion in the skies, E'en then shall this be all my plea. "Jesus hath lived, and died, for me."

4 This spotless robe the same appears. When ruined nature sinks in years; No age can change its glorious hue. The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice, Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice; Their beauty this, their glorious dress, Jesus, the Lord our righteousness !

129

THEN I survey the wondrous cross VV On which the Prince of glory died,

My richest gain I count but loss,

And pour contempt on all my pride. 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

Save in the cross of Christ my God: All the vain things that charm me I sacrifice them to His blood. [most,

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet.

Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet. Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an offering far too small: Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all!

130 77, 77, 77. NOCK of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood. From Thy riven side which flowed.

Re of sin the double cure.— Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands Can fulfil Thy law's demands: Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling: Naked, come to Thee for dress : Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly: Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath. When mine eyes shall close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne: Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!

131

P.M. DEJOICE and be glad! the Re-A deemer has come; Go, look on His cradle. His cross, and His tomb!

Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain:

Sound His praises, tell with gladness He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last:

The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

8 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed: Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free ; the tree.

The Just for the unjust has died on 5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain again.

O'er death is triumphant, and liveth C Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high: the sky.

He pleadeth for us on His throne in

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again: was slain. He cometh in glory, the Lamb that Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with glad-

132 77. 77. 77. DLESSED are the sons of God. D They are bought with Jesus' blood, They are ransomed from the grave. Life eternal they shall have. With them numbered may I be. Now and through eternity!

ness He cometh again.

2 God did love them in His Son. Long before the world begun: They the seal of this receive When on Jesus they believe.

3 They are justified by grace. They enjoy a solid peace: All their sins are washed away. They shall stand in God's great day.

4 They produce the fruits of grace In the works of righteousness: Born of God, they hate all sin, God's pure word remains within.

5 They have fellowship with God. Through the Mediator's blood: One with God, through Jesus one. Glory is in them begun.

The Resurrection and Ascension of the Lord Jesus.

133 77, 77. HRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day: Halleluish! Sons of men and angels say,

Halleluish! Raise your joys and triumphs high; Halleluish!

Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply, Hallelujah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done: Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er: Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell: Death in vain forbids Him rise! Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King! Where, O death, is now thy sting? Once He died our souls to save; Where thy victory, O grave? Digitized by GOOGIC

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led, Following our exalted Head: Made like Him, like Him we rise, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven, Praise to Thee by both be given; Thee we greet triumphant now, Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

77,77.
JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,

Hallelujah! Who did once, upon the cross, Hallelujah!

Suffer to redeem our loss.
Halleluiah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Who endured the cross and grave, Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which He endured, Our salvation have procured; Now above the sky He's King, Where the angels ever sing.

135
P.M.
SWEET spices they brought on their
Satar-lighted way,
And came to the grave by the dawn-

ing of day.

S"But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll?"

They said, as the tears from their weeping eyes stole.

3 The stone is removed, and the Saviour

is gone:
Oh, hail, ye disciples, this bright
Sabbath morn.

4 May Christ now appear as to Mary
He came, [flame.
And fill every bosom with piety's

5 Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall obtain, [and vain. Nor Sabbaths, so peaceful, be useless

Nor Sabbaths, so peaceful, be useless

136

MARY to the Saviour's tomb

Hasted at the could

Spices brought, and sweet perfume; But the Lord she loved had gone. For awhile she lingering stood,

Filled with sorrow and surprise, Trembling, while a tearful flood Came unbidden from her eyes. 2 But her sorrows quickly fled When she heard His welcome voice; Christ has risen from the dead, Now He bids her heart rejoice.

What a change His word can make, Turning darkness into day! Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,

He will wipe your tears away.

8 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,

Though you now are tempest-tost.
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ:

Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

137 66, 66, 88.

V That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame:
Tell all above and all below

The debt of love to Him you owe.

He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside,

On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, oh! who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hel!!

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led: [rode,

Up through the sky the Conqueror And reigns on high the Saviour-God. From thence He'll quickly come,

His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day;
Then shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:

Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give, The gift, though small, do Thou receive.

138
77,77,77.
LITTLE children, join to sing
Glory, glory to our King;
Christ is risen from the dead,
Crowns unfading wreathe His head.
He is Conqueror o'er the grave!
Mighty to redeem and save!

2 Now behold Him high enthroned, Mercy beaming from His face; By adering angels owned, God of holiness and grace: Little children, join to sing Glory, glory to our King.

3 Jesus, on us deign to shine. Warmour hearts and tune our tongues: May we with the blessed combine, Share their joy, and swell their songs; And with hearts and voices sing Glory, glory to our King.

139 OW in the grave He lay—Jesus, my Saviour!

Waiting the coming day-Jesus, my Lord!

Up from the grave. He arose. With a mighty triumph o'er His

He arose a Victor from the dark domain.

And He lives for ever with His saints to reign!

He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 Vainly they watch His bed-Jesus, my Saviour!

Vainly they seal the dead-Jesus, my

3 Death cannot keep His prey-Jesus, my Saviour!

He tore the bars away-Jesus, my Lord!

140 65, D. YOLDEN harps are sounding. Angel voices sing. Pearly gates are opened. Opened for the King: Jesus, King of glory, Jesus, King of love. Is gone up in triumph To His throne above. All His work is ended: Joyfully we sing---Jesus hath ascended! Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us. He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory At His Father's side : Never more to suffer, Never more to die,

Own His title, praise His name.

Jesus, King of glory, Has gone up on high! 3 Praying for His children. In that blessed place; Calling them to glory. Sending them His grace: His bright home preparing. Faithful ones, for you: Jesus ever liveth. Ever loveth too.

141 OUND the high praises of Jesus our King; [tory sing; He came and He conquered. His vic-Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken.

The triumph's complete over death

and the grave;

Vain is their boasting, Jehovah hath spoken, to save. And Jesus proclaimed Himself mighty Sound the high praises of Jesus our

He came and He conquered, His victory sing.

2 Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the

Lord The enemy quailed at the might of His word:

In heaven He ascends and unfolds the glad story, [fame; The hosts of the blessed exult in His

In leve He looks down from the throne of His glory, His name. And rescues the ruined who trust in

142

L OOK, yesaints, the sight is glorious, See the "Man of sorrows" now From the fight return victorious: Every knee to Him shall bow!

Crown Him! crown Him! Angels, crown Him! [kings." Crown the Saviour "King of

2 Crown the Saviour! Angels, crown Him !

Rich the trophies Jesus brings: In the seat of power enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; Saints and angels crowd around Him.

4 Hark, the bursts of acclamation! Hark, those loud triumphant chords! Jesus takes the highest station. Oh, what joy the sight affords!

143

THE head that once was crowned

with thorns Is crowned with glory now: A royal diadem adorns The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords Is His by sovereign right. The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above. The joy of all below,

To whom He manifests His love, And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is given; Their name an everlasting name. Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below, They reign with Him above; Their profit and their joy to know The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health. Though shame and death to Him: Hispeople's hope, His people's wealth, Their everlasting theme.

144

L.M. THE Saviour lives, no more to die,

He lives, the Lord enthroned on He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,

He lives, eternally to save. 2 He lives to still His people's fears. He lives to wipe away their tears; He lives to plead for them above. He lives to bless them with His love.

3 He lives their mansions to prepare, He lives to bring them safely there: He lives, their kind, unchanging Friend.

He lives and loves them to the end.

The Second Coming of the Lord

145 87, 87, 47. O! He comes with clouds descend-

ing. Once for favoured sinners slain: Thousand thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of His train. Hallelniah!

Christ appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him Robed in dreadful majesty; Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,

Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected, See in solemn pomp appear! All His saints, by man rejected, Now shall meet Him in the air. Hallelujah!

See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee. High on Thine eternal throne; Saviour, take the power and glory.

Claim the kingdoms for Thine own. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

146 P.M. TESUS is coming with joy to the sky. Oh, happy day! oh, happy day!

Then all who love Him shall heavenward fly:

Oh, happy day! happy day! Upward shall fly to the Lord in the air, Together with Jesus we all shall be there. fand care:

Far from the earth, and from sorrow Oh, happy day! happy day!

2 Parents and children shall then again

Oh, happy day! oh, happy day! Sisters and brothers-oh, it will be sweet!

Oh, happy day! happy day! We missed them on earth, to Jesus

[lament: they went; We love them as ever, their absence Soon we shall meet them, and then

be content:

Oh, happy day! happy day!

3 Are we all ready, should Jesus now call?

Oh, happy day! oh, happy day! Would each one answer, the great and the small?—

"Oh, happy day! happy day! We long to rise up and with Thee to

Thy face, blessed Jesus, our Saviour,

to see." Would you then, dear children, sing sweetly with me?-

"Oh, happy day! happy day!"

4 Some will stay weeping, unable to sing, "Oh, happy day! oh, happy day!" Yet all may rejoice and their glad praises bring;

Oh, happy day! happy day!
For Jesus still waits, He tarries that we
May trust in His name, and thus
ready may be,

When, brightly beaming, His glory we Oh, happy day! happy day! [see:

JESUS is coming! sing the glad ord!
Coming for those He redeemed by His blood.

Coming to reign as the glorified Lord !

Jesus is coming again!

Jesus is coming, is coming again!
Jesus is coming again!
Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain
and plain!
Jesus is coming again!

2 Jesus is coming! the dead shall arise, Loved ones shall meet in a joyful surprise.
[skies:

Caught up together to Him in the Jesus is coming again!

9 Jesus is coming! His saints to release; Coming to give to the warring earth peace! [shall cease: Sinning and sighing and sorrow Jesus is coming again!

4 Jesus is coming! the promise is true: Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few, Waiting and watching, prepared for

Vaiting and watching, prepared

Jesus is coming again!

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather, The gems for His kingdom; All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children. Who love their Redeemer Are the jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own. 149

HARK! hark! hear the glad tidings, Soon, soon Jesus will-come, Robed, robed in honour and glory, To gather His ransomed ones home:

P M.

Yes, yes, oh yes, to gather His ransomed ones home.

2 Joy! joy! sound it more loudly, Sing, sing glory to God; Soon, soon Jesus is coming, Publish the tidings abroad: Yes, yes, oh yes, publish the tidings abroad.

3 Bright, bright seraphs attending, Shouts, shouts filling the air: Down, down, swiftly from heaven, Jesus our Lord will appear: Yes, yes, oh yes, Jesus our Lord will appear.

4 Still, still rest on the promise, Cling, cling fast to His word: Wait, wait; if He should tarry, We'll patiently wait for the Lord: Yes, yes, oh yes, we'll patiently wait for the Lord.

WATCH and pray! fast fades the

And night will soon be here; The end of all things is at hand, And Jesus will appear.

2 Watch and pray! fast fades the day, And thousand voices cry, "Prepare! prepare! the time is short, His coming draweth nigh."

3 Watch and pray! fast fades the day,
And work is to be done:
The harrest must be continued in

The harvest must be gathered in While lasts the summer sun.

4 Watch and pray! fast fades the day, And what a long, long night, For those who cannot meet their Lord With feelings of delight!

5 Watch and pray! say, children, say, Are you prepared for home? And can you cry, with voice of joy?— "Oh, come, Lord Jesus, come!"

6 Watch and pray! fast fades the day; Oh ory, while yet there's time, "Lord Jesus, take my sins away, And make me wholly Thine."

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P.M.

151

OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned;
But soon He'll come in glory!
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming
By-and-by.

Oh! the crowning day is coming!
Is coming by-and-by! ["power"
When our Lord shall come in
And "glory" from on high!
Oh! the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

2 The heavens shall glow with splen-But brighter far than they, [dour; The saints shall shine in glory, As Christ shall them array: The beanty of the Saviour Shall dazzle every eye, In the crowning day that's coming By-and-by,

3 Our pain shall then be over, We'll sin and sigh no more, Behind us all of sorrow, And naught but joy before: A joy in our Redeemer, As we to Him are nigh, In the growning day that's coming

By-and-by.

Let all that look for "basten"
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way:
By gathering the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing:
Coming! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Whose art coming. Then art coming?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming: We shall meet Thee on Thy way, We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, [Thee We shall bless Thee, we shall show All our hearts could ever say: What an anthem that will be, Ringing out our love to Thee, Pouring out our rapture sweet At Thine own all-glorious feet!

3 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power.

Resting on Thy word of power, Anchored safe within the veil. Time appointed may be long, But the vision must be sure; Certainty shall make us strong, Joyful patience can endure.

4 Oh the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with one accord:
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

The THork of the Wolp Spirit

153

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell.

A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed, With us to dwell.

2 He comes sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
Where He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His the gentle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even, That checks each thought, that calma each fear.

And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,

And every victory won, And every thought of holiness, Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwellingAnd meet for Thee. [place,

154 77, 77, 77.

CRACIOUS Spirit, loving Guide,

Under the Christian's side;

Thousand weary souls rejoice

When they hear Thy heavenly voice

Softly whispering, "Wanderer, come; Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Hely Spirit, leving Friend, Ever near, Thine help to lend; Come, remove each guilty fear, Come and wipe the falling tear, Softly whispering, "Wanderer, come; Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

3 Blessed Spirit, loving Guide, Ever by the Christian's side; When I pass death's gloemy flood, Trusting in the Saviour's blood, Seftly whisper, "Wanderer, come; Fellow Me, I'll guide thee home."

155
77,77,77
CRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
Unyself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me! I myself would truthful be, And with wisdom kind and clear Let Thy life in mine appear; And with actions brotherly Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, awell with me! I myself would tender be; Shut my heart up like a flower In temptation's darksome hour; Open it when shines the sun, And His love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me! I myself would mighty be, Mighty se as to prevail Where, unaided, man must fail, Ever by a mighty hope Pressing on and bearing up.

5. Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be,
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above;

Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

3 Conduct us safe, conduct us far From every sin and hurtful snare; Lead to Thy word, which rules must And teach us lessons how to live. [give,

3 The light of truth to us display, [way; And make us know and choose Thy Plant holy fear in every heart, That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road That we must take to dwell with God; Lead us to Christ, the living Way, Nor let us from His pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest, To be with Him for ever blest: Lead us to heaven, that we may share Fulness of joy for ever there.

157 HOLY SPIRIT, let this hour Witness The second

HOLY SPIRIT, let this hour
Witness Thy reviving power;
Touch our hearts with sacred fire,
Faith and prayer and zeal inspire.

2 Some have left their early love, Some have grieved Thee, holy Dove, Proved unfaithful, worldly, cold, Straying from the Master's fold.

3 Call them back, for Thou canst reach Farthest ones with Thy sweet speech; Broken-bearted they shall come, Find a joyful welcome home.

4 Many near us long have been In the deadliest sleep of sin; Flash the truth upon their sight, Bid them wake to life and light.

5 Lord, we long Thy work to see, Precious souls renewed by Thee; Let salvation now appear, Out of Zion, glorious here,

158

SPIRIT Divine, Spirit Divine—

Be Thou the Day-star on my

darkness to shine!
2 Spirit of truth, Spirit of truth—
Be Thou the Teacher and the Guideof
my youth!

3 Spirit of love, Spirit of love— [above! Be Thou the Leader to my mansion

4 Spirit of power, Spirit of power—
Be Thine the praises of my song
evermore!

159
S8, 88, 88, 7HOU Gift of Jesus, condescend
To be my Comforter and Friend;
O Holy Spirit, fill my heart,
That I from Christ may ne'er depart
O Holy Spirit, condescend

To be my Comforter and Friend.

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8. M.

- 2 If I am blind, oh, give me sight, Show me myself in sin's sad plight; Show me my soul, all black with sin, And cleanse and keep me pure within.
- 3 Oh, show me Jesus, help me rest My head upon His loving breast; Show me His bleeding hands and side, And wash me in the cleansing tide.
- 4 Oh, show me Jesus' righteousness, And clothe me with that glorious dress: Show me my title clear to heaven, My soul renewed, my sins forgiven.
- 5 If I am deaf, Lord, make me hear The voice of Jesus, sweet and clear; Oh, help me hear Him say to me, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee."
- 6 If I am dumb, loose Thou my tongue To sing His praise, so long unsung; Help me to tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found.
- 7 When with temptations sore epprest, My weary soul can find no rest; Oh, fix mine eyes on Christ, my Lord, And help me rest upon His word!

160

O HOLY SPIRIT, come, And Jesus' love declare; Oh, tell us of our heavenly home And guide us safely there!

Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith!

3 Come, with resistless power; Come, with almighty grace; Come, with the long-expected shower, And fall upon this place!

161

COME, Holy Spirit, come, Oh! hear my feeble prayer, Stoop down and make my heart Thy throne,

And shed Thy blessing there.

- Thy light, Thy love impart,
 And let it ever be
 A holy, humble, happy heart.
- A dwelling-place for Thee.

 Let Thy rich grace increase,

Through all my future days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace,
To Thine eternal praise.

162

COME, Holy Spirit, come, Let Thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove, And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never-dying love.

Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,

To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts, Our minds from bondage free; Then we shall know, and praise, and The Father, Son, and Thee! [love,

Sin and Repentance.

77, 77, 77. CHILDREN, you have gone astray,

Far from God and peace and heaven!
Would you leave that dangerous way?

Would you have your sins forgive?
Christ can all your sins forgive:
Look to Jesus, look and live!

2 Children, you have sinful hearts!
Jesus Christ can make you whole;
He can inward grace impart,
Sanctify and save your soul,
Jesus a new heart can give;
Look to Jesus, look and live!

3 Children, you may shortly die?
Jesus died your souls to save;
If you to the Saviour fly,
You shall live beyond the grave.
Life eternal He will give;
Look to Jesus, look and live!

164

76, D.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus!

For I am full of sin:
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:

Where I can always fiee,
The blood of Christ most precious
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus! For I am very poor; A strauger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store: I need the love of Jesus To cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus! I need a Friend like Thee:

A Friend to soothe and sympathise A Friend to care for me: I need the heart of Jesus.

To feel each anxious care. To tell my every trial. And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus! And hope to see Thee soon, Encircled with the rainbow, And seated on Thy throne; There with Thy blood-bought children My joy shall ever be,

To sing Thy praises, Jesus-To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

165

P.M. OH, think not, dear children, because you are young. No blood of atonement you need; The heart is deceitful, unruly the And sinful the thought and the To Jesus then go! He loves you, I know!

> His mercy can never be told: Though the heart is defiled. He will welcome a child.

And give him a place in His fold.

2 From life's early dawning you wandered away, And broad was the road that you

feach day, took: But God has remembered the sins of

And written them down in His book. 3 Oh, think not, when childhood and

youth are no more, That Jesus will reign in the heart; For folly and pleasure may enter the

door, ·And tender affections depart.

4 Delay then no longer; give Jesus your heart :

He'll wash its defilements away : Forsake your vain pleasures, secure the "good part," And taste of its sweetness to-day.

166

7's. TESUS, Saviour, pity me. Hear me, when I cry to Thee! I've a very wicked heart, Full of sin in every part.

Lord Jesus, hear me : Oh, listen to my prayer !

2 I can never make it good: Wilt Thou wash me in Thy blood? Jesus, Saviour, pity me ; Hear me when I pray to Thee!

3 When I try to do Thy will. Sin is in my bosom still, And I soon do something bad : Then my heart is dark and sad.

4 Now I come to Thee for aid. All my hope on Thee is stayed: Thou hast bled and died for me. I will give myself to Thee.

167

P.H.

HOW many children say, "I'd like to go to heaven." Yet never think that they Must have their sins forgiven Before they can in glory be, Or Jesus Christ in glory see!

2 None can to glory go. Or dwell with God above. But those who Jesus know. And taste a Saviour's love : The holy words of truth declars No other grounds of entrance there.

3 But now this " living Way" To all is open free: And ruined sinners may Go in and happy be,

[forgiven May have their sins through Christ The only way to enter heaven.

168

C.M.

OPEN my eyes, O Lord, to see My lost and ruined state: Show me my guilt and misery, While at Thy feet I wait.

2 Help me to hear the dying groans Of Jesus on the tree: "This blood for all thy sin atones, "Tis finished '-all for thee."

3 Oh! how can I neglect such love, So freely shown to me, In Jesus dying on the cross, From sin to set me free?

4 I know there's no escape for me If I should still deny My Lord, who bled on Calvary. To raise my soul on high.

5 Dear Saviour, now to Thee I fly From slavery and guilt:

My hopes, my all, on Thee rely-Thy blood for me was spilt.

169 P.M. RULER once came to Jesus by A night, light: To ask Him the way of salvation and The Master made answer in words

true and plain, "Ye must be born again!" "Ye must be born again!"... "Ye must be born again!"... "I verily, verily say unto thee,

Ye must be born again ! " 2 Ye children of men, attend to the

word. Se solemnly uttered by Jesus the

Lord ; In vain: And let not this message to you be "Ye must be born again!"

3 O ye who would enter this glorious

rest. And sing with the ransomed the song tain. of the blest:

The life everlasting if ye would ob-"Ye must be born again!"

4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see.

At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee; refrain: Then list to the note of this solemn

"Ye must be born again!" 170 8. M.

TOW solemn are the words. And yet to faith how plain. Which Jesus uttered while on earth-"Ye must be born again"!

"Ye must be born again," And life in Christ must have; In vain the soul may elsewhere go-'Tis He alone can save.

"Ye must be born again," Or never enter heaven: Tis only blood-washed ones go there,

The ransomed and forgiven. "Ye must be born again!"

Then look to Christ, and live: He is "the Life," and waits in heaven Eternal life to give.

171

LMIGHTY God, Thy piercing eye Strikes through the shades of night.

And our most secret actions lie All open to Thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit. Nor wicked word we say. But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ. Against the judgment day.

3 And must the sins that I have done Be read and published there, Be all exposed before the sun, While men and angels hear?

4 Remember all the dying pains That my Redeemer felt: And let His blood wash out my stains, And answer for my guilt.

5 Oh may I now for ever fear To indulge a sinful thought. Since the great God can see and hear, And writes down every fault!

172

I'M thinking of my sins. What wicked things I've done. How very sinful I have been. Although I am so young.

How wicked is my heart! How can I be forgiven? Should I with earth be called to part.

How could I sing in heaven ? But Jesus. He has died

For little ones like me: He on the cross was crucified. From sin to set me free.

With all my load of sin. I'll go to Jesus' feet; I'll tell Him all-how bad I've been-His mercy I'll entreat.

I know my prayer He'll hear. He'll fill my heart with love, He'll drive away my guilty fear,

And take me home above. 173

SINFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free; Weary, waiting for my rest: "God, be merciful to me!"

2 Holiness I've none to plead. Sinfulness in all I see; I can only bring my need: L∷OO¶God, be merciful to me!" 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs;
"God, be merciful to me!"

4 There is One beside the throne, And my only hope and plea Are in Him, and Him alone: "God, be merciful to me!"

6 He my cause will undertake, My Interpreter will be; He's my all: and for His sake,

"God, be merciful to me!"

Dr. Monsell.

NO one knows but Jesus how sinful I have been; [within; No one knows but Jesus all my heart No one knows but Jesus my conflicts day by day;

No one like Jesus guideth my way. No one like Jesus temptation can feel; No one like Jesus my sorrow can heal. No one knews but Jesus my conflicts day by day;

No one like Jesus guideth my way. 2 No one knows but Jesus how oft His name I plead;

No one knows but Jesus everything I need;

No one knows but Jesus how humble I would be:

No one like Jesus careth for me.

No one like Jesus will comfort and cheer, [fear.

Pity my weekness and basis my

Pity my weakness, and banish my 3 No one else like Jesus so ready to for-

give— [to live; Pledge and promise broken nearer Him No one knows but Jesus the secret tears that fall;

No one like Jesus hears when I call. No one but Jesus my refuge shall be; No one will love me so dearly as He. By permission, from J. Burnham's "Song Evangel."

WEEPING will not save me;
Though my face were bathed in tears.

That could not allay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years; Weeping will not save me.

Jesus wept and died for me;
Jesus suffered on the tree;
Jesus waits to make me free,
He alone can save ma

Working will not save me; Purest deeds that I can do, Holiest thoughts and feelings too Cannot form my soul anew; Working will not save me.

Waiting will not save me;
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,
In my ears is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die:
Waiting will not save me.

Praying will not save me;
All the prayers that I could say
Could not wash my sins away—
The debt I owe could never pay:
Praying will not save me.

Faith in Christ will save me: Let me trust Thy gracious Son, Trust the work that He has done, To His arms, Lord, help me run; Faith in Christ will save me.

176

NOTHING to pay! ah, nothing to pay!
Never a word of excuse to say!
Year after year thou hast filled the

score,
Owing thy Lord still more and more.
Hear the voice of Jesus saw?
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Ruined, lost art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt.!"

Nothing, nothing, nothing to pay! Hear the voice of Jesus say, "Ruined, lost art thou, and yet I forgave thee all that debt!"

2 Nothing to pay! the debt is so great;
What will you do with the awful weight?
How shall the way of escape be made?
Nothing to pay! yet it must be paid!
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
All has been put to My account,
I have paid the full amount."

3 Nothing to pay! yes, nothing to pay!
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you
stand.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!

Paid is the debt, and the debtor free! Now I ask thee, Lovest thou me?" Inditations and Warnings.

177 NOME to the Saviour, make no deus the way : Here in His word He hath shown Here in our midst He's standing to-Tenderly saying, Come! [day.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free : with Thee, And we shall gather, Saviour,

In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children"-oh! hear His Fioice. voice. Let every heart leap forth and re-And let us freely make Him our Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again. He is with us todav: Tobey: Heed now His blessed command and

Hear now His accents tenderly say, "Will you, My children, come?"

178 11 8, 11 8, H, come to the Saviour, believe in His name.

And ask Him your heart to renew: He waits to be gracious; oh, turn not

For now there is pardon for you.

Yes, there is pardon for you: ... Yes, there is pardon for you; ... For Jesus has died to redeem you, And offers full pardon to you.

2 The way of transgression that leads unto death,

Oh! why will you longer pursue? How can you reject the sweet message of love.

That offers full pardon to you?

3 Be warned of your danger; escape to the cross:

Your only salvation is there: Believe, and that moment the Spirit

of grace Will answer your penitent prayer.

179

ET the children come! L Let them come to Me! Tell them of My love. They to Me will flee.

Let the children come, Let them come to Me. Hear His love entreating. Let them come to Me.

2 Let the children come! Take them by the hand, Oh, forbid them not: This is My command.

3 'Twas for them I left My bright home above: 'Twas for them I died: Now I ask their love.

4 Let the children come To My home on high! Teach them how to live. Teach them how to die!

180 17 HILE Jesus whispers to you. Come, children, come!

While we are praying for you. Come, children, come! Now is the time to own Him.

Come, children, come! Now is the time to know Him. Come, children, come!

2 Are you, too, heavy-laden? Jesus will bear your burden. Jesus will not deceive you, Jesus will now receive you.

3 Oh, hear His tender pleading: Come, and receive a blessing ! While Jesus whispers to you, While we are praying for you.

181

P.M.

O, a loving Friend is waiting, He is calling thee;

Listen to His voice so tender. "Come to Me. 2 "On the cross for thee I suffered,

Death I bore for thee: Canst thou still refuse My mercy? Trust to Me.

3 "Long hast thou been Satan's captive, I will set thee free: Then, rejoicing in thy freedom,

Follow Me."

4 Many times has Jesus spoken, Now He speaks again : Shall thy Saviour's invitation Re in vain?

5 Soon that voice will cease its calling, Wilt thou still delay? Wait no longer, sin grows stronger,

Yield to-day. 6 Saviour, I will wait no longer,

Now to Thee I come; And when life's short voyage is over. Take me home.

P.M.

P.M.

182

OH, come to Jesus now,— P.M. Jesus is here. Jesus is here: All low before Him bow.-Jesus is here, Jesus is here; Too many go away, Too many still delay. Though Jesus bids them stay. Jesus is here, Jesus is here.

2 Oh, come this place within-He sees you full of sin,-He knows you when you come. Poor, wretched, and undone, Seeking Him and Him alone.-Jesus is here. Jesus is here.

3 Come then to Jesus now,-All near Him lowly bow,-O ve that feel your sin. And coming long have been, Now find your rest in Him,-Jesus is here. Jesus is here.

4 Oh. come to Jesus now .--Old and young, together bow,-Oh, what a glorious thing, Sin's weary load to bring. And lose it while we sing-Jesus is here. Jesus is here!

183

WHY do you wait, dear children? Oh, why do you tarry so long? Your Saviour is waiting to give you A place in His sanctified throng. Why not? Why not?

Why not come to Him now? 2 What do you hope, dear children, To gain by a further delay? There's no one to save you but Jesus:

There's no other way but His way.

3 Do you not feel, dear children, His Spirit now striving within? Oh, why not accept His salvation, And throw off the burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear children? The harvest is passing away : Your Saviour is longing to bless you; There's danger and death in delay.

184 "NOW is the accepted time!"
Now is the day of grace: Now is the day of grace: Now. children, come without delay. And seek the Saviour's face. " Now is the accepted time."

The Saviour calls to-day; To Morrow it may be too late-Then why should you delay?

"Now is the accepted time." And Jesus bids you come: And every promise in His word Declares there yet is room.

Lord, draw our youthful hearts To seek a Saviour's love : Then shall rejoicing angels bear The joyful news above.

185

P.M. WHOEVER receiveth the crucified One, Whoever believeth on God's only Son.

A free and a perfect salvation shall have:

For He is abundantly able to save. My brother, the Mas . . . ter is calling for thee; His grace and His mer .

are wondrously free: . . . His blood as a ran . . . som for sinners He gave, . And He is abun . . . dantly able to

2 Whoever receiveth the message of God. And trusts in the power of the soul-

cleansing blood. A full and eternal redemption shall

For He is both able and willing to 3 Whoever repents and forsakes every

sin. And opens his heart for the Lord to

come in. A present and perfect salvation shall

For Jesus is ready this moment to 88.Ve.

186

P.M. " I ITTLE child, I call thee to Me, I will take thee for My own; Sin forsaking, Me embracing, Choose Me for thy King alone."

Yes, Lord Jesus; yes, Lord Jesus; Yes. Lord Jesus.

2 "Little child, I bid thee listen Every time I speak to thee: Do My pleasure, then the treasure Of My love I'll give to thee."

3 "Little child, I bid thee follow Everywhere that I may lead: Always cheerful, never fearful, Trusting Me in every need."

P.M.

4 " Little child, remember always That the Lord hates every sin: Then be careful and be prayerful. Watch and pray lest wrong begin."

187

NOME, heavy-laden one, Sighing for rest: Come, as a weary bird Flies to her nest: "Now" the accepted time. "Now" is the day : Come to the mercy-seat-Why wilt thou stay?

Hark! 'tis thy Saviour's voice. Calling to thee. "Come, heavy-laden one, Come unto Me."

2 Come like the prodigal: He will receive. He will forgive thee all ; Only believe. Joy to the mourning heart He will restore; Turn from the path of sin. Wander no more.

8 Linger not, linger not: Haste while 'tis day : Come, ere the shades of night Close on thy way. Life is a fleeting dream; Soon 'twill be o'er: Turn from its fading jovs. Wander no more.

188

P.M. OH, won't you be a Christian While you're young? Oh, won't you be a Christian While you're young? Don't think it will be better To delay it until later. But remember your Creator While you're young.

2 Oh, won't you love the Saviour While you're young? For you from heaven He.came. And endured a cross of shame. Won't you love and praise His name While you're young?

3 Remember, death may find you While you're young: For friends are often weeping, And the stars their watch are keep-O'er the grassy graves, where, sleep-Lie the young.

4 Oh, walk the path to glory While you're young: And Jesus will befriend you. And from danger will defend you. And a peace divine will send you. While you're young.

5 Then won't you be a Christian While you're young? Why from the future borrow. When, ere comes another morrow. You may weep in endless sorrow While you're young?

189

NOME to Jesus! come away! Forsake thy sins—oh, why delay? His arms are open night and day; He waits to welcome thee.

2 Come to Jesus! sin no more: But on thy bended knees implore, And knock in faith at mercy's door: He's sure to welcome thee.

3 Come to Jesus! all is free. Hark! how He calls," Come unto Me? I cast out none, I'll pardon thee!" Oh, thou shalt welcome be.

4 Come to Jesus! cling to Him. He'll keep thee far from paths of sin: Thou shalt at last the victory win, And He will welcome thee.

5 Come to Jesus !—Lord. I come: Weary of sin, no more I'd roam, But with my Saviour be at home: I know He'll welcome me.

190

THERE'S a Stranger at the door. Let . . . Him in! . . . He has been there oft before: Let . . . Him in! . . . Let Him in, ere He is gone: Let Him in, the Holy One, Jesus Christ, the Father's Son: Let . . . Him in! . . .

2 Open now to Him your heart:— If you wait He will depart :-Let Him in: He is your Friend: He your soul will sure defend: He will keep you to the end.

3 Hear you now His loving voice ?-Now, oh now, make Him your choice:-He is standing at the door: Joy to you He will restore. And His name you will adors.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest:-He will make for you a feast:-He will speak your sins forgiven; And when earth-ties all are riven. He will take you home to heaven.

191 COFTLY and tenderly Jesus is call-O ing-

Calling for you and for me; [ing-Patiently Jesus is waiting and watch-Watching for you and for me!

"Come home! . . . come home! . . . Ye who are weary, come home!" Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, "O sinner, come home!"

2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading-

Pleading for you and for me?

Why should we linger and heed not His mercies-Mercies for you and for me?

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing-

Passing from you and from me: Shadows are gathering, death may be coming-

Coming for you and for me!

4 Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised-

Promised for you and for me! Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon-Parden for you and for me!

192

87,4.

MARK! a voice is heard from heaven.

87.4.

Speaking pardon full and free; "Come, and thou shalt be forgiven, Boundless mercy flows for thee-

Even thee, even thee, Boundless mercy flows for thee."

2 See the healing fountain springing From the Saviour on the tree: Pardon, peace, and cleansing bring-

ing: Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee.

3 Hear His love and mercy speaking-"Come and trust thy soul with Me: Though thy heart for sin be breaking, I have rest and peace for thee."

♣ Every sin shall be forgiven. Thou through grace a child shalt be. Child of God, and heir of heaven; Yes, a mansion waits for thee.

5 There in love for ever dwelling. Jesus all thy joy shall be, And thy song shall still be telling All His mercy did for thee.

193 87. D.

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling, "Come, ye weary, come to Me; I have rest and peace to offer-Rest, thou burdened one, for thee: Take salvation.

Take it now, and happy be!"

2 Soon that voice will cease its calling: Now it speaks, and speaks to thee; Sinner, heed the gracious message, "To the blood for refuge flee: Tako salvation. Take it now, and happy be! "

3 Life is found alone in Jesus. Only there 'tis offered thee-Offered without price or money: 'Tis the gift of God; tis free! Take salvation.

Take it now, and happy be!

194 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home!
Thy Father calls for thee; No longer now an exile roam, In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home! 'Tis Jesus calls for thee: The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!" Oh then for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home! 'Tis madness to delay; There are no pardons in the temb,

And brief is mercy's day! 195

P.M.

OME to the Saviour now! He gently calleth thee; In true repentance bow. Before Him bend the knee. He waiteth to bestow Salvation, peace, and love. True joy on earth below.

2 Come to the Saviour now! Gaze on that crimson tide-Water and blood—that flow Forth from His wounded side. Hark to that suffering One!—

A home in heaven above.

"'Tis finished!" now He cries: Redemption's work is done; Then bows His head, and dies.

3 Come to the Saviour now!
He suffered all for thee,
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailing ples.
No vain excuses frame,
For feelings do not stay;
None who to Jesus came
Were ever sent away.

4 Come to the Saviour now!
Ye who have wandered far;
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are.
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to His fold;
His arm will safely keep,

His love will ne'er grow cold, 5 Come to the Saviour, all! Whate'er your burdens be; Hear now His loving call— "Cast all your care on Me." Come, and for every grief

In Jesus you will find A sure and safe relief, A loving Friend, and kind.

196 76, p.

"COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest:"
O blessed voice of Jesus.

Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,

Of pardon, grace, and peace, Of joy that bath no ending, Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children, And I will give you light:" O loving voice of Jesus.

Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;

But morning brings us gladness, And songs the break of day.

3 "And whosoever cometh, I will not cast him out:"

O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us very sinners,

Unworthy though we be Of love so free and boundless, To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

To-DAY Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been:

However long from mercy Our hearts have turned away, Thy precious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open, And all who enter in Shall find a Father's welcome, And pardon for their sin. The past shall be forgottem, A present joy be given, A future grace be promised, A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us;
His Holy Spirit waits;
The bleased angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No question will be asked us
How often we have come:

How often we have come; Although we oft have wandered, It is our Father's home!

4 O all-embracing mercy!
O ever-open door!
What should we do without thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is epen.

One ear will hear our prayer!

198 87.4.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky*

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh, what pleasure Do the wondrous words afford! Heavenly blessings without measure Flowto us through Christ the Lord: "It is finished!"

Saints the dying words record!

3 Saints and angels, shout His praisest
Children, join to sing the same!
All on earth and all in heaven
Linearth and all in heaven

Join to praise Immanuel's name! Hallelujah!

Endless glory to the Lamb!

DEHOLD, a Stranger at the door,
D He gently knocks, has knocked
before,

Has waited long, is waiting still:

- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very Friend you need. The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He, With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 8 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands With melting heart and open hands: Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foos.
- Admit Him, for the human breast Ne'er entertained so kind a guest; No mortal tongue their joys can tell With whom He condescends to dwell.

200 P.M.

Over land, from sea to sea; Blessed news of free salvation Do they offer you and me.

"For God so loved the world, That His enly Son He gave! Whosoe'er believeth in Him

Everlasting life shall have."

Gospel bells!...how they ring,...

Over land, from sea to sea!

Gospel bells . . . freely bring . . .

Blessed news to you and me,

2 The gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all:
Do not slight the invitation,
Nor reject the gracious call.

"I am the Bread of life; Eat of Me, thou hungry soul; Though your sins be red as crimson, They shall be as white as wool."

8 The gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them

Who for ever will delay.
"Escape thou for thy life!
Tarry not in all the plain;
Nor behind thee look, oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

4 The gospel bells are joyful, As they echo far and wide, Bearing notes of perfect pardon, Through a Saviour crucified: "Good tidings of great joy To all people do I bring;

To all people do I bring;
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ, the Lord and King."

COME, every soul by ain oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest
By trusting in His word.

Only trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now! He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now!

- 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the crimson flood, That washes white as anow.
- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way That leads you into rest; Believe in Him without delay, And you are fully blest.
- 4 Come then and join this holy band, And on to glory go, To dwell in that celestial land Where joys immortal flow.

202

QO thou in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not earthly pleasure

- E'er cause it to depart.

 2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go, while thy heart is light,
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright.
 - Sell all thou hast, and buy it;
 'Tis worth all earthly things,
 Rubies and gold and diamonds,
 Sceptres and crowns of kings.
- 3 Go. ere the clouds of sorrow Steal o'er the bloom of youth; Defer not till to-morrow, Go now, and buy the truth. Go, seek thy great Creator, Learn early to be wise; Go, place upon His altar A morning sacrifice.

203

OH, do not let the word depart, Nor close thine eyes against the light;

Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved—why not
to-night?

Why not to-night? Why not tonight? Thou wouldst be saved—why not

to-night?

	nu vannings. 60
To-morrow's sun may never rise To bless thy half-awakened sight; Now is the time: oh then, be wise; Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night? Jesus is here; He waits to bless: Paid is the debt, and finished quite The mighty work—then look and live! [to-night] Thou wouldst be saved—why not The loving Saviour waiteth still; And wilt thou thus His love requite? Renounce at once thy stubborn will; Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night? Oh, think what He has done for thee, Such matchless love no longer slight; To Him this hour for mercy flee: Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-night? AE you coming home, ye wander- A Whom Jesus died to win?—[ers, All footsore, lame, and weary, Your garments stained with sin? Will you seek the blood of Jesus, To wash your garments white? Will you trust His precious promise? Are you coming home to-night? To your loving heavenly Father Are you coming home to-night?	205 Read MATT. XI. 28. COME to Jesus! Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus just now! Just now, come to Jesus! Come to Jesus just now! Read ACTS XYI. 31. He will save you just now. Read John iii. 16. 3 Oh, believe Him! just now. Read Her. vii. 25. 4 He is she just now. Read 2 Prt. iii. 9. 5 He is willing just now. Read 2 Prt. iii. 9. 6 He is willing just now. Read MATT. iii. 7. 7 Flee to Josus! just now. Read MATT. iii. 7. 8 Call upon Him! just now. Read MARX X. 47. 9 Jesus, save me! just now. Read MARX X. 52. 10 He will hear you just now. Read 1 John i. 9. 11 He'll forgive you just now. Read 2 Cor. v. 17. 13 He'll renew you just now. Read 2 Cor. v. 17. 14 He will cleares you just now. Read 1 John X. 13. 15 Jesus loves you just now. Read Isa. liii. 5. 16 Don't reject Him! just now. Read 1 John v. 13. 17 Only trust Him! just now. Read 1 John v. 13. 17 Only trust Him! just now. Read 1 John v. 13.
2 Are you coming home, ye lost ones? Behold, your Lord doth wait:	18 You will praise Him just now.
Come then! no longer linger; Come, ere it be too late!	206
Will you come, and let Him save you? Oh, trust His love and might!	NOCKING, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair !
Will you come while He is calling? Are you coming home to night?	'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly, Never such was seen before;
3 Are you coming home, ye guilty, Who bear the load of sin?	Ah! my soul, for such a wonder Wilt thou not undo the door?
Outside you've long been standing, Come, now, and venture in.	2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there; Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,	But the door is hard to open, For the weeds and ivy-vine,
And dare to trust Him quite?— "Come unto Mo!" saith Jesus: Are you coming home to-night?	With their dark and clinging tendrils, Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there! Waiting, waiting, grand and fair: Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh, And beneath the crowned hair Beam the patient eyes, so tender, Of the Saviour. waiting there.

4 Euter, enter, heavenly Guest,
Welcome, welcome to my breast.
I have long withstood Thy knocking,
For my heart was full of sin;
But Thy love has overcome me:

But Thy love has overcome me: Blessed Jesus, oh, come in!

207 P.M.

JESUS now is calling,
"Come to Me and live";
Hear His solemn warning,
"Come to Me and live."
Jesus now is calling,
Calling, gently calling;
Sweetly now He's calling,
Calling you to come.

2 Children, He will never Prove unkind, untrue; Trust to Him, He'll ever Guide you safely through.

3 Why do you still linger? Jesus bids you come; Crowns He'll give in glory, When life's race is run.

4 We will heed His calling, And no longer roam; We will try to serve Him Till He calls us home.

208

LOOK! look to Jesus!

He's bleeding there for thee!

Look! look to Jesus!

Look! look to Jesus! In Pilate's judgment hall! For thee He suffered all: Look! look to Jesus!

3 Look! look to Jesus! Upon the cruel tree, He groaned and died for thee: Look! look to Jesus!

Look! look to Jesus!
Behold, a fountain free
Is open there for thee!
Look! look to Jesus!

Look! look to Jesus!

"Father," He cries, "forgive!"
Then turn to Him and live:
Look! look to Jesus!

6 Look! look to Jesus!
For thee He intercedes,
His blood for thee now pleads!
Look! look to Jesus!

7 Look! look to Jesus!
He's calling now for thee;
"Poor sinner, look to Me!"
Look! look to Jesus!

8 Look! look to Jesus!
If thou wouldst live above,
Where all is peace and love,
Look! look to Jesus!

209

P.M.

HAVE you been to Jesus for the cleansing power? [Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Are you fully trusting in His grace [Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Are you washed ... in the blood ... In the soul-cleansing blood of the

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?...

Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?

Are you washed in the blood of the

they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side? [Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? [Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the

3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white— [Lamb? Pure and white in the blood of the Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright, [Lamb? And be washed in the blood of the

4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, [Lamb! And be washed in the blood of the There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean—

Oh, be washed in the blood of the

"WHOSOEVER heareth!" shout, shout the sound!

Send the blessed tidings all the world around! Spread the joyful news wherever man is found.

"Whoseever will may come."

"Whosoever will! whosoever will!" over

Send the proclamation vale and bill :

'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home:

"Whosoever will may come!"

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay: Now the door is open, enter while ΓWay. you may;

Jesus is the true, the only Living "Whosoever will may come."

3 "Whosoever will"—the promise is secure:

"Whosoever will "-for ever shall endure:

"Whosoever will" - 'tis life for evermore:

"Whosoever will" may come.

211

76, 76. ONLY a step to Jesus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin confessing.

To Him, thy Saviour, bow. Only a step, only a step: Come, He waits for thee; Come, and thy sin confessing, Thou shalt receive a blessing.

Do not reject the mercy He freely offers thee. 2 Only a step to Jesus!

Believe, and thou shalt live: Lovingly now He's waiting. And ready to forgive.

3 Only a step to Jesus! A step from sin to grace: What has thy heart decided? The moments fly apace.

4 Only a step to Jesus! Oh, why not come and say-"Gladly to Thee, my Saviour, I give myself away"?

212

THERE is life for a look at the crucified One, Tthee: There is life at this moment for Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and [tree. be saved. Unto Him who was nailed to the Look! look! look and live! There is life in a look at the crucified

There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh. why was He there as the Boarer of sin. If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?

Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood.

If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers. But the blood, that atones for the On Him then who shed it thou mayest

at once Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 We are "healed by His stripes":wouldst thou add to the word?

And He is our Righteousness made: The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on:

Oh, couldst thou be better arraved P

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once

The life everlasting He gives ; And know with assurance thou never canst die.

Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, 6 There is life for a look at the crucified

One, There is life at this moment for Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved.

And know thyself spotless as He.

213 10 10, 10 10, JUST on the threshold! oh, why not

Leaving the mazes of darkness and

Forward-the light and the glory divine; Backward—the dangers and woes that

were thine. Just on the threshold—and Christ

calls to thee!

Come! with the pardoned for ever to be!

Just on the threshold-why linger so long? song! Sing with the ransomed eternity's

2 Just on the threshold, and joy near at hand;

Yonder's the gleam of Immanuel's land:

Refuge and rest now are offered to thee: Sin or salvation-oh, which shall it 3 Just on the threshold, oh, make now thy choice:

Come with the servants of Christ, and rejoice!

Jesus is calling, oh, turn not aside! Come! 'tis the voice of the Spirit and Bridet

214

P.M. WE'RE going home to glory soon. To see the city bright: To walk the golden streets of heaven, And bask in God's own light : But some of you are out of Christ. And held by many a snare; We cannot leave you lost and lone, We want you over there.

- 2 The nearly gates are open wide. And we shall enter in. To know henceforth no tear or sigh. No sorrow, and no sin: Oh! come with us, and come at once, That land is bright and fair We cannot leave you lost and lone. We want you over there.
- 3 We come to tell the story true Of love so rich and free; A crucified and living Lord Has grace for you and me: Oh, listen to the words of love His messengers declare; We cannot leave you lost and lone. We want you over there.
- 4 We once were burdened sore with sin. And dark were we, and sad : But Christ has washed us in His blood. And He has made us glad : Fly to His wounds, ye guilty ones, His love and mercy share : We cannot leave you lost and lone, We want you over there.
- 6 We know the time is fleeting fast, The Lord is near at hand O sinner, seek the ark of grace, Its doors wide open stand: Christ will not always waiting be, To trifle do not dare: We cannot leave you lost and lone. We want you over there.

215 H, what will you do with Jesus ?

The call comes low and sweet: And tenderly He bids you Your burdens lay at His feet;

P.M.

O soul, so sad and weary, That sweet voice speaks to thee: Then what will you do with Jesus? Oh, what shall the answer be? What shall the answer be? What shall the answer be? What will you do with Jesus?

Oh, what shall the answer be? 2 Oh, what will you do with Jesus? The call comes low and clear: The solemn words are sounding In every listening ear:

Eternal life's in the question. And joy through eternity; Then what will you do with Jesus?

Oh, what shall the answer be? 3 Oh, think of the King of glory. From heaven to earth come down:

His life so pure and holy; His death, His cross, His crown; Of His divine compassion,

His sacrifice for thee;

Then what will you do with Jesus? Oh, what shall the answer be? 216

BEHOLD One standing at the door, And hear Him pleading evermore, With gentle voice above the din, "Let Me come in, let Me come in!" 'Tis Jesus standing at the door. Oh, hear Him pleading evermore; Come, weary heart, oppressed with

sin, Say, "Enter in, Lord, enter in!" 2 He bore the cruel thorns for thee, Has waited long and patiently; Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, Say, "Enter in, Lord, enter in!"

3 He brings thee joy from heaven above. He brings thee pardon, peace, and love:

Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin, Say, "Enter in, Lord, enter in!"

217 P.M. ()H, have you not heard of a besuti-

ful stream That flows through our Father's Its waters gleam bright in the hea-

venly light. And ripple o'er golden sand.

Oh, seek that beautiful stream. Oh, seek that beautiful stream; Its waters, so free, are flowing for thee,

Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

2 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure, And sweet to the weary soul:

It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone; [roll. Oh, come where its bright waves

3 This beautiful stream is the river of

It flows for all nations free;

A balm for each wound in its waters

is found,
O sinner, it flows for thee.

4 Oh, will you not drink of the beautiful stream.

And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones, home.

And wander in sin no more."

218

'A LMOST persuaded "-now to believe; [ceive:

"Almost persuaded"—Christ to re-Seems now some soul to say— "Go, Spirit, go Thy way; Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call"?

2 " Almost persuaded,"—come, come
to-day;

"Almost persuaded,"—turn not away: Jesus invites you here, Angels are lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wanderer. come!

3 "Almost persuaded,"—harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded "—doom comes

at last:
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost"—but lost.

219 CITILL undecided? look to the

STILL undecided? look to thy hear; Grieve not the Spirit, lest He de-Why wilt thou longer wait? [part; Come, ere it be too late; Jesus, at mercy's gate, Grace will impart.

2 Still undecided? Slight not the voice, Breathing so kindly: "Make Me

thy choice; Look at My hands, and see I bore the nails for thee, I died to make thee free; Come and rejoice!" 3 Still undecided? Time flies apace; Jesus entreats thee; spurn not His grace:

What, if the word were passed, This night should be thy last? Where would thy soul be cast? Where hide thy face?

220
Took to Jesus!—look and live!
Mercy at His hands receive;

He has died upon the tree, And His words are, "Look to Me!"

2 Come to Jesus!—come and live! He has endless life to give; He from sin will set thee free, For His words are, "Come to Me!"

3 Trust in Jesus!—trust and live! Now upon His name believe; He has blessings e'en for thee, For His words are, "Trust in Me!"

4 Rest in Jesus!—there repose, Shelter find from all thy foes; Let His name be all thy plea, For His words are, "Rest in Me!"

221 87,84.

LOST one, wandering on in sadness,
None to guide or comfort thee,
Vainly seeking rest and gladness.
Far, far from Me!

2 Peace I offer, and salvation, Pardon, blood-bought, full, and free, Spurn no more my invitation, Come, come to Me.

3 Long I've watched thee blindly stray-Long have I been calling thee; [ing, Time flies swiftly, cease delaying, Haste, haste to Me!

4 Lord, I come, my sins confessing, Jesus' blood my only plea; Keep me in the path of blessing, Close, close to Thee.

5 Then, when I am called to sever From the friends so dear to me, I shall dwell in heaven for ever, Blest. blest with Thee.

222 P.M. "VET there is room!" the Lamb's

I bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee
'along.
Room, room, still room! oh, enter,

enter now!

2 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee.

Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Tet there is room! still open stands the gate, The gate of love; it is not yet too

Room, room, still room! sh. enter. enter now!

4 Pass in, pass in! the banquet is for thee: That cup of everlasting love is free: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall. Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

6 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom: Then the last low, long cry: "No room, no room!" No room, no room! oh, woeful cry!

" No room!"

223

PM. O DOUBTING one, what are you waiting for? These are the Saviour's words, | I am the | door : They are so plain, why do you | still de- | -lay?| This is the only | entrance, | this the

2 Still do you linger? let your | eyes be- | -hold|| The scroll above the door with | words of | gold,

Read, and believe the precious | promise | true.

"Knock, and it shall be o-pened ! unto | you."

8 You cannot knock, you have no ! strength, | you | say; With the command there comes the ! strength, o- | -bey!|| Read as you come, these other words en- | -graved, |

"By Me, w whoever enters | in.

4 Narrow the portal, yet 'tis | o-pen | wide.|| Many who knocked, with joy have ! gone in- | -side ;||

Yet there is room for many | many | more.

Still lingering on the threshold of the | door.

5 Only one door-and yet its | sides are | two: | Outside and inside! on which | side

are | you? Why should you perish standing | just out- | -side ? ||

Why? when the door is standing

open | wide?| 6 You cannot "see" it open, | do you |

8ay ?! You cannot "come," although so plain the | way ?

Then rise in all your blindness, | and your | sin. ||

Fall, if you have no strength, you! will | fall | in. ||

224

MARK! there comes a whisper Stealing on thine ear: 'Tis the Saviour calling. Soft, soft and clear :

> "Give thy heart to Me!... Once I died for thee." . . . Hark! hark! thy Saviour calls: Come, sinner, come!

2 With that voice so gentle. Dost thou hear Him say ?-"Tell Me all thy sorrows: Come, come away ! "

3 Wouldst thou find a refuge For thy soul opprest? Jesus kindly answers : "I am thy Rest."

4 At the cross of Jesus Let thy burden fall. While He gently whispers: "I'll bear it all."

225

77,77.

TIME is earnest, passing by: Death is earnest, drawing nigh: Say, child, wilt thou trifling be? Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er, Thou returnest never more: Soon to meet eternity, Digitized by GOWilt thou never serious be?

8 God is earnest: kneel and pray, Ere the season pass away; Ere He set His judgment throne; Ere the day of grace be gone.

4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come, Paid thy spirit's priceless sum; Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love, Pleading with thee from above?

5 Oh, be earnest, do not stay! Thou may'st perish, e'en to-day: Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee; Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

226
P.K.
So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack?

So near to the kingdom! what keepeth thee back? Renounce every idol, though dear it

may be, [with thee! And come to the Saviour now pleading Plead...ing with thee!...

The Saviour is pleading!
Is pleading with thee!

2 So near that thou hearest the strains that resound [have found! From those who, believing, a pardon So near, yet unwilling to give up thy sin, [thee in!

When Jesus is waiting to welcome

3 To die with no hope! hast thou

counted the cost—
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to

be lost?
So near to the kingdom! oh come, we implore! [the door!

While Jesus is pleading, come enter 227

O'NE there is who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee:
Canst thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He!
Do not grieve Him longer,
Come and trust Him now!
He has waited all thy days:
Why waitest thon?

One there is who loves thee, Oh, receive Him now! He has waited all the day; Why waitest thou?

2 Tenderly He woos thee, Do not slight His call; Though thy sins are many, He'll forgive them all. Turn to Him, repenting, He will cleanse thee now; He is waiting at thy heart: Why waitest thou?

3 Jesus still is waiting; Sinner, why delay? To His arms of mercy Rise and haste away? Only come believing, He will save thee now;

He is waiting at the door: Why waitest thou?

COME home, poor sinner, while the

Is beaming on your way: The door stands open wide to-night, Return while yet you may.

Come home! come home! dear child, come home! Your Father bids you come: Come home! come home! this

night come home!
O weary wanderer, come!

2 Come home, poor sinner! to the cross; Your Saviour waits for you; He'll cleanse away your earthly dross, And make you happy too.

3 Come home, poor sinner, while you The Spirit move your heart; [feel While at the mercy-seat you kneel, With every idol part.

4 Come home, poor sinner! Jesus' blood Can wash out every stain; Plunge now into the crimson flood

Of Him who once was alain.
229

Have you any room for Jesus— Him who bore your load of sin? As He knocks and asks admission, Sinner, will you let Him in?

Room for Jesus, King of glory!
Hasten now, His word obey!
Swing the heart's door widely

open!
Bid Him enter while you may!

2 Room for pleasure, room for business; But for Christ, the crucified, Not a place that He can enter,

In the heart for which He died!

3 Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?

Oh, "TO-DAY" is "time accepted,"
To-morrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus; Soon will pass God's day of grace: Soon thy heart be cold and silent, And thy Sayiour's pleadings cease.

230 P.K.

O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring His lost one Back to the fold.

Seeking to save, seeking to save; Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save: Seeking to save, seeking to save; Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save!

2 Patiently the owner
Seeks, with earnest care,
In the dust and darkness,
Her treasures rare.

S Lovingly the Father
Sends the news around,
"He once dead, now liveth→
Once lost, is found."

.231

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?

What means this strange commotion,

pray?
In accents hushed the throng reply—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

- 2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He The city move so mightly? A passing stranger, has He skill. To move the multitude at will? Again the stirring tones reply. "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
- 3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe:

woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick and deaf and
lame:
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry.

The blind rejoiced to hear the cry, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

4 Ho, all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His profiered grace;
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh;
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!?"

Output

5 But if you still this call refuse, And all His wondrous love abuse, Soon will He sadly from you turn, Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry— "Jesus of Nazareth has passed bu."

232

AY, hast thou found a Friend?

AY, hast thou found a Friend?

His love shall never end—

Is Jesus thine?

Earth's pleasures may docrease,

All human friendships cease;

Wouldst thou have lasting peace?

Take Jesus thine.

- 2 Think what He's done for thee— He has bled upon the tree— See the sun in darkness hide When for you the Saviour died, For you was crucified; Take Jesus thine.
- 3 He is a Friend indeed— He'll be the Friend you need— He's knocking, let Him in! There's no other friend like Him: He'll cleanse your soul from sin; Take Jesus thine.
- 4 Say, is thy soul at rest?—
 Jesus alone can bless:—
 Wouldst thou in glory dwell,
 And with saints in rapture tell,
 He "hath done all things well"?
 Take Jesus thine.

233

OTRAIT is the gate, my child;
Oh, enter in!
And narrow is the way
That leads to heavenly day;
No more, no more delay;
Oh, enter in!

- 2 Strait is the gate, my child; Oh, enter in! Yet not too strait for thee; 'Tis open, near, and free, God's gate of liberry; Oh, enter in!
- Strait is the gate, my child;
 Oh, enter in!
 It is the gate of love,
 It leads to rest above,
 Where sits the holy Dove,
 Oh, enter in!

4 Strait is the gate, my child;
Oh, enter in!
It is the gate of peace,
The door of hope and bliss,
Of life and holiness;
Oh, enter in!
5 Strait is the gate, my child;

5 Strait is the gate, my child Oh, enter in! Not many find that gate; Then linger not, nor wait, It may be soon too late: Oh, enter in!

6 Strait is the gate, my child;
Oh, enter in!
The Father welcomes thee,
The Saviour beckons thee,
The Spirit pleads with thee,
Oh, enter in!

A RT thou longing? Jesus calls thee
To His wounded side;
"Come to Me," saith He, "and ever
Safe abide."

2 "Seeking Jesus?" Jesus seeks thee— Wants thee as thou art; He is knocking, ever knocking At thy heart.

8 If thou let Him, He will save thee—
Make thee all His own;
Guide thee, keep thee, take thee,
To His throne. [dying,

4 Wilt thou still refuse His offer?
Wilt thou say Him nay?
Wilt Thou let Him, grieved, rejected,
Go away?

 $\overset{\textbf{p.w.}}{W}\overset{\textbf{p.w.}}{\text{HO'LL}}$ be the next to follow

Who'll be the next his cross to bear? Some one is ready, some one is waiting; [wear?

Who'll be the next a crown to
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
now?

2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus— Follow His weary, bleeding feet? Who'll be the next to lay every burden Down at the Father's mercy-seat?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His
name? [demption?

Who'll swell the chorus of free re-Sing hallelujah! praise the Lamb?

4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus
Down through the Jordan's rolling
tide?

Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Singing upon the other side?

Binging upon the other side?

Seeking and Coming to Christ.

236 D.C.M.
I Sthere one heart, dear Saviour, here,
That humbly seeks for Thee?

That humbly seeks for Thee?

Now with Thy promised grace appear,
Let each Thy beauty see.

We read Thy power where'er we turn, Around, beneath, above;

But to Thy cross we come to learn The story of Thy love.

Is there one heart, dear Saviour, here, That humbly seeks for Thee? Now with Thy promised grace appear,

Let each Thy beauty see.

2 Thou Man of sorrows, hearts like Thy griefs can never know; [ours No youthful tongues, no mortal powers,

Can utter half Thy woe:
Yet 'twas for us Thy tears were shed,
For us they pierced Thy side;
To bring us help the Saviour bled,

To give us life He died.

3 Dear suffering Saviour, let us stay
To gaze and think of Thee,

And never coldly turn away From sacred Calvary:

Oft may we gather round Thy feet,
To praise Thy dying love,
Till to behold Thy face we meet

In purer scenes above.

237
P.K.

EAD me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus;
Help me to love Him, help me to

pray; He is my Saviour: I would believe

Him;
I would be like Him—show me the

Quickly haste and come where happy children meet,

Hither come and sing the Saviour's praises sweet:
Rest from thy pleasures, rest from

thy play,
Come to our meeting, come away

2 Lead me to Jesus: He will receive me: He is so loving, gentle, and mild-Calling the children, bidding them welcome :

Surely He calls me-I am a child.

3 Tell me of Jesus, tell of His mercy: Is there a fountain flowing so free? All who are willing drink of its Tme? waters-Say, is that fountain flowing for

4 Lord, I am coming: Jesus, my Sa-Child: Pity my weakness; make me Thy

I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee :

I would be like Thee-gentle and mild.

238

11 11, 11 11, OUR loving Redeemer, we trust in

Thy word. The word which of old called the children to Thee:

Its tones all so tender with joy we have heard,

"Forbid not the lambs who would come unto Me."

We come, oh, we come; Thou wilt welcome us home.

The rest of our souls on Thy bosom shall be.

2 Our sins are as scarlet, do Thou make us elean.

Washed white in Thy blood as the beautiful spow;

The robe of Thy righteousness on us be seen.

The joy of forgiveness our young

hearts shall know. We come, oh, we come: Thou wilt

welcome us home: Our peace, like a river, unbroken

shall flow.

3 When life is all over, we hope then above. Where cometh no terror, where

falleth no tear. To sing in sweet numbers Thy wonderful love.

With all who in childhood have followed Thee here.

We come, oh, we come: Thou wilt welcome us home.

In the glory of heaven at last to appear.

239

H, precious words that Jesus said! "The soul that comes to Me, I will in no wise cast him out. Whoever he may be." "Whoever he may be.

Whoever he may be: I will in no wise cast him out. Whoever he may be,"

2 Oh, precious words that Jesus said!-"Behold, I am the Door;

And all that enter in by Me Have life for evermore." " Have life for evermore: Have life for evermore: And all that enter in by Me Have life for evermore."

3 Oh. precious words that Jesus said!-"Come, weary souls oppressed Come, take My yoke and learn of Me,

And I will give you rest," "And I will give you rest, And I will give you rest; Come, take My yoke and learn of

And I will give you rest." [Me, Oh, precious words that Jesus said!—
"The world I overcame;

And they who follow where I lead Shall conquer in My name." "Shall conquer in My name.

Shall conquer in My name: And they who follow where I lead Shall conquer in My name."

240

D.C.K.

C.Y.

HEARD the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest: Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast:"

I came to Jesus as I was.

Weary, and worn, and sad: I found in Him a resting-place.

And He has made me glad. 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say.

"Behold, I freely give The living water-thirsty one. Stoop down, and drink, and live:" I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream : [vived,

My thirst was quenched, my soul re-And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say "I am this dark world's Light; Look unto Me: thy morn shall rise. And all thy day be bright :"

I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.

241

A KINGLY summons now I hear;
It is the Saviour drawing near:
His knock is clear above earth's din;
Oh, shall I, shall I let Him in?

2 His brow no longer crowned with thorn, [torn: His hands with nails no longer "My child," saith He; "give up thy Oh, shall I, shall I let Him in?[sin:"

3 Glory and honour crown Him now; Shall my proud will refuse to bow? Conscience to chide doth now begin; Oh, shall I, shall I let Him in?

4 Again His knock is loud and clear; His wondrous love casts out all fear: Thy mighty arm my fight shall win; Jesus, my Saviour, enter in.

242

ONE day I was in trouble,
And my heart was sore distressed;
But Jesus came to me and said,

"Come, and I will give you rest."
I went to Him, and told Him
I'd a debt I could not pay;
He said to me "Dost thou not know

He said to me, "Dost thou not know My blood washed it away?"

2 He took and laid me in His arms, With my head upon His breast, And now I'm with my Saviour,

I'm quiet and at rest.

I pray each day and every night,
Dear friends, that all of you
May trust the loving Saviour,
And be made happy too.

243

DLESSED Saviour, hear me,
Blessed Saviour, hear me,
Blessed Saviour, hear me,
I come to Thee for rest!

- 2 Blessed Lord, forgive me! Thy death is all my plea.
- 8 Blessed Jesus, cleanse me! And make me like to Thee.
- 4 I am trusting Jesus! For He has died for me.

5 I'll confess my Saviour! For he has pardoned me.

6 I will live for Jesus! Who gave His life for me. 7 I will work for Jesus!

He did so much for me.

8 Blessed Saviour, keep me! I trust alone in Thee.

9 Glory be to Jesus! Because He so loved me.

244

In Thy book, where glory bright.
Shines with never-fading light,
Where Thy saved Thou dost record,
Write my name, my name, O Lord.

Write my name in the book of life, Lamb of God, write it there; Where Thy saved Thou dost record, Write my name, my name, O Lord.

2 In the book, whose pages tell Who have tried to serve Thee well, O'er my name let mercy trace, "Child of God, redeemed by grace."

3 In the book, where Theu dost keep Record still of years that sleep, Let my name be written down, Heir to life's immortal crown.

4 O my Saviour, Thou can'st show What I leng so much to know: Let my faith behold and see That my life is hid with Thee.

245

P.M.

P.H.

DASS me not, O gracious Savieur,

Hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art calling,

Do not pass me by.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble

And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy 'Find a sweet relief; Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou, the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

itized by

246

87, 87.

CAVIOUR, while my heart is tender I would yield that heart to Thee, All my powers to Thee surrender, Thine and only Thine to be.

2 Take me now. Lord Jesus, take me: Let my youthful heart be Thine: Thy devoted servant make me. Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Sand me. Lord. where Thou wilt send me,

Only do Thou guide my way : May Thy grace through life attend

Gladly then shall I obev.

4 Let me do Thy will, or bear it, I would know no will but Thine: Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare

I that life to Thee resign.

5 Thine I am. O Lord, for ever. To Thy service set apart; Suffer me to leave Thee never. Seal thine image on my heart.

247

7.5. D.

[ESUS, Lord, I come to Thee, Thou hast said I may; Tell me what my life should be, Take my sins away. Jesus, Lord, I learn of Thee. In Thy word divine: Every promise there I see, May I call it mine?

Jesus, hear my humble song: I am weak, but Thou art strong: Gently lead my soul along. Help me come to Thee.

2 Jesus, Lord, I long for Thee, Long Thy peace to know: Grant those purer joys to me Earth can ne'er bestow. Jesus, Lord, I cling to Thee: When my heart is sad. Thou wilt kindly speak to me, .Thou wilt make me glad.

8 Jesus, Lord, I trust in Thee, Trust Thy tender love: There's a happy home for me With Thy saints above. Jesus, I would come to Thee, Thou hast said I may; Tell me what my life should be. Take my sins away.

248

7's, D. TESUS, Lover of my soul. Let me to Thy bosom fly. While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high: Hideme, O my Saviour, hide,

Till the storm of life be past! Safe into the haven guide. Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none. Hangs my helpless soul on Thee: Leave, ah! leave me not alone. Still support and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is staved. All my help from Thee I bring: Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found Grace to pardon all my sin: Let the healing streams abound. Make and keep me pure within: Thou of life the fountain art. Freely let me take of Thee. Spring Thou up within my heart,

Rise to all eternity.

249

JESUS Christ is passing by; Sinner, lift to Him thine eye: As the precious moments flee, Cry, "Be merciful to me!"

2 Jesus Christ is passing by: Will He always be so nigh? Now is the accepted day. Seek for healing while you may.

3 Lo! He stands and calls to thee. "What wilt thou then have of Me?" Rise, and tell Him all thy need: Rise.—He calleth thee indeed.

4 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see: Lord. reveal Thy love to me: Let it penetrate my soul. All my heart and life control."

5 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power Comes—it is salvation's hour : Jesus gives from guilt release: "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

250

7777.

THE great Physician now is need, The sympathising Jesus; He speaks the drooping heart to cheer: Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Sweetest note in seraph song. Sweetest name on mortal tongue. Sweetest carol ever sung. Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven: Oh, hear the voice of Jesus: Go on your way in peace to heaven. And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb! I now believe in Jesus ;

I love the blessed Saviour's name. I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus; Oh, how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise.

Oh, praise the name of Jesus; Come, sisters all, your voices raise. Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 The children too, both great and small. Who love the name of Jesus. May now accept the gracious call To work and live for Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above We rise to see our Jesus. We'll sing around the throne of love His name, the name of Jesus.

251 P. M. IAN it be true that Thou didst leave. For this cold, barren wild, Thy heaven, that I might become

God's own beloved child? Forgive me, Lord, for it is true On Thee my guilt was laid: My punishment Thy body bore.

By Thee my debt was paid.

2 Can it be true that Thou didst bear. Upon the accursed tree, My load of sin, its curse, its sting, Its stripes, instead of me?

3 Can it be true that I have scorned The offer mercy made. And vainly hoped myself to pay

The debt Thy death has paid? 4 Can it be true that I still cling

To earth and all my sin; That I have closely barred the door, Lest Thou shouldst enter in?

5 Lord, enter now, possession take, And cleanse me from my sin; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done; Lord, reign Thyself within.

6 Oh, make me Thine, and give me grace To live for Thee alone! Shine in my heart, till it becomes A mirror of Thine own.

252 D W. OH, tender and sweet was the Mas-

ter's voice. As He lovingly called to me: "Come over the line! it is only a step:

I am waiting, my child, for thee!"

" Over the line!" Hear the sweet refrain!

Angels are chanting the heavenly strain!

"Over the line!" Why should I [Jesus? remain. With a step between me and

2 "But my sins are many, my faith is Cclear: small ";

Lo! the answer came quick and "Thou needest not trust in thyself at

all: Step over the line : I am here!"

3 "But my flesh is weak," I tearfully said.

"And the way I cannot see; I fear if I try I may sadly fail. And thus may dishonour Thee."

4 Ah! the world is cold. and I cannot go back :

Press forward I surely must: I will place my hand in His wounded palm.

Step over the line and trust.

"Over the line!" Hear the sweet refrain.

Angels are chanting the heavenly strain! "Over the line!" I will not re-I'll cross it, and go to Jesus!

253

RING the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul returning from the wild: See! the Father meets him out upon

Child. the way. Welcoming His weary, wandering

Glory! glory! how the angels sing! Glory ! glory ! how the loud harps ring!

Tis the ransomed army like a Ifree. mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the 2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,

For the wanderer now is reconciled: Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way.

And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the feast to-day! Angels, swell the glad, triumphant

strain! Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far

awav! For a precious soul is born again.

254

P.M. T ORD, I care not for riches. Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour. Is my name written there?

> Is my name written there. On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many. Like the sands of the sea: But Thy blood, O my Saviour! Is sufficient for me; For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh, that beautiful city With its mansions of light, With its glorified beings In pure garments of white: Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair: Where the angels are watching: Is my name wriften there?

255

L.M. TUST as I am—without one ples, But that Thy blood was shed for Thee, me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to O Lumb of God. I come!

3 Just as I am-and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,

O Lamb of God, I come !

3 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears, within, without, O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am-poor, wretched, blind:-Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am-Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because Thy promise I believe: O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down; Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come!

256

O SAVIOUR, I have naught to plead, In earth beneath or heaven above. But just my own exceeding need, And Thy exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be past and gone, Exceeding great but quickly o'er: The love unbought is all Thine own, And lasts for evermore.

257

P.M.

T BRING my sins to Thee. . The sins I cannot count. That all may cleansèd be In Thy once opened fount. I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee; The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I cannot read. A faithless, wandering thing, An evil heart indeed. I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee. That fixed and faithful it may be.

My joys to Thee I bring-The joys Thy love hath given, That each may be a wing To lift me nearer heaven. I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee, For Thou hast purchased all for ma

My life I bring to Thee. I would not be my own: O Saviour, let me be Thine ever, Thine alone! My heart, my life, my all, I bring To Thee, my Saviour, and my King. Digitized by GOOQ

258

77, 77.

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now;
At the cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief away,
Hear and heal me now. I Dray.

Bless me now! bless me now! Heavenly Father, bless me now!

- 2 Now, O Lord, this very hour Send Thy grace and show Thy power; While I rest upon Thy word, Come and bless me now, O Lord!
- 3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fetters break: While I look, and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me, or I die.
- 4 Never did I so adore
 Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before;
 Now the time! and this the place!
 Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

259 77,76

- JESUS, Saviour, hear my cry, J Save, oh, save me lest I die; Guilty, lost, to Thee I fly; Blessed Jesus, hear me.
- 2 Gracious Jesus, save me now, At Thy feet I humbly bow; Thou my hope, my Saviour Thou; Blessed Jesus, save me.
- 3 Mighty Jesus, I am weak, But from Thee my strength I seek; Thou canst make me pure and meek; Blessed Jesus, help me,
- 4 Precions Jesus, let me be Wholly taken up with Thee; Thou hast freed me, ever free, Blessed Jesus, keep me.
- 5 Jesus, Master, Thou art mine, Make me, keep me only Thine; Shine upon me, make me shine; Blessed Jesus, use me.

260 77,74.

GOD who gave His Son to die
For a sinner such as I,

Will attend unto my cry
For Jesus' sake.

- 2 Weak and worthless, I am still Destitute of all but ill; He my longing soul will fill For Jesus' sake.
- Strength for service while I live, All I need I shall receive, That to others I may give For Jesus' sake.

4 Calm in trouble, I shall stand, Held by His almighty hand, Till I reach the glory-land: For Jesus' sake.

261 P.M.

THERE are angels hovering round,
2 To carry the tidings home.

3 To the New Jerusalem.

- 4 Poor sinners are coming home,
- 5 And Jesus bids them come;
- 6 And children too may come.
- 7 All heaven is full of joy,
- 8 For Jesus loves to save;

9 Come, children, trust Him now.

HAST Thou not a blessing for me,
For me, Thy sinful child? [Thee,
Although I've wantered far from
O'er deserts waste and wild.

Hast Thou not a blessing for me?
A blessing for me, a blessing for me?
Hast Thou not a blessing for me?
A blessing even for me!

2 My heart is all defiled with sin, But Jesus, He has died:

Oh! cleanse me in the precious blood That flowed from His dear side.

3 My Saviour intercedes for me Before Thy throne on high: Oh, look upon His precious blood, And save me, or I die.

4 My Father, bless Thy feeble child, And fill me with Thy love: And may Thy Hold spirit fit Me for Thy feld above.

Oh yes! Thou hast a blessing for me! A blessing for me, a blessing for me; Oh, yes! Thou hast a blessing for me, A blessing even for me.

263 76, D.

"WHAT shall I do with Jesus?"

The Christ who may be mine;
Accept Him as my Saviour,

Or spurn the gift divine?
His only Son God gave me—
I must, I do decide;

And Christ I take to save me, Or Christ is now denied.

"What shall I do with Jesus?"
I'll give my heart to Jesus!
Upon the tree on Calvary
He gave His life for me.

2 "What shall I do with Jesus?"
The precious Lamb of God;
I cast my soul upon Him,
He bathes it in His blood;
I'll gratefully confess Him
Before the vile and just;
My ransomed powers shall bless Him.

My sure and only trust.

3 "What shall I do with Jesus?"
For Him the cross I'll take;
All earthly losses suffer
Ere I the Lord forsake.
In scenes of joy and sighing
His love shall be the same;
While living, and in dying.

I'll glory in His name.

264

64 87, 6.

I ORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing:
Let some blessing fall on me—
Even me, even me;

Let some blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father, Lost and sinful though I be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour, Let me love and cling to Thee; I am longing for Thy favour, Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit, Thou canst make the blind to see: Witnesser of Jesus' merit,

Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;

Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and bound-Magnify them all in me. [less: 6 Pass me not: Thy lost one bringing, Bird my best O Lord to Thee.

6 Pass me not: Thy lost one bringing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee; Whilst the streams of life are spring-Blessing others, oh, bless me. [ing,

265

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die: Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am!

And take me as I am!
And take me as I am!
My only plea—Christ died for me!
Oh, take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou
And take me as I am! [wilt,

3 No preparation can I make, My best resolves I only break, [sake, Yet save me for Thine own name's And take me as I am!

4 Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet; Deal with me as Thou seest meet; Thy work begin, Thy work complete, But take me as I am!

266

CHALL Jesus suffer death for me,
That I might never die,
And I not long His face to see,
Nor to His bosom fly?
I'll go to Him, I'll go to Him,
I'll go without delay:

I'll follow Him, I'll follow Him,
To bright and endless day.

2 Shall Jesus call and wait for me.

His arms extended wide,
And I refuse His child to be,
Nor in His bosom hide?

3 Shall Jesus open wide the gate
And bid me enter in,

And I despise His love so great,
And perish in my sin?
No. to my Lord Pil go to-day

4 No: to my Lord I'll go to-day,
Take refuge in His love;
I'll cling to Him while here I stay,
Then find a home above.

267

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I bring my wants to Jesus, All fulness dwells in Him; He heals all my diseases, He doth my soul redeem. I lay my griefs on Jesus,

My burdens and my cares; He from them all releases, He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,

Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.

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I long to be with Jesus, Amid the heavenly throng; To sing with saints His praises, To learn the angels' song.

268

87, 87. HILDHOOD'S years are passing O'er us,

Youthful days will soon be done; Cares and sorrows lie before us. Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 Oh! may He, who, meek and lowly, Trod Himself this vale of woe. Make us His, and make us holy, Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling, "Little children, follow Me! Jesus, keep our feet from falling, Help us all to follow Thee.

4 Soon we part—it may be never. Never here to meet again: Oh to meet in heaven for ever ! Oh the crown of life to gain!

269

FAIR waved the golden corn When full of joy, some shining morn, Went forth the reaper-band.

To God so good and great, Their cheerful thanks they pour, Then carry to His temple gate

The choicest of their store. For thus the holy word. Spoken by Moses, ran-

"The first ripe ears are for the Lord, The rest He gives to man."

Like Israel, Lord, we give Our earliest fruits to Thee. And pray that, long as we shall live.

We may Thy children be. Thine is our youthful prime. And life and all its powers;

Be with us in our morning time. And bless our evening hours. In wisdom let us grow.

As years and strength are given. That we may serve Thy church below. And join Thy saints in heaven.

Joy and Peace in Beliebing.

270 65, D. BELONG to Jesus-'Twas a happy day When His blood most precious Washed my sins away;

When His Holy Spirit Changed my heart of stone. Set His mark upon me, Sealed me for His own.

2 I helong to Jesus-So I'll try to spend All my life in pleasing My almighty Friend.

Since He is so holy, I must watch and pray.

That I may grow like Him More and more each day.

3 I belong to Jesus-Therefore I can sing. For I'm safe and happy Underneath His wing : But so many round me

Are all dark and cold. I must try to bring them. Into Jesus' fold.

4 I belong to Jesus-Soon He will be here: If I love and trust Him.

What have I to fear? Round about Him gathered Will His people be : And I'm sure that Jesus

Will remember me.

271 88, 88, 88. WHEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,

To Jesus' cross I trembling came. Burdened with guilt, and full of fear. Yet, drawn by love, I ventured near; And pardon found, and peace with In Jesus' rich atoning blood. [God,

2 My sin is gone, my fear is o'er, I shun His presence now no more: He sits upon the throne of grace. He bids me boldly seek His face; Sprinkled upon the throne of God I see that rich atoning blood.

3 Before His face my Priest appears; My Advocate the Father hears. That precious blood before His eyes, Both day and night for mercy cries; It speaks, it ever speaks to God. The voice of that atoning blood.

4 Here I can rest without a fear: By this to God I now draw near; By this I triumph over sin, For this has made and keeps me clean: And when I reach the throne of Go I'll praise that rich atoning blood.

P.M.

272

TAM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus. Trusting only Thee! Trusting Thee for full salvation. Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon. At Thy feet I bow:

For Thy grace and tender mercy Trusting now.

3 I am frusting Thee for cleansing In the crimson flood: Trusting Thee to make me holy

By Thy blood. 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me. Thou alone shalt lead: Every day and hour supplying

All my need. 5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus: Never let me fall:

I am trusting Thee for ever. And for all.

273

888888. MY hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteous-

I dare not trust the sweetest frame. But wholly lean on Jesus' name. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face. I rest on His unchanging grace: In every high and stormy gale My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood Support me in the 'whelming flood a When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

274

r.M. PADE, fade, each earthly joy, Jesus is mine! Break every sinful tie, Jesus is mine! Dark is the wilderness. Earth is no resting-place. Jesus alone can bless. Jesus is mine !

2 Tempt not my soul away, Jesus is mine! Here would I ever stay, Jesus is mine ! Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day. Pass from my heart away; Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ve dreams of night. Jesus is mine! Lost in this dawning light. Jesus is mine! All that my soul has tried Left but a dismal void: Jesus has satisfied. Jesus is mine !

4 Farewell, mortality. Jesus is mine! Welcome, eternity. Jesus is mine! Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest. Welcome, my Saviour's breast. Jesus is mine!

275

RACE! 'tis a charming sound. Harmonious to the ear: Heaven with the echo shall resound. And all the earth shall hear.

2 'Twas grace that wrote my name In life's eternal book: 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb.

Who all my sorrows took.

Grace taught my wandering feet To tread the heavenly road : And new supplies each hour I meet. While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eves o'erflow: 'Tis grace has kept me to this day, And will not let me go.

Oh, let that grace inspire My soul with strength divine! May all my powers to Thee aspire. And all my days be Thine.

276

NCE I heard a sound at my heart's dark door. And was roused from the simber

of sin:

It was Jesus knocked, He had knocked before : Now I said, "Blessed Master, come

> Then o...pen!..o...pen! open, les the Master in!... For the heart will be bright with

a heavenly light. When you let the Master in. 2 Then He spread a feast of redeeming love.

And He made me His own happy guest:

In my joy I thought that the saints

Could be hardly more favoured or blast.

3 In the holy war with the foes of truth, He's my shield; He my table pre-[youth. pares, He restores my soul, He renews my And gives triumph in answer to prayers.

4 He will feast me still with His presence dear. [given; And the love He so freely hath While His promise tells, as I serve

Him here. Of the banquet of glory in heaven.

277

P.M. JOY! joy! joy! there's joy in the presence of the angels ! Joy! joy! joy for the prodigal's return!

He has come, he has come to his Father's house at last: He was lost, he is found, and the night

of gloom is past. [sweet. Blessed hour of joy and communion For his heart is full, and his love complete: [meet.

His Father sees him, and hastes to And bids him welcome home.

3 Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding.

Joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return! Hark! the song, hark! the song, 'tis

a joyful, joyful strain; Welcome home, welcome home, to thy

Father's house again. While his eye is dim with the falling

Of repentant grief, over wasted years,

The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,

And bids him welcome home.

3 Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory;

Joy! joy! when a wandering soul returns: Let us haste, let us haste, while the

morning sun is bright; Jesus calls, Jesus calls, to a land of love and light:

We will journey on till our pilgrim feet

Shall at last be found in the golden street:

Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet.

And bid us welcome home.

278 106, 106. OH, what a Saviour—that He died

for me! me free: From condemnation He hath made "He that believeth on the Son," saith

" Hath everlasting life." [He. "Verily, verily, I say unto you";

"Verily, verily,"-message ever new !-

"He that believeth on the Son"-'tis true !-

" Hath everlasting life!"

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid. All my indebtedness by Him was paid: All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said.

"Have everlasting life."

3 Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord : His word : Though weak and sinful, I believe Oh, glad message; every child of God

" Hath everlasting life." 4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not fout: doubt;

For him that cometh He will not cast "He that believeth"-oh, the good news shout !-

"HATH everlasting life."

279

HAPPY day! that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice. And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day, happy day When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and

pray, And live rejoicing every day.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! 2 'Tis done! the great transaction's

done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on, to confess the voice Charmed divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart: Fixed on this blissful centre, rest: Nor ever from thy Lord depart,

With Him of every good possessed. 4 High heaven that heard the solemn

That yow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow.

And bless in death a bond so dear.

280 BELIEVED in God's wonderful mercy and grace: Iface: Believed in the smile of His reconciled Believed in His message of pardon and peace:

I believed, and I keep on believing! Believe! and the "feeling" may

come or may go: Believe in the word that was written to show

That all who believe their salvation may know:

Believe, and keep on believing! 2 I believed in the work of my crucified

Lord : Believed in redemption alone through

His blood: Believed in my Saviour by trusting

His word: I believed, and I keep on believing!

3 I believed in the heart that was opened for me:

Believed in the love flowing blessed and free:

Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree:

I believed, and I keep on believing!

4 I believed in Himself, as the true living One; Believed in His presence on high on

the throne; Believed in His coming in glory full

I believed, and I keep on believing!

281

P.M. HEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,

When sorrows, like sea-billows roll: Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know.

It is well, it is well with my soul. . It is well . . . with my soul; It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come.

Let this blest assurance control: That Christhath regarded my helpless estate.

And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin-oh, the bliss of this glorious thonghtil

My sin-not in part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more : [O my soul!

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord. For me, be it Christ, be it Christ

hence to live! If Jordan above me shall roll.

No pang shall be miue, for in death as in life Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my

5 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming, we wait;

The sky, not the grave, is our goal; O trump of the angel! O voice of the Lord! [gros]

Blessed hope! blessed rest of my

282 MY God, I have found the thrice blessed ground.

Where life and where joy and true comfort abound.

Accepted I am in the once offered Lamb:

It was God who Himself had devised the plan.

Happy day, happy day, happy day, happy day,

When Jesus, my Saviour, my sins washed away!

2 He bore on the tree the sentence for

And now both the Surety and sinner are free.

In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I

And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of His name.

3 Oh tell me no more of this world's vain store, lis o'er: The time for such trifles with me now A country I've found where true joys abound:

To dwell, I'm determined, on that

happy ground.

P.M.

4 And though here below, 'mid sorrow know: and woe. My place is in heaven with Jesus, I For soon He will come, and take me

safe home.

And make me to sit with Himself on His throne.

5 And when I'm to die, "Receive me." I'll cry. [whv: For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell But this I do find, we two are so joined, He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

283

PAR from the fold of Jesus, I, a wayward child,

Like a straying lamb, had wandered Into deserts wild:

But the gentle Shepherd sought me, Won me by His charms;

Safe away from danger brought me In His loving arms.

Praise Jesus, gentle Shepherd. Saviour, loving, mild; Jesus' name is sweetest music To the Christian child.

2 To His bosom close He pressed me,

Pardoned all my sin ; Led me by the stillest waters

Into pastures green : Now all day I'm glad and joyful,

Happy in His love: All the night my rest is peaceful,

Guarded from above. 3 Evermore I'll trust in Jesus,

He shall be my Guide: No allurements shall entice me From my Shepherd's side: By-and-by from earth's temptations

He will give me rest, And in heaven's greener pastures

Make me ever blest.

284

P.M. DEACE! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin? [within. The blood of Jesus whispers peace

2 Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed?

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest. Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows

surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is

found.

4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all

unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadow-

ing us and ours? Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon

shall cease. And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

285

JUSTIFIED now I am, Saved through the bleeding Lamb; Made pure and white

In God's own sight, Through Jesus' blessed name.

Justified now I am ! Justified now I am! The gospel of grace

I gladly embrace, Justified now I am!

2 Justified now I am, Saved through the bleeding Lamb; A victim led, He died instead,

And answered judgment's claim.

3 Justified now I am, Saved through the bleeding Lamb; Washed white as snow,

His love I know, Through Jesus' blessed name.

4 Justified now I am, Saved through the bleeding Lamb; Whom God forgives

For ever lives

Through Jesus' blessed name.

5 Justified now I am, Saved through the bleeding Lamb; My song I raise,

To God be praise, Through Jesus' blessed name.

286

I'll the promise of God full salvation to give.

Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe. Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on

the Son; 101 am saved by the blood of the crucified One.

2 Though the pathway be lonely and dangerous too, Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.

3 Many loved ones have I in you heavenly throng;
They are safe now in glory, and this is

They are safe now in glory, and this is their song.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King, And He smiles, as their song of salvation they sing.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold.

And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me, And the theme of our praises for ever will be:

Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the Son:

I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.

287
76, 76, D.
OAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care, Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there. Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears; Only a few more trials, Only a few more tears,

3 Josus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Bock of ages
Kver my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore,

288

JESUS, I will trust Thee, Trust Thee with my soul; Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou can'st make me whole.

P.M.

There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners—
Therefore, Lord, for me.
Jesus, I will trust Thee

Jesus, I will trust Thee, Trust Thee with my soul: Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou caust make me whole.

2 Jesus, I must trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days:
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face:
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

3 Jesus, I can trust Thee, Trust Thy written word, Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard: When Thy Spirit teacheth, To my taste how sweet! Only may I hearken, Sitting at Thy feet.

4 Jesus, I do trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt;
Whosoever cometh,
Thou wilt not cast out:
Faithful is Thy promise,
Precious is Thy blood:
These my soul's salvation,
Thou, my Saviour God?

289 Confessing Christ.

JESUS! and shall it ever be, A sinful child ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tears to wipe, no joys to curve, No fears to quell, no soul to saye.

4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain! And, oh! may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me! 290

P.W. STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand!

Firm as a rock on ocean's strand ! Beat back the waves of sin that roll Like raging floods around thy soul!

Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand! Firm as a rock on ocean's strand! Stand up, His righteous cause de-

Stand up for Jesus, your best Friend.

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand ! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land !

Spread ye His glorious word abroad, Till all the world shall own Him Lord!

3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Lift high the cross with stedfast hand! Till heathen lands, with wondering

Its rising glory shall descry.

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Soon with the blest, immortal band We'll dwell for ave, life's journey o'er. In realms of light on heaven's bright shore.

291

76, Q. NOW just a word for Jesus! Your dearest Friend so true : Come, cheer our hearts, and tell us What He has done for you.

Now just a word for Jesus: Twill help us on our way! One little word for Jesus. Oh speak, or sing, or pray.

Now just a word for Jesus! You feel your sins forgiven. And by His grace are striving To reach a home in heaven.

3 Now just a word for Jesus: A cross it cannot be To say, "I love my Saviour, Who gave His life for me."

4 Now just a word for Jesus: Let not the time be lost: The heart's neglected duty Brings sorrow, to its cost.

5 Now just a word for Jesus: And if your faith be dim, Arise in all your weakness. And leave the rest to Him. 292 < 10 10, 10 10. H, what shall we gain if the cross we take. faake P

And deny ourselves for the Master's Oh, what shall we gain if our all we give.

To be His alone, and for Him to live? A bright reward in the world to

A crown of life and a glorious home : A welcome smile from our dearest.

A feast of love that shall never and.

2 And what shall we lose if we fail to

And obey the voice that has come so And what shall we lose if we only [bear f

For ourselves to live and no cross to 3 Oh, come, let us haste where the day

star leads. Spirit pleads: While the Saviour waits, and the Oh, come, let us haste, for the time flies fast:

We must gain, not lose, when our life is past.

293 P.M. 'M not ashamed to own my Lord.

Or to defend His cause. Maintain the honour of His word.

The glory of His cross. At the cross! at the cross! where

I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away; . my sight. It was there by faith I received And now I am happy all the day!

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name-His name is all my trust:

Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands. And He can well secure

What I've committed to His hands, Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name Before His Father's face; And, in the New Jerusalem,

Appoint my soul a place.

294 A SHAMED to be a Christian! 76. D. Afraid the world should know

I'm on my way to Zion, Where joys eternal flow! Forbid it, O my Saviour,
That I should ever be
Afraid to wear Thy colours,
Or blush to follow Thee!

2 Ashamed to be a Christian! To love my God and King! The fire of zeal is burning, My soul is on the wing:

I want a faith made perfect, That all the world may see

I stand a living witness
Of mercy rich and free.

3 Ashamed to be a Christian!

My guilty fear, depart!
I will not heed the tempter
That whispers to my heart.
Dear Saviour, though unworthy,

Yet this my only plea— Thy all-atoning merit: For Thou hast died for me.

76, p.
CTAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gospel armour, And, watching unto prayer, Where duty calls, or danger,

Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle—
The next the victor's song;

To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

Consecration and Love to the 296 Saviour.

WILL love Jesus and serve Him; for see [over me! How the dear Saviour has watched How He has guarded and guided my way! [day! How He has kept me by night and by

Him will I love, and His will I be, All because He has first loved me. Him will I love, and His will I be, All because He loves me.

2. I will love Jesus and learn of His will.

Trusting Him ever, through good and
through ill;
Seeking His blessing, where'er I may
Knowing He cares for the spermer

Knowing He cares for the sparrows and me.

3 I will love Jesus! and, sure of His love.

I shall be safe as the blessed above; Oh, when He calls to the glory on high,

How we will praise Him—the angels and I!

297

76.D.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway

If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 Oh let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near:

I see the sights that dazzle.
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;

But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer, And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh let me hear Thee speaking, In accents clear and still, Above the storms of passion, The murmurs of self-will; Oh speak to re-assure me, To hasten, or control:

Oh speak, and make me listen, Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised To all who follow Thee, That where Thou art in glory There shall Thy servant be; And, Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;

Oh give me grace to follow

My Master and my Friend.

5 Oh let me see Thy footmarks,

And in them plant mine own:
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.

Oh guide me, call me, draw me, Uphold me to the end; And then in heaven receive me, My Saviour and my Friend.

298

76, 76, D.

LOVE my precious Saviour,
Because He died for me;
And if I did not serve Him,
How sinful I should be!
I know He makes me happy,
And hears me when I pray;
I'll keep fast hold on Jzsus,

The Bible says I MAY.

HOLINESS.

Dear Saviour, make me HOLY;
Let me be gentle, mild,
Obedient, loving, lowly.

A truly Christ-like child.
Yes, still, though Satan tempt me,
And make me sad, I'll say,
"I long to be like Jesus,
The Bible says I MAY."

USEFULMESS.
Though I can do but little,
Yet I will always try
To tell some little children
How Jesus came to die.
God help me to be USEFUL
In all I do or say!
I mean to work for Jesus.

The Bible says I may.

4 And while I'm loving Jesus,
I feel so glad to know
That making others HAPPY
Will make me HAPPY too.
When others hear me singing,
I'll not forget to say,

"You too can be as HAPPY,
The Bible says You MAY."

HEAVEN.

5 And since I've found my Saviour,
The first link in the chain,
I'll trust in Him for ever,
Till MEAVER at last I gain.
I love that blessed country
Where tears are wiped away;
I want to live with Jesus,
The Bible says I MAY.

AVE you on the Lord believed?

Skill there's more to follow.

Of His grace have you received?

Skill thore's more to follow.

Oh the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh Winnestabless boundless low

Oh His matchless, boundless love! Still there's more to follow.

2 Have you felt the Saviour near?— Does His blessed presence cheer?— Oh the love that Jesus shows!— Freely He His love bestows.

3 Have you felt the Spirit's power,— Falling like the gentle shower?— Oh the power the Spirit shows!— Freely He His power bestows.

300 76, D.

In full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only
And evermore to be.
O Son of God, who lovest me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have and am, Lord,
Shall henceforth be Thine own!

2 Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
Oh make my heart Thy throne:
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.
Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal,

And true to Thee, my King.
301 65, p.

MORE holiness give me,
More sweetness within;
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer,

2 More gratitude give me, , More trust in the Lord; More pride in His glory, More hope in His word; More tears for His sorrows, More pain at His grief;

More pain at His grief; More meekness in trial, More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;

More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee!

302 76,76

I OUGHT to love my Saviour:
I No earthly friend can be
One half so kind and faithful
As He has been to me.
Before my lips could utter
His sweet and precious name,
Until the present moment,
His love has been the same.

2 He left His home in glory
To save my soul from death;
And now, in all life's daugers,
He still sustains my breath.
I lay me down and slumber,
All through the hours of night

All through the hours of night, And wake again in safety To hail the morning light.

3 It is but very little
For Him that I can do:
Then let me seek to serve Him
My earthly journey through:
And without sigh or murmur
To do His holy will;
And in my daily duties

His wise commands fulfil.

4 And when I reach the mansion
He has prepared for me,
"Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see;
And 'mid the angels' music
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen

My Saviour's voice to hear!

303

MORE like Jesus would I be;
M. Let my Saviour dwell with me,
Fill my soul with peace and love,
Make me gentle as a dove.

2 More like Jesus would I go, Pilgrim in this world below; Poor in spirit would I be, Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray, More like Jesus day by day; May I rest me by His side Where the tranquil waters glide.

4 Born of Him, through grace renewed, By His love my will subdued, Rich in faith I still would be et my Saviour dwell in me.

"I FEEL like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away;
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,
I'll serve Him every day.

I'll praise Him! praise Him! praise Him all the time! Praise Him! praise Him! I'll praise Him all the time.

2 "When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nailed there by sins of mine, Fast fell the burning tears; but now I'm singing all the time.

3 "When flerce temptations try my I'll sing 'Jesus is mine': [heart, And so, though tears at times may I'm singing all the time." [start.

4 O happy little singing one, What music is like thine! With Jesus as thy Life and Sun, Go singing all the time.

5 The melting story of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine, Till others with the glad new song Go singing all the time.

6 The angels sing a glorious song, But not a song like mine, For I am washed in Jesus' blood,

And singing all the time.

305

66, 68, 88.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark:
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Ell's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear! The open ear, O Lord, Alive and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy word; Like him to answer at Thy call, And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates,
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

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C.M.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind! A sweet unmurmuring faith. Obedient and resigned To Thee in life and death: That I may read with child-like eyes Truths that are hidden from the wise.

306

OH for a heart to praise my God. A heart from sin set free : A heart that's sprinkled with the

So freely shed for me: [blood

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek. My dear Redeemer's throne : Where only Christ is heard to speak. Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean: Which neither death nor life can part

From Him that dwells within : 4 A heart in every thought renewed. And filled with love divine: Perfect, and right, and pure, and good:

A copy, Lord, of Thine! 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart! Come quickly from above :

Write Thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

307

ŀ

EAD me to the Rock that's higher I Than the rock poor self can show: Lead me to its perfect "shelter." The "strong tower" from every foe. In the higher Rock I'm trusting, Restful, peaceful, saved, and free: 'Tis the tested Rock of ages. Its dear shadow shelters me.

2 Yes, the higher Rock, so towering. Gives, amid life's rudest storms. Perfect refuge, surest safety, Sweetest rest amid alarms.

3 'Tis the higher Rock that gives me Faith's glad strength for every hour; oh! to measure all its gladness. All its preciousness of power !

"Tis the higher Rock sustains me oyously from day to day; Lifting heart and soul and spirit To the purer, holier way.

5 'Tis the higher Rock that saves me, 'Tis the higher Rock I've found. Where abide the crowning graces-Faith and hope and love abound.

6 So will I sing praises to Thee For Thy wondrous power to save: Daily 'neath Thy shadow resting, 'Till the victor's palm I wave.

308

P.M.

HAVE found a precious Saviour, He has washed my sins away: Now rejoicing in His favour, I am happy all the day.

I love Jesus, halleluiah. I love Jesus, yes, I do;

I love Jesus, He's my Saviour : Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

2 Sweetest joy my heart is swelling. Joy the world could never give: While in sweetest strains I'm telling How He made my spirit live.

3 Lost in sin, I wandered, weary, Far from Jesus, far from home: Till He came, in love, to cheer me, Sweetly calling, "Wanderer.come!"

4 Pardon full and free He offered. Showed His bleeding hands and side:

Told me how for me He suffered. For my sins was crucified.

5 Then my heart, with thanks o'erflowing,

Yielded to His gracious call: At His feet in sorrow bowing Gave to Him my life, my all.

6 Now I'm His, yes, His for ever, Safe within His happy fold: Jesus' lambs can perish never. Love like His can ne'er grow cold.

309

76,86, D.

WANT to be like Jesus. So lowly and so meek, For no one marked an angry word That ever heard Him speak:

I want to be like Jesus. So frequently in prayer. Alone upon the mountain top: He met His Father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus: I never, never find

That He, though persecuted, was To any one unkind:

I want to be like Jesus, Engaged in doing good,

So that of me it may be said, "She hath done what she could." 3 I want to be like Jesus, Who sweetly said to all, "Let little children come to Me";

I would obey the call: But oh, I'm not like Jesus,

As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

310 D.C.M.
MY Saviour dear, my Saviour dear,
I love to think of Thee;
Fain would I sound through all

earth's bound
Thy matchless love to me.
Thy life and death, while I have
breath.

My constant theme shall be; [days, And all my ways, throughout my Shall speak Thy love to me.

2 My Saviour dear, my Saviour dear, I long, I faint to see Thy lovely face, in yon blest place Thou hast prepared for me.

There, clothed in light, with angels bright,
I'll worship and adore; [days,
And love and praise, through endless

A trophy of Thy power.

311

C.M.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee

With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,

And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can
Nor can the memory find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name.

O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek

O joy of all the meek; To these who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show; The love of Jesus, what it is None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou, As Thou our prize with be; Jesus, be Thou our glory now, And through eternity.

312 P.X.

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free; I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has rescued me. The half . . was never told, . .
The half . . was never told, . .
Of grace divine, . . so wonderful . .
The half . . was never told . . .

2 Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the sweet-voiced angel came

To soothe my weary breast.

Of peace divine . . so wonderful . .

The half . . was never told. . .

3 My highest place is—lying low At my Redeemer's feet; No real joy in life I know But in His service sweet. Of joy divine . . so wonderful . .

The half . . was never told. . . 4
And oh what rapture will it be,
With all the hosts above,
To sing through all eternity
The worders of His land

THOU, my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee,

Close to Thee, close to Thee.
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame, my prayer shall be;

Gladly will I toil and suffer, Only let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Gladly will I toil and suffer, Only let me walk with Thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fitful sea; Then the gate of life eternal May I enter, Lord, with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee,

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Then the gate of life eternal, May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

314

TAKE my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee; Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

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- 2 Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love : Take my feet, and let them be. Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only, for my King: Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold. Not a mite would I withhold: Take my intellect, and use Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine: It shall be no longer mine: Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store: Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all, for Thee.

315 11 11, 11 11. MY Saviour, I love Thee, I know For Thee all the pleasures of sin I

resign: My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour,

art Thou. If ever I loved Thee .

Saviour, 'tis now. 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first

loved me. And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;

I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,

If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now.

3 I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death. And praise Thee as long as Thou lend-

est me breath: And say, when the death-dew lies

cold on my brow. "If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour,

'tis now."

- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 - I'll ever adore Thee in you heaven of light:
 - I'll sing, with the glittering crown on my brow.

"If ever I loved Thee, my Saviour, 'tis now.''

316

MY faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary. Saviour Divine : New hear me while I pray. Take all my guilt away. Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire: As Thou hast died for me. Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be-A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread. And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide: Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away. Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream. When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll: Blest Saviour, then in love Fear and distrust remove: Oh, bear me safe above,

A ransomed soul.

317

8886.

HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen. The faint, the weak, on Thee facene. may lean; Help me, throughout life's varying By faith to cling to Thee!

Blest with communion so divine. Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine. When, as the branches to the vine. My soul may cling to Thee?

3 What though the world deceitful prove, And earthly friends and joys remove ? With patient, uncomplaining love, Still would I cling to Thee!

4 Though faith and hope awhile be tried.

I ask not, need not, aught beside: How safe, how calm, how satisfied The soul that clings to Thee!

5 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall! What can disturb me, who appal, While as my Strength, my Rock, m Saviour, I cling to Thee?

318 7s.
THINE for ever: God of love,

Hear us from Thy throne above; Thine for ever may we be,

Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever: Lord of life, Shield us through our earthly strife; Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever: oh, how blest They who find in Thee their rest! Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend, Oh, defend us to the end!

4 Thine for ever: Saviour, keep These Thy frail and trembling sheep: Safe alone beneath Thy care, Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever: Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee supplied, All our wants by Thee forgiven, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

319 7's.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;

"Its thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, loy'st thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound, And, when wounded, healed thy wound:

Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above; Deeper than the depths beneath: Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 "Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of My throne shalt be; Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

5 Lord! it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love Thee, and adore: Oh for grace to love Thee more!

320

OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! [wounds, It soothes his sorrows, heels his And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest. 3 Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding-place, My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend; My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End; Accept the praise! bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim With every fleeting breath; And may the music of Thy name Refresh my soul in death.

321_

MY blessed Jesus, Thou hast taught
A grateful heart to sing,
While sheltering my weary soul
Beneath Thy loving wing.

2 I praise Thee for that look divine Which broke my stony heart, And bade its sorrows and its fears For ever to depart;

3 In adoration I would bow, O Lord, before Thy throne; And yield myself a sacrifice To Thee, and Thee alone.

4 For Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
And owned me as Thy child;

And still dost walk along with me Across the desert wild.

5 Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine; Oh, help me by Thy grace To glorify Thee day by day, Until I see Thy face.

Jesus, the Good Shepherd and 322 Guide.

(REAT Shepherd of the sheep.
U Who all Thy flock dost keep.
Leading by waters calm;
Do Thou my footsteps guide
To follow by Thy side;
Make me Thy little lamb.

2 I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thern,
As far from Thee I stray;
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But when the road seems long. Thy tender arm and strong The weary one will bear; And Thou wilt wash me clean. And lead to pastures green, Where all the flowers are fair.

4 Till-from the soil of sin Cleansed and made pure within-Dear Saviour, whose I am. Thou bringest me in love To Thy sweet fold above. A little snow-white lamb.

323 P.M.

AM Jesus' little lamb: Ever glad at heart I am ; Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me, All things fair and good He shows me. Even calls me by my name: Every day He is the same. Safely in and out I go:

Jesus loves and keeps me so. When I hunger, Jesus feeds me : When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me Where the waters softly flow. Where the sweetest pastures grow.

Should I not be always glad? Jesus would not have me sad: And when this short life is ended. Those whom the Good Shepherd Will be taken to the skies, [tended]

There to dwell in paradise.

324CEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands. With all-engaging charms: Hark! how He calls the tender lambs! And folds them in His arms.

2 " Permit them to approach," He cries, Nor scorn their humble name : For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of angels came.

3 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock Shall be its Shepherd's care : While folded in the Saviour's arms, We're safe from every snare.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear; Ye children, seek His face : And fly with transport to receive The blessings of His grace.

325 87.87.87. RACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shep-Little ones are dear to Thee, [herd, Gathered with Thine arms, and car-In Thy bosom may we be: Sweetly, fondly, safely tended. From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us From Thy fold to go astray: By Thy look of love directed May we walk the narrow way; Thus direct us, and protect us, Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Let Thy holy word instruct us: Fill our minds with heavenly light; Let Thy love and grace constrain us To approve whate'er is right, Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it, And to prove Thy burden light.

4 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises, Which on earth Thy children sing, Both with lips and hearts unfeigned May we our thank-offerings bring; Then with all the saints in glory Join to praise our Lord and King.

326

87, 4. CAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us. Much we need Thy tender care : In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy fold prepare. Blessed Jesus.

Thou hast bought us. Thine we are. 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us; Be the guardian of our way: Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,

Seek us when we go astray. Blessed Jesus, Hear Thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us. Poor and sinful though we be; Thou hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free:

> Blessed Jesus. Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour. Early let us do Thy will; Blessed Lord and only Saviour, With Thyself our bosoms fill: Blessed Jesus.

Thou hast loved us-love us still.

327 THE Lord's my Shepherd: I'll not want:

He makes me down to lie In pastures green; He leadeth me The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again, And me to walk doth make Within the paths of righteousness E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale.

Yet I will fear none ill: For Thou art with me: and Thy rod And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished In presence of my foes; My head Thou dost with oil anoint. And my cup overflows.

6 Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me: And in God's house for evermore My dwelling-place shall be.

/PENDERLY guide us, O Shepherd [above; To the green pastures and waters Guarding usever by night and by day. Never from Thee would we stray.

Never! . . . never! . . . Never! oh, never, for Thou art the Way:

Never! . . . never! . . . Never from Thee would we stray!

2 What though the heavens with clouds be o'ercast?fblast? Fearful the tempest, and bitter the Still with the light of Thy word on the

way. Never from Thee would we stray.

3 Over our weakness Thy strength has been cast: Keep us in meekness, Thine own till

the last: Then, safely folded, with joy we shall

Never from Thee shall we stray.

329

65, D. TESUS is our Pilot: No one else can guide Our frail barque in safety O'er life's stormy tide: When the waves of trouble Baffle human skill, He can always calm them With His "Peace, be still." Jesus is our Pilot. Guided by His hand We shall reach the haven

On the golden strand. 2 Jesus is our Pilot:

Through His mighty arm We are safe from danger-Safe from fear and harm: In His strong protection We may ever rest: Refuge from all sorrow Is His faithful breast.

3 Jesus is our Pilot : Well He knows the way From this vale of shadows To the realm of day: He can find the harbour Others seek in vain; There, the Lord of glory, Evermore He'll reign.

330 D.S.M. WAS a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold. I did not love my Shepherd's voice,

I would not be controlled: I was a wayward child. I did not love my home,

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Father sought His child: They followed me o'er vale and hill. O'er deserts waste and wild; They found me nigh to death.

Famished, and faint, and lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.

Jesus my Shepherd is:

Twas He that loved my soul, 'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole: 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wandering sheep; Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.

No more a wandering sheep. I love to be controlled:

I love my tender Shepherd's voice. I love the peaceful fold. No more a wayward child.

I seek no more to roam: I love my heavenly Father's voice, I love, I love His home.

331

HERE were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold: But one was out on the hills away.

Far off from the gates of gold, Away on the mountains wild as bare.

Away from the tender Shephe

2 "Lord. Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine.

Are they not enough for Thee? " But the Shepherd made answer. "This of Mine

Has wandered away from Me: And although the road be rough and

steep. I go to the desert to find My sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the

Lord passed through Ere He found His sheep that was lost. Out in the desert He heard its cry, Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,

That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray,

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn

5 But all through the mountains, thun-

der-riven. And up from the rocky steep. There arose a cry to the gate of

heaven. " Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne, [His own!"

"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back

332 11 11, 11 11. THE Lord is my Shepherd, how

happy am I! How tender and watchful my wants

to supply! He daily provides me with raiment

and food; Whate'er He denies me is meant for

my good. 2 The Lord is my Shepherd: then I must

His gracious commandments, and walk in His way :

His fear He will teach me, my heart He'll renew.

And though I'm so sinful, my sins He'll subdue.

3 The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!

I'm blest while I live, and am blest [dread. when I die : In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll For "I will be with thee," my Shep-

herd hath said.

4 "The Lord is my Shepherd," I'll sing with delight. Till called to adore Him in regions

of light; Then praise Him with angels on

bright harps of gold, And ever and ever His glory behold.

333 65, D.

ESUS is our Shepherd, Wiping every tear: Folded in His bosom. What have we to fear? Only let us follow

Whither He doth lead, To the thirsty desert Or the dewy mead.

 Jesus is our Shepherd.— Well we know His voice! How its gentle whisper Makes our heart rejoice! Even when He chideth,

Tender is His tone; None but He shall guide us, We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd: For the sheep He bled; Every lamb is sprinkled With the blood He shed. Then on each He setteth His own secret sign.

"They that have My Spirit, These," saith He, "are Mine.

4 Jesus is our Shepherd: Guarded by His arm, Though the wolves may ravin, None can do us harm: When we tread death's valley.

Dark with fearful gloom. We will fear no evil,

P.M.

Victors o'er the tomb. *

334 CHEPHERD of tender youth,

Guiding in love and truth Through devious ways; Christ, our triumphant King. We come Thy name to sing, And here our children bring To sing Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest ave our race,
And give us life.

3 Be ever near our side, Our Shephard and our Guide, Our staff and seng: Jesus, Thou Christ of God, By the eternal Word, O Thou almighty Lord, Make our faith strong.

4. So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy praises high, And joyful sing; Children, and the glad throng. Who to Thy church belong, Unite and swell the song To Christ our King.

335

MY Lord, the Good Shepherd, has promised to keep, in the midst of all dangers, the hearts of His sheep;

So I trust Him, and hope that my Jesus will be, Though the meanest and weakest, a

Shepherd to me.

2 I am told that He gathers the lambs in His arms, And shelters them safe from the

world's rude alarms;
And I long to be sure that is just what
I am.—

That the Lord is my Shepherd, and I am His lamb.

8 The Lord is my Shepherd: wherever I go.

I go, Green pastures, still waters, He makes me to know;

A rod to defend me, protect me, and guide:

Then what can I need for my safety beside?

4 His sheep cannot perish, His hand is their strength; They may wander, but reach the best pasture at length; What joy in the valley of weeping to know

The Lord is my Shepherd wherever I go!

S36

SEE the gentle Shepherd standing

Where the quiet waters flow,
To the pastures green inviting:
Hungry, thirsty, let us go.

Where He leads we will follow,
Where He leads we will follow,
Where He leads we will follow

We will follow all the way.

2 Only by the Door we enter;
All who enter He will save,
Life abundantly bestowing,
Though His life the Shapkard on

Though His life the Shepherd gave.

3 Safe within the fold He leads us,
He the Shepherd, we His own;

He will guide us, feed us, keep us, Till we reach His Father's throne.

387

If OLD Thou my hand! so weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thy aid;

Hold Thou my hand! for then, 0 loving Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul

No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

2 Hold Thou my hand! and closer,

closer draw me [my all: To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander;

And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

3 Hold Thou my hand ! the way is dark before me Without the sunlight of Thy face

divine: [glory,
But when by faith I catch its radiant

What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
4 Hold Thou my hand! that when !

reach the margin

Of that lone river Thou didst cross

for me,

A heavenly light may flash close its

A heavenly light may flash along its waters,

And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

338

HE leadeth me ! oh, blessed thought!

Oh, words with heavenly com-

d wherever | Whate'er I do, where'er I be,

He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me! His faithful follower I would be: For by His hand He leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom. bloom. where Sometimes Eden's bowers By waters still, o'er troubled sea. Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would place my hand in Thine, Nor ever murmur nor repine: Content, whatever lot I see. Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee; Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

339 KNOW not the way I am going, But well do I know my Guide: With a childlike trust I give my hand To the mighty Friend at my side: And the only thing I say to Him. As He takes it, is, " Hold it fast :

Suffer me not to lose my way, And lead me home at last.

2 As when some helpless wanderer, Alone in an unknown land, Tells the guide his destined place of And leaves all else in his hand: Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach!

He who guides us may choose the way;

And little we heed what path we take. If nearer home each day.

Followina Iesus.

340 P.M. THE world looks very beautiful, And full of joy to me; The sun shines out in glory On everything I see:

I know I shall be happy While in the world I stay, For I will follow Jesus

All the way. For I will follow Jesus, For I will follow Jesus, For I will follow Jesus All the way.

2 I'm but a youthful pilgrim; My journey's just begun; They say I'll meet with sorrow Before my journey's done: "Zed by The world is full of trouble. And trials too, they say: But I will follow Jesus All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim. Whatever I may meet, I'll take it—joy or sorrow— And lay at Jesus' feet: He'll comfort me in trouble. He'll wipe my tears away: With joy I'll follow Jesus All the way.

4 Then trials cannot vex me. And pain I need not fear. For when I'm close by Jesus. Grief cannot come too near : Not even death can harm me. When death I meet one day: To heaven I'll follow Jesus All the way.

341

6 5. D.

HAVE come to Jesus, now I follow Him: Gently He will lead me through a

world of sin; Trusting in His power, resting on His love. above.

He will safely take me to His home 2 Sinful, stained, and guilty, He has

washed me white: Now His call I answer, walk a child of light:

He will make me happy, brighten all the way, stay.

Help me in temptation, ever near me 3 Jesus loves His children, loves them

to the end: Jesus died to save them, what a faithful Friend!

Shall I fully follow? He who suffered Liveth now to help me, keep from every foe.

4 Gently He will lead me, fighting every I'll win: Jesus won the conflict trusting Him When the battle's over, there's a pro-

mise bright :-He that overcometh shall be robed in

white. 342 65, D.

NWARD, children, onward! Leave the paths of sin: Hasten to the strait gate. Strive to enter in;

None can knock unheeded,
None can strive in vain,
For the Saviour's welcome
All that seek obtain.
Onward, children, onward!
Is the call to-day;
Come with ready footsteps,
And that call obey.

2 Onward, children, onward! In the narrow way, Christ your Lord shall lead you Safely day by day; And with such a Leader What have you to feer?

What have you to fear? Satan may oppose you, But your King is near. 3 Onward, ever onward!

Till you join the throng
Who in dazzling raiment
Sing the triumph-song,
And to keavenly music
Cry with one accord.

"Holy! holy! holy!
Is our sovereign Lord."

THE Master hath come, and He calls
us to follow

The track of the footprints He leaves on our way;
Far over the mountain, and through

the deep hollow,
The path leads us on to the mansions

of day.

The Master hath called us, the children who fear Him,

Who march 'neath Christ's banner, His own little band; We love Him, and seek Him, we long

to be near Him,
And rest in the light of His beau-

And rest in the light of His beautiful land.

2 The Master bath called us; the road may be dreary,

And dangers and sorrows are strewn on the track:

But God's Holy Spirit shall comfort the weary— [turn back.

the weary—
We follow the Saviour, and cannot
The Master hath called us: though
doubt and temptation

May compassour journey, we cheerfully sing.

Press onward, look upward," through much tribulation The children of Sion must follow their King. 3 The Master hath called us: in life's early morning [the sod: With spirits as fresh as the dew on We turn from the world, with its

smiles and its scorning,
To cast in our lot with the people of
God.

The Master hath called us, His sons and His daughters,
We plead for His pleasing and that

We plead for His blessing, and trust in His love;

And through the green pastures, beside the still waters,

He'll lead us at last to His kingdom above.

From " Voice of Praise," by permission of the Sunday School Union.

DOWN in the valley with my Saviour
I would go,

Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet waters flow;

Everywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on; De won. Walking in His footsteps till theorown Follow! I would follow!

Jesus; Anywhere, everywhere, I would fol-

Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on!

Follow! follow! I would follow

Jesus! [fellow on! Everywhere He leads me I would

2 Down in the valley with my Saviour
I would go,

Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow; With His hand to lead me I will never,

never fear; [is near. Danger cannot fright me if my Lord

3 Down in the valley or upon the mountain steep.

Close beside my Saviour would my soul ever keep;

He will lead me safely in the path

that He has trod, [of God. Up to where they gather on the hills

GO singing all the way.

For my Father thus doth sees.
"Cast on Me thy fears and cast.
Be thou free as bird in air."

I go singing, I go singing.
I go singing, singing all the way;
I go singing, I go singing.
I go singing, sin ring all the way.

- 2 Have you found the Saviour true In His promises to you? Has He brought you to His feet, Low before the mercy-seat?
- 3 Do you think of heaven as home? Do you long therein to roam? Is your life in sweet accord With the law, the sacred word?
- 4 Till I reach the realms of light, And behold His presence bright, Soaring, singing will I be, Joyone as the birdling free. I'll go singing, etc.

From "The Sunday-school Singer," by permission of Mesers. J. Curwen & Sous.

346

65, 65, 65, D.

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Cansan lies before us.

Zion beams with light.

Forward, when in childhood

Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace,

Faint not, till in glory Gleams our Father's face.

Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the lifetime;
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;

Pilgrims, to your country,

Forward into light!

"TOLLOW Me," the Master said;
T We will follow Jesus;
By His word and Spirit led,
We will follow Jesus;
Still for us He lives to plead,
At the throne doth intercede,
Offers help in time of need;
We will follow Jesus.

2 Should the world and sin oppose,
We will follow Jesus;
He is greater than our foes,
We will follow Jesus;
On His promise we depend,
He will succour and defend,
Help and keep us to the end;
We will follow Jesus.

3 Though the way may dark appear,
We will follow Jesus;
He will make our pathway clear,
We will follow Jesus;
In our daily round of care,
As we plead with God in prayer,
With the cross which we must bear,
We will follow Jesus.

4 Ever keep the end in view,
We will follow Jesus;
All His promises are true,
We will follow Jesus;
When this earthly course is run,
And the Master says," Well done to the electrical we have won,
We will follow Jesus.

348 P.M

I KNOW not what awaits me,
God kindly veils my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

Where He may lead I'll follow, My trust in Him repose; And every hour in perfect peace, I'll sing.

He knows, He knows.

He knows, He knows.

2 One step I see before me,

'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly
When earth's illusions fiee; {shines
And sweetly through the silenca
His loving, "Follow Me!" [comes,

3 Oh, blissful lack of wisdom!
"Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,

And lulls my troubled soul to rest In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go, not knowing: I would not if I might: I'd rather walk in the dark with God, Than go alone in the light: I'd rather walk by faith with Him. Than go alone by sight.

349

7°s. CHILDREN of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 We are travelling home to God. In the way the fathers trod: They are happy now; and we Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest; You on Jesus' throne shall rest: There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light; Zion's city is in sight; There our endless home shall be. There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand On the borders of your land; Christ, the everlasting Son, Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go. Gladly leaving all below: Only Thou our Leader be. And we still will follow Thee.

350

87, 87, 47.

PATHER, let Thy benediction, Gently falling as the dew. And Thy ever-gracious presence. Bless us all our journey through: May we ever Keep the end of life in view !

2 Young in years, we need the wisdom Which can only come from Thee: In the morn of our existence Let us Thy salvation see:

Changed in spirit. We shall then Thy children be.

3 When temptations shall assail us. When we falter by the way Let Thine arm of strength defend us : Saviour, hear us when we pray: Thou art mighty, Be Thou then our rock and stay.

4 Praise and blessing, power and glory, Will we render, Lord, to Thee: For the news of Thy salvation Shall extend from sea to sea: And the nations Joyfully shall worship Thee. From " Child's Own Hymn Book," by permissi of Mesers. J. Curwen & Sons.

351

8886. CCEPTING, Lord, Thygracious call. Low at Thy feet I humbly fall: Now set me free from Satan's thrall. And let me follow Thee.

- 2 My Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide, Ne'er let me wander from Thy side, Nor from the narrow pathway slide, But closely follow Thee.
- 3 In meekness, patience, kindness, prayer, In works of love and friendly care,

In holy conduct everywhere, Help me to follow Thee.

- 4 When fears and foes beset my way, When darkest clouds obscure my day. And easier paths tempt me to stray, Help me to follow Thee.
- 5 Courageously, whoe'er my foes, With cheerfulness, whate'er oppose, Unto my journey's final close Help me to follow Thee.
- 6 Along the heavenly pathway bright, No more with foes and fears to fight; By victory crowned, and robed in white.

I'll ever follow Thee.

352

87,87.

TESUS calls us; o'er the tumult Of our life's wild, restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saving, "Christian, follow Me,"

2 As of old apostles heard it By the Galilæan lake. Fared. Turned from home and toil and kin-Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store: From each idol that would keep us, Saying, "Children, love Me more"

4 In our joys, and in our sorrows. Days of toil, and hours of ease, Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us-by Thy mercies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call: Give our hearts to Thy obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

353 87.87. THROUGH the night of doubt and SOTTOW

Onward goes the pilgrim band. Singing songs of expectation. Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guiding light; Brother clasps the hand of brother. Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the light of God's own presence. O'er His ransomed people shed, Chasing far the gloom and terror, Brightening all the path we tread.

4 One the object of our journey. One the faith which never tires. One the earnest looking forward, One the hope our God inspires.

5 One the strain the lips of theusands Lift as from the heart of one: One the conflict, one the peril, One the march in God begun.

6 One the gladness of rejoicing On the far eternal shore. Where the One Almighty Father Reigns in love for evermore.

7 Soon shall come the great awaking ; Soon the rending of the tomb: Then the scattering of all shadows, And the end of toil and gloom.

354 P.M. WALK in the light the Lord hath

given To guide thy steps aright; His Holy Spirit sent from heaven Can cheer the darkest night.

Walk . . . in the light! . . . Walk . . in the light ! Walk . . . in the light! . . . Walk in the light, the light of God!

2 Walk in the light of gospel truth, That shines from God's own word; A light to guide in early youth

The faithful of the Lord! 3 Walk in the light! though shadows Are thrown across thy way: [dark. Darkness will fice before the light Of God's eternal day.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt The love of God to thee: The fellowship so sweet below In heaven will sweeter.be.

355

L.M. TESUS, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon: His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went. The road that leads from banishment. The King's highway of holiness. I'll go : for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought. And mourned because I found it not, Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, child; I am the Way."

4 Lo, glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb. Shalt take me to Thee as I am! My sinful self to Thee I give: Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round What a dear Saviour I have found: I'll point to Thy redeeming blood. And say, "Behold the way to God!"

356 ()H! walk with Jesus, wouldst thou know How deep, how wide His love can They only fail His love to prove

Who in the ways of sinners rove. 2 Walk thou with Him: that way is light, . All other pathways and in night. Walk thou with Him; that way is rest, All other pathways are unblest.

3 Oh! walk with Jesus: to thy view He will make all things sweet and new: Iflower. Will bring new fragrance from each

And hallow every passing hour. 4 Jesus, a great desire have we [Thee: To walk life's troubled path with

Come to us now, in converse stay: And oh! walk with us day by day. 357

76.76. /INHE way to heaven is narrow. Its blessed entrance strait: How safe the little pilgrims

Who get within the gate! O happy band of pilgrims, Who journey towards the light!

With them we'll follow Jesus To yonder city bright!

2 The sunbeams of the morning Make the narrow pathway fair; These early little pilgrims Find dewy blessings there.

3 They pass o'er rugged mountains, They climb them with a song; These early little pilgrims

Have sandals new and strong.

4 They do not greatly tremble

When shadows night foretell; These early little pilgrims Have tried the path full well.

5 They know it leads to heaven, With bright and open gates, Where for each little pilgrim A Saviour's welcome waits.

The Friendship of Issus.

558
76,76, D.
THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,

A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die:
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,

This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

The precious name ne bears.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory—
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it.

Nor can with it compare, For every one is happy,

Nor can be happier, there.

3 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus

Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour

And walk with Him below.

There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,

And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory;
And all above is pleasure,
Tis found in Christ alone:
Oh, come to Him, dear children,
That all may be roomere.

That all may be your own.

359
76, p.

OUR dearest Friend is Jesus— Oh! blessed, blessed name! And if we seek Him early, The promise we may claim, That He will be our Shepherd, And give us all we need, And by refreshing waters His little flock will lead.

2 We'll ask of Him to help us Along the narrow way, To make us good and gentle, And guide us lest we stray, We know His tender mercy Will every ain forgive,

And keep us near the fountain, Where all may drink and live.

3 We'll ask Him on His bosom His little ones to fold, And. bind His love around us Just like a chain of gold; To fit us for His kingdom, Where saints and angels bright Behold His face in glory, And praise Him day and night.

3**60**

87,87,D.

I'VE found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him!
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him:
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever:

For I am His, and He is mine, For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not alone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Naught that I have my own I call.

I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind and true and tender.

So wise a Counsellor and Guide, So mighty a Defender. From Him, who loves me now so well,

What power my soul can sever? Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell? No; I am His for ever!

361

I'VE found a Friend in Jesus, He's everything to me; [my scal; He's the fairest of ten thousand to The "Lily of the valley"; in Hin alone I see

All I need to cleanse and make me

fully whole:

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble
He's my stay; ___[roll.

He tells me every care on Him to He's the Lily of the valley, the Bright and Morning Star,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

In sorrow He's my comfort, In trouble He's my stay; [roll: He tells me every care on Him to

He's the Lily of the valley,
The Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to

my soul.

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;

In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower: I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my

idols torn From my heart; and now He keeps

me by His power:
Though all the world forsake me, and
Satan tempt me sore, [the goal.
Through Jesus I shall safely reach

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,

While I live by faith, and do His blessed will:

A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;

With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill;

Then sweeping up to glory we'll see
His blessed face [flow.
Where rivers of delight shall ever

87,87,77.

NE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's—
Costly, free, and knows no end:

They who once His kindness prove, Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,

Could, or would, have shed his blood?
Christ, the Saviour, died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased, Friend of sinners was His name;

4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, alas! forget too often

What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are
brought

We will love Thee as we ought.

363

P.M.

P.M.

DO you know what makes us happy, When so many hearts are sad? We are little friends of Jesus, That is why we are so glad.

We are little friends, we are loving friends,

We are happy, happy little friends of Jesus; We are little friends, we are loving friends.

We are happy all day long.

2 Jesus loves the children dearly, In His word He tells them so; Once He took them up and blessed Many, many years ago. [them,

3 We are little lambs of Jesus; He, our Shepberd kind and dear, Speaks, and though we do not see Him, In our hearts His voice we hear.

364 TAM Jesus' little friend :

On His mercy I depend:

If I try to please Him ever,

If I grieve His Spirit never,

Oh how very good to me

Will my Saviour always be ! I am Jesus' little friend ; On His mercy I depend.

2 He is with me all the day,
With me in my busy play;
O'er my waking and my sleeping
Jesus still a watch is keeping;
I can lay me down to rest,
Sweetly pillowed on His breast.

3 I am Jesus' little friend;
On His mercy I depend:
Jesus will forsake me never;
He will keep me safe for ever.
How I wish my heart could be,
Loving Saviour, more like Thee.

365 P. I

NOW I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine; His love shall never end, Jesus is mine.

Though earthly joys decrease. Though human friendships cease, Now I have lasting peace, Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,--He will my faith uphold.-He shall my wants supply, His precious blood is nigh: Naught can my hope destroy. Jesus is mine.

3 When earth shall pass away,-In the great judgment day,-Oh, what a glorious thing Then to behold my King I On tuneful harp to sing, Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality!-Welcome, eternity !-He my redemption is. Wisdom, and righteousness. Life, light, and holiness: Jesus is mine.

366

888.3. ON earth I know 'tis hard to find A true and faithful loving friend : But One at least to me is kind,—
Tis Jesus.

2 His presence quells my every fear. His gentle voice I love to hear. And none to me is half so dear As Jesus.

3 Though friends be few and foes increase, Yet I can dwell in perfect peace :-I've One whose love will ne'er dacrease :- 'Tis Jesus.

4 When tossed upon life's troubled sea. And darkest clouds around me be. There's one dear Friend that watches me.—'Tis Jesus.

5 If death's cold hand should lay me low. That is my latest earthly foe: Then more than conqueror I shall go To Jesus.

367

P.M. TESUS, I so often need Thee. Do not go away; I would have Thee ever near me-Wilt Thou stay?

2 When I'm glad I want to tell Thee, And I long to do Something that I know will gladden Jesus too.

3 When I'm sad I want my sorrow To be felt by Thee: And I know that Thou hast pity Just for me.

4 Often, when I really would not, I do something wrong: Jesus, pity Thou my weakness-Make me strong.

5 Should the folly sorely grieve Thee I regret to own. Still in folly do not leave me Here alone.

6 Ever with Thee, still more like Thee Growing day by day. Soon, for very love. Thou wilt not Go away.

Dailv Life. 368

76, D. THE wise may bring their learning, The rich may bring their wealth; And some may bring their greatness, And some bring strength and health;

We too would bring our treasures To offer to the King: We have no wealth or learning.

What shall we children bring? All glory, laud, and honour To The Redeemer, King, To whom the lips of children Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him, We'll bring Him thankful praise, And young souls meekly striving To walk in holy ways.

And these shall be the treasures We offer to the King.

And these are gifts that ever The poorest child may bring. 3 We'll bring the little duties

We have to do each day, We'll try our best to please Him At home, at school, at play : And better are these treasures To offer to our King. Than richest gifts without them:

Yet these a child may bring.

369

ROWING up for Jesus, We are truly bleat. In His smile is welcome. In His arms our rest :

65. D.

in His truth our treasure,
In His love our rule;
Growing up for Jesus
In our Sunday school.
Growing up for Jesus,
Till in Him complete:
Growing up for Jesus,
Oh! His work is sweet.

2 Not too young to love Him, Little hearts beat true; Not too young to serve Him As the dewdrops do; Not too young to praise Him, Singing as we come; Not too young to answer When He calls us home.

3 Growing up for Jesus,
Learning day by day
How to follow onward
In the narrow way:
Seeking holy treasure,
Finding precious truth;
Growing up for Jesus
In our happy youth.

W ORDS are things of little cost,
W Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forgethem, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us or against us there.

2 Oh, how often ours have been Idle words and words of sin; Words of anger, scorn, or pride, Or deceit our faults to hide; Envious tales, or strife unkind, Leaving bitter thoughts behind!

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day Strength to watch and grace to pray: May our lips, from sin kept free, Love to speak and sing of Thee, Till in heaven we learn to raise Hymns of everlasting praise.

86,86,86.
I CANNOT do great things for Him
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Lord Jesus, unto Thee:
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be.

2 There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee;
And always—every day—

There are some little loving words Which I for Thee may say.

3 There are small crosses I may take, Small burdens I may bear, Small sets of faith and deeds of love, Small sorrows I may share; And little bits of work for Thee I may do everywhere.

4 I ask Thee, Lord, to give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,

And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

372

75,75.

OPEAK the truth, for that is right, Whatsoe'er befall; Let your hearts be clear as light, Open unto all.

2 Well you know deceit is sin; Satan loves a lie; If a falsehood you begin, He is waiting by.

3 Speak the truth, for God is true, And your voice is heard; He is watching over you, Marking every word.

4 Oh, be honest in your youth;
Those who have deceived,
Even when they speak the truth
Will not be believed.

5 Pray to Jesus for His might, For by that alone Every sin with which you fight Can be overthrown.

6 By that path may you be led Which your Saviour trod; Of the pure in heart He said, They shall see their God.

373

10 10, 10 10.

CHRISTIAN, walk carefully, danger is near!
On in thy journey with trembling and

Snares from without, and temptations within,

Seek to entice thee once more into sin. Ohristian, walk carefully, Christian, walk carefully, Christian, walk carefully, danger is

onear!

2 Christian, walk cheerfully, through the flerce storm.

Dark though the sky with its threats of alarm :

Soon will the clouds and the tempest be o'er, evermore. Then with thy Saviour thou'lt rest

Christian, walk cheerfully, Christian, walk cheerfully,

Christian, walk cheerfully, through the fierce storm.

3 Christian, walk prayerfully: oft wilt thou fall.

If thou forget on thy Saviour to call; Safe thou shalt walk through each trial and care.

If thon art clad in the armour of prayer.

Christian, walk prayerfully, Christian, walk prayerfully,

Christian, walk prayerfully,-fear lest thou fall.

♠ Christian, walk hopefully; sorrow and

Cease when the haven of rest thou shalt gain ; Then from the lips of the Judge thy

reward: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Christian, walk hopefully, Christian, walk hopefully, Christian, walk hopefully, rest thou

shalt gain.

374

WHEN you think, when you speak. when you read, when you write, When you ring, when you walk, when you seek for delight,

To be kept from all wrong when at home or abroad.

Live always as under the eye of the Lord.

To be kept . . . from all wrong . . . when at home . . . and abroad . . . Live always as under the eye of the Lord.

2 Whatever you think, never think what you feel

You would blush in the presence of God to reveal:

Whatever you say, in a whisper or clear. Say nothing you would not like Jesus

to hear.

With Thy most precious bloed.

3 Whatever you read, though the page may allure. Read nothing of which you are per-

fectly sure

Consternation at once would be seen [me that book." in your look, If God should say solemnly, " Show

4 Whatever you write, though in haste or with heed. Write nothing you would not like Jesus

to read: Whatever you sing, in the midst of

your glees, Can displesse. Sing naught that His listening car

5 Wherever you go, never go where you Lest the great God should ask you.

"How camest thou here?" Turn away from each pleasure you'd

shrink from pursuing If God should look down and say, "What art thou doing ?"

375

DEAR Saviour, to Thy little lambs A lamb-like temper give. And daily, hourly grace bestow In joy and peace to live.

It was Thine own command that we Should one another love.

And ever give Thee thanks, as do Thine holy ones above.

2 Our hearts, by nature full of sin. Do Thou, O Lord, renew. And take each naughty thought away, And all self-will subdue:

Thine own meek, lowly mind impart, The spirit like a dove:

And daily may we learn of Thee. As Thou hast loved, to love.

3 As Thou forgivest all our sins. So teach us to forgive: As freely we receive from Thee.

So may we freely give. Oh, teach us to forbear like Thee.

Not answering again, Remembering how our Saviour hore

The scoffs of wicked men. 4 When we are for our faults reproved

May we the fault confess, And humbly seek Thy grace, that we

May not again transgress: Make us affectionate and kind, Gentle, and meek, and good,

Mindful how dearly we were bought

376

P.M. T/IND words can never die: Cherished and blest. God knows how deep they lie Stored in the breast: Like childhood's simple rhymes. Said o'er a thousand times-Ay, in all years and climes, Distant and near: Kind words can never die.

No. never die! 2 Sweet thoughts can never die. Though, like the flowers.

Their brightest hues may fly In wintry hours: But when the gentle dew Gives them their charms anew. With many an added hue They bloom again.

Sweet thoughts can never die. No. never die!

3 Our souls can never die: Though in the tomb We all may have to lie, Wrapped in its gloom. What though the flesh decay! Souls pass in peace away; Live through eternal day With Christ above. Our souls can pever die.

No, never die !

THE still small voice that speaks within;

I hear it when at play I speak the loud and angry word, That drives my friend away.

The voice within, the voice within, Oh may I have a care ; It speaks to warn from every sin.

And God has placed it there. 2 If falsehood whispers to my heart To tell a coward lie.

To hide some careless thing I've done, I hear the sad voice nigh.

3 If selfishness would bid me keep What I should gladly share,

I hear again the inner voice. And then with shame forbear.

4-I thank Thee, Father, for this friend Whom I would always heed: Oh may I hear the slightest tone In every time of need.

378

I NEED Thee every hour, Most gracious Lord: No tender voice like Thine

Can peace afford.

I need Thee, oh! I need Thee: Every hour I need Thee: Oh, bless me now, my Saviour I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour: Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their power

When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour, In joy or pain;

Come quickly and abide. Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour: Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour. Most holy One: Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son!

379

TAMB of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my example be Thou art gentle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art; Give me Thy obedient heart: Thou art pitiful and kind: Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfil God my heavenly Father's will: Never His good Spirit grieve, Only to His glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb, In Thy gracious hands I am: Make me, Saviour, what Thou art: Live Thyself within my heart.

380

LITTLE talk with Jeaus-How it smooths the rugged road. How it seems to help me onward, When I faint beneath my load. When my heart is crushed with sor-

And my eyes with tears are dim. There is naught can yield me cemfor Like a little talk with Him.

3 I tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest,
And I'm daily, hourly longing
For a home upon His breast;
And He answers me so sweetly,
In tones of tenderest love,
I am coming soon to take thee

I am coming soon to take thee To My happy home above.

I know the way is dreary
To yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Will while away the time.
And yet the more I know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing
To know Him more and more,

4 I cannot live without Him,
Nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion,
My medicine and my food.
He's altogether levely,
None can with Him compare—
The chief among ten thousand,
The fairest of the fair.

5 So I'll wait a little longer, Till His appointed time, And glory in the knowledge That such a hope is mine; Then in my Father's dwelling, Where many mansions be, I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, And He shall talk with me.
Dypermission of R. L. Allan, Ess.

381

66,66.

If washed in Jesus' blood,

Then bear His likeness too;

And, as you enward press,

Ask—"What would Jesus do?"

2 With willing heart and hand Your daily task pursue; Work! for the day wears on, Ask—"What would Jesus do?"

3 Be gentle, e'en when wronged, Revenge and pride subdue; When to forgive seems hard, Ask—" What would Jesus de?"

4 Be brave to do the right, And scorn to be untrue; When fear would whisper "Yield!" Ask—"What would Jesus do?"

6 Give, with a full, free hand— God freely gives to you; And check each selfish thought With—"What would Jesus do?" 6 Then let the golden thread, Woven your life-work through; Reflecting heaven's own light, Be—"What would Jesus do?"

382

OH that the Lord would guide my To keep His statutes still! [ways Oh that my God would grant me To know and do His will! [grace

2 Oh, send Thy Spirit down to write Thy law upon my heart; Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by Thy word, And make my heart sincere; Let sin have no dominion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in Thy commands, 'Tis a delightful road; Nor let my head, or heart, or hands Offend against my God.

WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Whois so high, and good, and great?

2 When deep within our swelling hearts The thoughts of pride and angerrise; When bitter words are on our tongres, And tears of passion in our eyes:

3 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word;
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lerd.

4 With smiles of peace and looks of love Light in our dwellings we may make; [there— Bid kind good humour brighten And still do all for Jesus' sake

5 There's not a child so small and weak But has his little cross to take, His little work of love and praise That he may do for Jesus' sake.

384

AVIOUR, Thou art ever near,

D Thou my humble prayer with hear;

And I plead Thy promise kind,

"Early seek, and ye shall find."

2 I am very full of ain, Jesus, make me pure within; Lead me to the heavenly flood, Wash me in Thy precious blood. 3 Lord, I want to be Thy child. Make me gentle, meek, and mild; I would pure and holy be, Teach me how to come to Thee.

4 When I go to work or play. Be Thou with me day by day; When I seek my quiet bed. Let Thy wings be o'er me spread.

5 Saviour, hold me lest I fall. Deign to hear me whilst I call: Oh. regard my humble cry, Save me, Jesus, or I die.

385

P.M. ZEEP a watch on your words, my children,

For words are wonderful things: They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey:

Like bees, they have terrible stings; They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine.

And brighten the lonely life: They can cut, in the strife of anger. Like an open, two-edged knife.

2 Let them pass through your lips unchallenged.

If their errand be true and kind. If they come to support the weary, To comfort and help the blind:

If a bitter, revengeful spirit Prompt the words, let them be unsaid:

They may flash through a brain like lightning,

Or fall on a heart like lead.

3 Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,

Under bar and lock and seal: The wounds they make, my children, Are always slow to heal.

May Christ guard your lips, and ever, From the time of your early youth,

May the words that you daily utter Be the words of beautiful truth.

386

RAW nearer, my Saviour : in mercy behold. And keep me for ever safe, safe in the

More watchful and trusting, oh, help me to be.

More boly, dear Saviour, more faithful to Thee.

2 More humble in spirit, more fervent in prayer. More cheerful and willing my trials

to bear : More earnest in labour, oh, help me to

More holy, dear Saviour, more faith-

ful to Thee. 3 Come, blessed Redeemer, now dwell

in my heart; My hope and my comfort for ever

Thou art; In all my temptations, oh, help me to I to Thee.

More holy, dear Saviour, more faithful P. M.

387

TATHER, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me, And the changes that will surely come

I do not fear to see: But I ask Thee for a present mind Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love. Through constant watching wise. To meet the glad with joyful smiles, And wipe the weeping eyes ;

And a heart at leisure from itself To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will That hurries to and fro.

Seeking for some great thing to do. Or secret thing to know: I would be treated as a child.

And guided where I go. 4 Wherever in the world I am.

In whatsoe'er estate, I have a fellowship with hearts To keep and cultivate : And a work of lowly love to do

For the Lord on whom I wait.

388

11a.

87.87. IFE is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal; "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul. 2 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow. Is our destined end or way: But to act that each to-morrow Finds us farther than to-day.

3 Lives of good men all remind us We can make our lives sublime; And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time: 4 Footprints that perhaps another. Sailing o'er life's solemn main. Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother. Seeing, shall take heart again.

5 Let us then be up and doing. Nor our onward course abate: Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait.

389 P.M. MRUSTING in the promises, we march along.

Trusting in the promises of Jesus: Lighter grows our labour, and our hearts more strong,

Trusting in the promises of Jesus. If we faint not by the way,

If our feet go not astray We shall see a brighter day : Trusting in the promises of Jesus.

2 Trusting in the promises, we fear noill, Trusting in the promises of Jesus: With His mighty arm He will uphold ns still :

Trusting in the promises of Jesus.

3 Trusting in the promises, no harm can come.

Trusting in the promises of Jesus; 'Neath His royal banner we are marching home;

Trusting in the promises of Jesus.

The Christian's Trials and Conflicts. 8885.

390 A LITTLE pilgrim on life's way, Bearing his cross from day to day, When faint and weary, used to say, "Jesus, my Saviour!"

2 If Satan tempted him aside. He never on himself relied, But grasped the shield of faith, and cried

"Jesus, my Saviour!"

3 And looking up from what he feared, Though far away his rest appeared, how the thought his spirit cheered-

"Jesus, my Saviour!"

4 Thus, Lord, direct my youthful way, Thyself to love, Thy law obey: Then shall I praise through endless day "Jesus, my Saviour!"

Digitized by CO

391

COLDIERS of Christ, arise. And put your armour on, Strong in the strength which God

supplies Through His eternal Son:

Strong in the Lord of hosts. And in His mighty power; Who in the strength of Jesus trusts Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might. With all His strength endued: And take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on. Wrestle, and fight, and pray: Tread all the powers of darkness down.

And win the well-fought day: 5 That, having all things done. And all your conflicts past falone.

Ye may o'ercome through Christ And stand complete at last.

392 WHEN the storms of life are raging, Tempests wild on sea and land. I will seek a place of refuge

In the shadow of God's hand. He will hide . . . me! . . . He will hide . . . me! . . . [me: Where no harm . . . can e'er betide He will hide . . . me! . . . safely hide . . . me . . .

In the shadow of His hand.

2 Though He may send some affliction. 'Twill but make me long for home: For in love, and not in anger. All His chastenings will come.

3 Enemies may strive to injure.

Satan all his arts employ: God will turn what seems to harm me

Into everlasting joy. 4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing. Meeting storms and billows wild.

Jesus for my soul is caring. Naught can harm His Father's child.

393

WE are going forth with our staff Through a desert wild in a stranger But our faith is bright and our hope

is strong, And "the good old way" is our pilgrim song.

E'R.

'Tis the good old way By our fathers trod: "Tis the way of life. And it leadeth unto God: Tis the only path to the realms of We are going home in the good old 2 There are foes without, there are foes within: fof sin: They would turn us back to the path We will stop our ears to the words they sav. fold wav. While we onward press in the good .3 In the blissful hour of communion seat: aweet. Let us come with joy to the mercy-Oh, we love to sing, and we love to fold way. pray,

And we bless the Lord for the good 4 On the brink of time when we stand at last. [is past, When our sun has set, and our work When we bid farewell to our mortal clay. We will praise the Lord for the good old way.

894 76. D. OH, trust thyself to Jesus When conscious of thy sin-Its heavy weight upon thee.

> Its mighty power within: Then is the hour for pleading His finished work for thee: Then is the time for singing.

" His blood was shed for me." 2 Oh, trust thyself to Jesus When tempted to transgress,

By word or look of anger, Or thought of bitterness: Then is the hour for claiming Thy Lord to fight for thee: Then is the time for singing, " He doth deliver me."

3 Oh, trust thyself to Jesus When thou art wearied sore. When head or hand refuses To think or labour more: Then is the hour for leaning Upon the Master's breast: Then is the time for singing. "My Saviour gives me rest."

 Oh, trust thyself to Jesus When thou art full of care. For loved ones still refusing Our blessed hope to share:

Then is the hour for trusting Thy Lord to bring them nigh: Then is the time for singing. " He loves them more than I."

395 76. D.

()H when shall I see Jesus. And reign with Him above. And drink the flowing fountain Of everlasting love? When shall I be delivered

From this vain world of sin. And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasures in ? There is sweet rest in Jesus.

There is sweet rest in Him: Frest. There is sweet rest, there is sweet There is sweet rest in Him.

2 Through grace I am determined To conquer, though I die: And then away to Jesus On wings of love I'll fly: Farewell to sin and sorrow. I bid you all adieu: And you, my friends, prove faithful, And on your way pursue.

3 And when you meet with trials And troubles on your way. Then cast your care on Jesus. And don't forget to pray: Gird on the heavenly armour Of faith and hope and love: And when the combat's ended. You'll reign with Him above.

396

BEGONE, unbelief! My Saviour is near. And for my relief Will surely appear. By faith let me wrestle, And He will perform: With Christ in the vessel. I smile at the storm.

2 If dark be my way. Since He is my guide. 'Tis mine to obey, 'Tis His to provide: Though cisterns be broken. And creatures all fail. The word He hath spoken Shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past Forbids me to think He'll leave me at last In trouble to sink;

Each sweet Ebenezer

I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.

6 Since all that I meet Shall work for my good, The bitter is sweet, The medicine is food; Though painful at present, "Twill cease before long; And then, oh, how pleasant The conqueror's song!

397

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore, [more; Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no The light of His countenance shineth so bright, That on earth, as in heaven, there

need be no night.

2 Looking off unto Jesus, my eyes cannot see
The troubles and dangers that throng

around me: They cannot be blinded with sorrow-

ful tears;
They cannot be shadowed with unholy fears.

\$ Looking off unto Jesus, my spirit is blest:

In the world I have turmoil, in Him
I have rest:

The sea of my life all about me may roar, [more. When I look unto Jesus, I hear it no

When I look unto Jesus, I hear it no 4 Looking off unto Jesus, I go not astray: My eyes are on Him, and He shows

me the way;
The path may seem dark as He leads
me along, [wrong.

But following Jesus I cannot go 5 Looking off unto Jesus, oh, may I be

found, When the waters of death shall en-

compass me round;
Let them bear me away in His pre-

sence to be: [always I see.
'Tis beholding Him nearer whom

MY God, my Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's
rough way,
Oh teach me from my beaut to go.

Oh teach me from my heart to say.
"Thy will be done!"

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine; I only yield Thee what is Thine; "Thy will be done!"

8 Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest; "Thy will be done!"

4 Renew my will from day to day, Blend it with Thine, and take away All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"

5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,

Ill sing upon a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"

399 _{2.K.}

I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago;
All my sin I brought Him, and
my woe.

When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard His still small whisper, "'Tis for thee," [away-From my heart the burden rolled

Happy day!
2 I leave it all with Jesus; for He knows
How to steal the bitter from life's

woes,
How to gild the teardrop with His
smile,

Make the desert garden bloom awhile. [might, When my weakness leaneth on His All seems light,

3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day:
Faith can firmly trust Him, come
what may.

Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest

In the calm, sure haven of His breast:

Love esteems it heaven to abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul!

Tell not half thy story, but the whole.

Worlds on worlds are hanging on His hand, Life and death are waiting His com-

mand;
YetHis tender bosom makes thee room:

Oh come home!

400

P. W. I'M a pilgrim and a stranger. Rough and thorny is the road : Often in the midst of danger-But it leads to God.

Clouds and darkness oft distress me. Great and many are my foes: [me. Anxious cares and thoughts perplex

But my Father knows

2 Oh, how sweet is this assurance.

Midst the conflict and the strife. Although sorrows past endurance Follow me through life! Home in prospect still can cheer me. Yes, and give me sweet repose : While I feel His presence near me-For my Father knows.

3 Yes, He sees and knows me daily. Watches over me in love: Sends me help when foes assail me.

Bids me look above. Soon my journey will be ended, Life is drawing to a close:

I shall then be well attended-This my Father knows. 4 I shall then with joy behold Him,

Face to face my Father see : Fall with rapture and adore Him, For His love to me.

Nothing more shall then distress me. In the land of sweet repose : Jesus stands engaged to bless me-This my Father knows.

401 P.M. CIMPLY trusting every day, Trusting through a stormy way; Even when my faith is small Trusting Jesus, that is all. Trusting Him while life shall last,

Trusting Him till earth is past. Till within the jasper wall-Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine: While He leads I cannot fall: Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing if my way be clear: Praying if the path be drear : If in danger, for Him call; Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting as the moments fly. Trusting as the days go by. Trusting Him, whate'er befall; Trusting Jesus, that is all. Digitized by 402

11 11. 11 11. TOOK away to Jesus, soul by ain oppressed: Twas for thee He suffered, come to

Him and rest.

All thy griefs He carried, all thy sins He bore :

Look away to Jesus, trust Him evermore.

2 Look away to Jesus, soldier in the

When the battle thickens, keep thine armour bright.

Though thy foes be many, though thy strength be small. Look away to Jesus: He will conquer

3 Look away to Jesus, when the skies

are fair : Calm seas have their dangers; mari-

ner, beware! Earthly joys are fleeting, going as they came:

Look away to Jesus, evermore the same.

403

7°a.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe. When our bitter tears o'erflow, When we mourn the lost, the dear-Jesus, Son of David, hear!

2 Thou our feeble flesh hast worn: Thou our mortal griefs hast borne: Thou hast shed the human tear : Jesus, Son of David, hear !

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head; Thou the blood of life hast shed: Thou hast filled a mortal bier: Jesus, Son of David, hear!

4 When the heart is sad within With the thought of all its sin; When the spirit shrinks with fear, Jesus, Son of David, hear!

5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known.

Though the sins were not Thine own: Thou hast deigned the load to bear: Jesus, Son of David, hear!

6 Thou hast passed through death's dark shade:

Thou hast full atonement made; Thou to God's right hand art near: Jesus, Son of David, hear.

P.W.

404 P.M.

| TWHROUGH the love of God our

Saviour,

All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that healed us, Perfect is the grace that sealed us, Strong the hand stretched out to shield us,

All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,

All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding, Faithful, if in Christ abiding, Holy, through the Spirit's guiding, All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow, All will be well; [row,

Faith can sing, through days of sor-All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying.

Or in living or in dying, All must be well.

405 Working for Iesus.

THE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do

To work for our Lord in His harvest?
Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,

We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers, By the pennies we bring, By small self-denials; The least little thing

May work for our Lord in His harvest.

Until, by-and-by,
As the years pass at length,
We too may be reapers,

And go forth in strength To work for our Lord in His harvest.

WE are marching on, with shield and banner bright;
We will work for God, and battle for

the right; Digitized by GOOG

We will praise His name, rejoicing in His might,

And we'll work till Jesus calls.

From the youthful ranks our army we prepare,

As we rally round our blessed standard here:

And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear,

While we work till Jesus calls.

Then awake... then awake ...

Happy song ... happy song,...

Shout for joy ... shout for joy,...

As we gladly march along.
We are marching onward, singing as

we go,
To the promised land where living

waters flow;
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims
here below,

Come and work till Jesus calls.

2 We are marching on: our Captain, ever near,

Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear.

Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,

For we'll work till Jesus calls. Then awake, awake, our happy,

happy song;
We will shout for joy, and gladly
march along;

In the Lord of hosts let every heart be strong,

While we work till Jesus calls.

3 We are marching on the strait and narrow way, [day, That will lead to life and everlasting To the smiling fields that never will decay:

But we'll work till Jesus calls.

We are marching on, and pressing towards the prize, [ing skies, To a glorious crown beyond the glow-To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies;

And we'll work till Jesus calls.

407 65,65, > CLEAMING in the sunshine,

Floating in the air, See the banner waving, Beautiful and fair: In the Saviour's army It shall lead us on, Till the battle's over,

Till the victory's won.

Gleaming in the sunshine, Floating in the air, See the banner waving, Beautiful and fair.

2 Jesus is our Captain,
Jesus is our King;
Joyfully for Jesus
We will fight and sing.
He supplies our armour—
Truth and faith and love;
He will bring us safely
To our home above.

3 In the Saviour's army,
Ripe for heaven, are seen
Those who bore the banner
When the strife was keen.
Men and maidens gather,
In the flush of youth,
Round the blessed standard,
Round the flag of truth.

4 And the smiling faces
And the beaming eyes
Of the little children
He will not despise;
Thousands in His army
Mighty deeds have done:
With the love of Jesus
They have fought and won.

5 "Come, ye heavy laden"—
"Tis the Saviour's voice:
Hear His invitation,
Make Him now your choice;
Join His glorious army,
Join without delay;
"List beneath His banner
While it is to-day.

From " Voice of Praise," by permission of the Sunday School Union.

76, D.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.
I love to tell the story,
"Twill be my theme in glory

Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story:

More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

To tell the old, old story

I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story:
"Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation

The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best

Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
"Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

409

HALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches
And all the hosts above [ring,
Their songs of triumph sing;
Their stage with the strain

And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again? 2 Shall every ransomed tribe

Of Adam's scattered race
To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by His grace;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back sgain?
3 Shall they adore the Lord,

Who bought them with His blood, And all the love record

That led them home to God; And shall not we take up the strain, And send the echo back again? 4 Oh! spread the joyful sound, The Saviour's love proclaim, And publish all around Salvation through His name; Till all the world take up the strain,

And send the echo back again!

HILDREN, go and tell of Jesus,
How He died our souls to save;
How from bondage to release us
He Himself a ransom gave.
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
The pure and holy, meek and lowly
Jesus;

Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus, Who died our souls to save. 2 Tell about His life so lowly, All His gracious acts repeat; Tell the Saviour's precepts holy, Tell His invitations sweet.

3 Tell around the wondrous story, How on Calvary's cross He died; There the Lord of life and glory For our sins was crucified.

4 Tell each loved one, sister, brother, Schoolmate, friend, companion, tell; Children, go, tell one another— Jesus loves each one so well.

OUR Master has taken His journey
To a country that's far away,
And has left us the care of the vineyard,

To work for Him day by day.

There's a work for me and a work for you,

[do;
Something for each of us now to
Yes, a work for me and a work

for you, [do. Something for each of us now to

2 In this "little while" doth it matter, As we work and we watch and we wait,

If we're filling the place He assigns us, Be its service small or great?

There's only one thing should concern

us—
To find just the task that is ours;
And then, having found it, to do it

With all our God-given powers.

4 Our Master is coming, most surely,
To reckon with every one; [sorrow,

To reckon with every one; [sorrow, Shall we then count our toil or our If we hear Him say, "Well done"?

OH, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?

The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given.

2 Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given.

8 Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour
Friend:

Such grace to mine be given.

Though small is all we can do
To please the King of heaven;
When hearts and hands and lips units
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They're precious in His sight:

Such grace to mine be given.

418
PESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and

the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;

Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Though they are slighting Him, still
He is waiting,

Waiting the penitent child to receive: Plead with them earnestly, plead with

them gently;
He will forgive, if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that grace ca Touched by a leving heart, wakened

by kindness, Chords that were broken will vi-

brate once more.
4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands

Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:

Back to the narrow way patiently win

Tell the poor wanderers a Savietr has died.

S.X.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins, as in His sight, For holy is His name. Watch: 'tis your Lord's command; And while we speak He's near; Mark the first signal of His hand, And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he, In such a posture found! He shall his Lord with rapture see, And he with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread With His own royal hand, [head And raise that favoured servant's Amidst the angelic band.

Beaben.

THERE is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin;
Naught that deflieth,
Naught that deflieth,
Can ever enter in.

Saviour, I come to Thee!
O Lamb of God, I pray,—
Cleanse me and save me,
Uleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

S Lord, make me, from this hour, Thy loving child to be, Kept by Thy power, Kept by Thy power, From all that grieveth Thee:

Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand;
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!

416 64, 64, 6664.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King!
Loud let His praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.
Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand f

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown, a kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Beign, reign for aye.

A ROUND the throne of God in Thousands of children stand.

Children whose sins are all forgiven,

A holy, happy band:

Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high!

2 What brought them to that world above. That heaven so bright and fair, Where all is peace and joy and love? How came those children there?

S Because the Saviour shed His blood To wash away their sin; Bathed in that pure and precious

Behold them white and clean!

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,

And stand before the Lamb.

418
P.M.

DOUND the throng behold a glorie

DOUND the throne, behold, a glorious band, singing "Washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Happy saints with anthems on their

lips, ringing,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
They are clothed . . , in spotless
robes! ". . .

They are clothed . . . in spotless robes! . . .

They are clothed . . . in spotless robes, singing, [Lamb!"

"Washed in the blood of the 2 They have come from every land to

Washed in the blood of the Lamb!"
Hear them chant with happy hearts
the old story,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

3 Out of tribulation great they came crying, [Lamb!" "Washed in the blood of the They are free from sorrow, free from earth's sighing.

Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

FAIR is the morning land, bright is the shore,
Where all the saints of God dwell

evermore!
Come to the shining land, come, come away!

Come with the angel band, beautiful as they!

Come, little children, come! hear the angels say; "Come to the shining land, come,

come away!"

There in the morning land sweetly

they sing;
Jesus its glory is—Jesus, our King!

There in the morning land, all, all is fair; [there!

This is the joy they feel—Jesus is

THEY are gathering homeward from every land,

One by one, one by one!

As their weary feet touch the shining strand.

Yes, one by one!
Their brows are inclosed in a golden

Their travel-stained garments are all laid down:

And clothed in white raiment they rest

in the mead,
Where the Lamb doth love His saints

to lead.
Gathering home! gathering home!
Fording the river one by one!
Gathering home! gathering home!

Yes, one by one!

2 We too shall come to the river side,

One by one, one by one!
We are nearer its waters each evenYes, one by one!
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the

heavenly hill!
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,
[defiled.
Yet they reach the home of the un-

3 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee, One by one, one by one! We lift up our voices tremblingly, Yes, one by one!

The waves of the river are dark and cold.

But we know the place where our feet shall hold:

O Thou, who didst pass through in deepest midnight, Now guide us, and send us the staff

and light.

WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so
fair.

And oft are its glories confessed; But what will it be to be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care, From trials without and within; But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glorified wear, The Church of the first-born above; But what must it be to be there!

4 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,

For heaven our spirits prepare; And shortly we also shall know, And feel, what it is to be there.

422
THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in

Adore the Lord most high.

We are marching through Immanuel's ground, [sound, And soon shall hear the trumps We hope to meet at Jesus' fest, and never, never part again. What! never part again? No, never part again?

never part again.
We hope to meet at Jesus' feet,
and never, never part again.

2 And hark! amid the joyous songs Those happy voices raise, [tongset Ten thousand thousand youthal Unite in Jesus' praise.

3 This is the joy we ought to seek, And make our chief concern; For this we come from week to week To read, and hear, and learn. 423

HERE we suffer grief and pain, Here we meet to part again; In heaven we part no more.

Oh, that will be joyful, Joyful, joyful, joyful, Oh, that will be joyful, When we meet to part no more.

- 2 All who love the Lord below When they die to heaven will go, And sing with saints above.
- 3 Little children will be there,
 Who have sought the Lord by prayer
 From every Sunday school.
- 4 Teachers, too, shall meet above; Pastors, parents, whom we love, Shall meet to part no more.
- 5 Oh, how happy we shall be, For our Saviour we shall see Exalted on His throne.
- 6 There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ
 In praising Christ the Lord.

424

COME, ye that love the Lord,

And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,

And thus surround the throne.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;
 But children of the heavenly King,
 But children of the heavenly King,
 Must speak their joys abroad,
 Must speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're,marching through Immanuel's
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high, [ground,
To fairer worlds on high.]

425
SHALL we all meet at home in the morning, [sea, On the shores of the bright crystal

With the loved ones who long have been waiting?

What a meeting indeed it will be!

Gathered home . . gathered home . .

With our loved ones for ever

2 Shall we all meet at home in the morning,

And from sorrow for ever be free?
Shall we join in the songs of the ransomed?

What a meeting indeed it will be!

3 Shall we all meet at home in the morning,

Our blessed Redeemer to see? Shall we know and be known by our loved ones?

What a meeting indeed it will be!

426
OH! think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal of the fair (white.)

fair
Are robed in their garments of
Over there, over there,

Oh! think of the home over there.

2 Oh! think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have

trod, [the air, Of the songs that they breathe on In their home in the palace of God.

Over there, over there.
Oh! think of the friends ever there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are

at rest; Then away from my sorrow and care,

Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Over there, over there,

My Saviour is now over there.

4'I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see;

Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

427

P.M. THERE is a better world, we know. Oh, so bright! Where never enter sin or woe.

Oh, so bright!

And music fills the balmy air, And angels bright and pure are there, And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright!

2 And though we're sinners every one, done. Jesus died : And though forlorn, condemned, un-

Jesus died :

We may be cleansed from every stain, We may be crowned with peace again, And in that land of pleasure reign: Jesus died.

3 Then, parents, sisters, brothers, come, Come away;

'Tis time to seek that happy home, Come away:

Oh, listen to that music sweet! It comes so rich from yonder seat, Where the redeemed in glory meet; Come away.

428 WE'LL all gather home in the

morning, At the sound of the great jubilee; We'll all gather home in the morning: What a gathering that will be!

What a gath ... ering! ... gath ... ering! ...gathering that will be ...

What a gath ... ering! ... gath ... ering!-What a gathering that will be!

2 We'll all gather home in the morning, Our blessed Redeemer to sea; [us: We'll meet with the friends gone before What a gathering that will be!

3 We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jasper Iful:

We'll meet all the good and the faith-What a gathering that will be!

429

WE are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide;

P.M.

We are out on the ocean sailing To a home beyond the tide.

> All the storms will soon be over. Then we'll anchor in the harbour; We are out on the ocean sailing. To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed Over on the golden shore;

Millions more are on their journey; Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes Gently waft our vessel on;

All on board are sweetly singing-Free salvation is the song.

4 When we all are safely anchored, We will shout, our trials o'er; We will walk about the city, And we'll sing for evermore.

430

HAVE read of a beautiful city Far away in the kingdom of God: I have read how its walls are of jasper,

How its streets are all golden and broad. In the midst of the street is life's river,

Clear as crystal, and pure to behold; But not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.

Not half has ever been told . . . Not half has ever been told . . . Not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.

2 I have read of bright mansions in heaven. Which the Saviour has gone to pre-And the saints who on earth have

been faithful Rest for ever with Christ over there: There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,

The inhabitants never grow old; But not half of the joys that await them

To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the [west. righteous.

Of bright crowns which the glorified When our Father shall bid them, "Come, enter;

And My glory eternally share": How the righteous are evermore blessed. [pure gold As they walk through the streets of

But not half of the wonderful story To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving That vile sinners may ask and gression. receive Peace and pardon from every trans-If when asking they only believe

P.M.

I have read how He'll guide and pro-

If for safety we enter His fold: But not half of His goodness and

To mortals has ever been told.

4.91

88.88.88.

TES, there are little ones in heaven; Children like us around the throne:

To whom the King of kings has given Eternal glory like His own: Jesus! Thy mercy rich and free Has suffered them to come to Thee.

2 Oh, let us think of them to-day-Their sweet and everlasting song; We hope to sing as loud as they flong: In the same glorious heaven ere Jesus! may this our portion be-Oh, suffer us to come to Thee!

3 To come with humbleness of mind. With simple faith and earnest prayer;

To seek Thy precious cross, and find Peace, safety, joy, salvation there. Oh, set our sin-bound spirits free. And suffer us to come to Thee!

432

P.Ń.

THERE is a home eternal. Beautiful and bright. Where sweet joys supernal Never are dimmed by night: White-robed angels are singing Ever around the bright throne! When, oh, when shall I see thee,

Beautiful, beautiful home? Home! beautiful home! . . . Bright, beautiful home! . . .

Bright home of our Saviour. Bright, . . . beautiful home!

2 Flowers are ever springing In that home so fair: Little children singing Praises to Jesus there. How they swell the glad anthem,

Ever around the bright throne! When, oh, when shall I see thee. Beautiful, beautiful home?

3 Soon shall I join the ransomed Far beyond the sky: Christ is my salvation. Why should I fear to die?

Soon my eyes shall behold Him Seated upon the bright throne: Then, oh, then shall I see thee, Beautiful, beautiful home!

433 CHALL we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll, Where in all the bright "for ever" Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Shall we meet? shall we meet? Shall we meet? shall we meet? Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cases to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour. When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet with many a loved one, That was torn from our embrace? Shall we listen to their voices. And behold them face to face?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour. When He comes to claim His own? Shall we know His blessed favour. And sit down upon His throne?

434 BRIGHT crowns there are laid up on high, Which vouthful brows may wear:

And there are palms of victory. Which youthful hands may bear: And here on earth are many feet,

Straying in paths of sin, That by God's wondrous grace made His glory yet may win,

His glory yet may win.

Bright crowns . . . there are, . . . Bright crowns laid up on high; . . . For you . . . and me . . . There are palms of victory. .

2 Brother, though thine may ever be A lowly, hidden way, Faint not! "the Master calleth thee."

He bids thee " work to-day." One deed of thine, one faithful word-

Perchance a lifted praver— May draw some wanderer to the Lord. His sheltering love to share,

His sheltering love to share. 3 And when, with soul-transporting

bliss. We come before His throne, Twill be an added happiness

To come not there alone:

And higher shall heaven's echoes rise, And harps shall sweeter ring, Blending with children's symphonies, The praises of our King, The praises of our King.

435
CHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river, Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river, Guided by our Shepherd-King, We will walk and worship ever, His dear footsteps following.

3 Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.

4 There beside the tranquil river, Mirror of the Saviour's face, Happy hearts, no more to sever, Sing of glory and of grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the crystal river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease, Soon our golden harpstrings quiver With the melody of peace.

O happy land, O happy land,
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng
On earth has breathed a prayer,
No lips untaught may join that song
Or learn the music there.

2 The saints in light, the saints in light, What joy to them is given! Their robes are pure, their crowns are bright, Their peaceful home is heaven.

Their robes were cleansed from every
By bleeding, dying love; [stain
On earth they served, and now they
As kings and priests above. [reign
Thou heavenly Friend, Thou heavenly
Friend,

Oh, hear us when we pray; Now let Thy pardoning grace descend, And take our sins away. Be all our fresh, our youthful days. To Thy blest service given; Then we shall meet, to sing Thy praise, A ransomed band in heaven.

437

TERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest:
I know not, oh! I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,

What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an asgel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed

Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David:
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever

Are clothed in robes of white.

4 Oh! sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!

Oh! sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

438

THERE is a land, a beauteous land.
Where ransomed saints in glory stand,

And songs of rapture fill the air:
Oh, tell me, Lord, shall I be there?
Shall I be there? shall I be there?
And in those songs of rapture share!
Shall I be there? shall I be there?
Oh, tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

2 Shall I those glories e'er behold.

Those pearly gates and streets of gold?

A grown of glory shall I man 8

A crown of glory shall I wear? Oh, tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

- 3 That glorious land when shall I see? Oh! is that blessed place for me? Is there a crown for me to wear? Shall I indeed, O Lord, be there?
- 4 Whene'er my wanderings here shall cease.

Receive me into perfect peace: And may Thy voice to me declare, "Oh yes, My child, thou shalt be there ! "

I shall be there, I shall be there, And in those songs of rapture share; I shall be there, I shall be there, Through faith in Christ I shall be there.

439 76, 76. OH, for the robes of whiteness Oh, for the tearless eyes! Oh, for the glorious brightness Of the unclouded skies!

2 Oh, for the no more weeping Within that land of love. The endless joy of keeping The bridge feast above!

- 3 Oh. for the bliss of flying. My risen Lord to meet! Oh, for the rest of lying For ever at His feet!
- 4 Oh, for the hour of seeing My Saviour face to face. The hope of ever being In that sweet meeting place !-
- 5 Jesus, Thou King of glory, I soon shall dwell with Thee: I soon shall sing the story Of Thy great love to me.
- 6 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter E'en now before Thy throne. That all my love may centre In Thee, and Thee alone.

440 64,64,6664. 'M but a stranger here, Heaven is my home: Earth is a desert drear. Heaven is my home. Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand: Heaven is my fatherland. Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage. Heaven is my home! Short is my pilgrimage.

And time's wild, wintry blast Soon will be overpast: I shall reach home at last. Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side. Heaven is my home I shall be glorified.

Heaven is my home. There are the good and blest. Those I love most and best. And there I too shall rest: Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not. Heaven is my home: Whate'er my earthly lot. Heaven is my home. For I shall surely stand There at my Lord's right hand: Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home.

441 886, D. BEYOND this life of hopes and fears, Beyond this world of griefs and tears.

There is a region fair: It knows no change and no decay. No night, but one unending day. And all are happy there.

2 Its glorious gates are closed to sin. Naught that defiles can enter in, To mar its beauty rare : Upon that bright eternal shore. Earth's bitter curse is known no more By those who enter there.

3 Who shall be there? The lowly here. All those who serve the Lord in fear. On Him who cast their care. Who, by the Holy Spirit led, Rejoice the narrow path to tread-These, these shall all be there.

4 Those who have learned the Lord to know,

And follow Him where'er they go. So that His love they share. Who trust in Him once crucified. By faith can say, "For me He died."-These, these shall all be there.

442 P.M. THERE is a land of pure delight,

Where saints immortal reigu; Infinite day excludes the night, Heaven is my home. Digitized by And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides. And never-withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green: So to the Jows old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood.

And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold

Should fright us from the shore.

443

P.M. THERE was a lovely garden once.-A garden bright and fair; The sweetest flowers in Eden bloomed, And purest joys were there. But Adam lost that beauteous home. And soon our world became A world of sorrow and of sin.

Of misery and shame. 2 Yet there's a holier, happier home, A land more bright and fair : And sweeter flowers than Eden had, And better joys, are there. Thousands of happy children dwell In that bright land above-Brought safely through this world of And saved by Jesus' blood. By permission from " Gems of Sona."

444

THERE is a glorious kingdom. A kingdom bright and fair : And many little children Wait on the great King there. Yes, children, children. Are in that glorious kingdom, That kingdom, that kingdom, That kingdom bright and fair.

2 Oh! in that glorious kingdom, And on that golden throne, There reigns the blessed Saviour: Those children are His own.

3 And now they lift their voices, In praises loud and sweet ; And cast their crowns of victory Down at their Saviour's feet. Of victory, victory,

[victory: Their crowns, their crowns of Of victory, of victory, Their crowns at Jesus' feet.

4 Come, all who love that kingdom. That kingdom bright and fair: Come, give your hearts to Jesus. And dwell for ever there.

And praise Him, praise Him. For ever in that kingdom. That kingdom, that kingdom. That kingdom bright and fair.

445

88.88.

BEAUTIFUL Zion built above!
Beautiful city that I love! Beautiful gates of pearly white! Beautiful temple, God its light!

2 Beautiful trees for ever there! Beautiful fruit they always bear! Beautiful rivers gliding by! Beautiful fountains never dry! 3 Beautiful light without the sun!

Beautiful day revolving on ! Beautiful worlds on worlds untold! Beautiful streets of shining gold! 4 Beautiful heaven where all is light!

Beautiful angels clothed in white! Beautiful songs that never tire! Beautiful harps through all the choir!

5 Beautiful crowns on every brow! Beautiful palms the conquerors show! Beautiful robes the ransomed wear! Beautiful all who enter there!

6 Beautiful throne for God the Lamb! Beautiful seats at God's right hand! Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease! Beautiful home of perfect peace!

From " Voice of Praise," by permission of the Sunday School Union.

446

P.M.

WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going, Going each with staff in hand? We are going on a journey, Going at our King's command. Over hills and plains and valleys, We are going to His palace. We are going to His palace, Going to the better land.

2 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for In that far off, better land? Spotless robes, and crowns of glory, From a Saviour's loving hand. We shall drink of life's clear river, We shall dwell with God for ever, We shall dwell with God for ever, In that bright, that better land.

3 Pilgrims, may we travel with you To that bright and better land? Come and welcome, come and welcome, Welcome to our pilgrim band. Come, oh come, and do not leave us; Christ is waiting to receive us, Christ is waiting to receive us, In that bright, that better land.

DRIGHT home of our Saviour, what glories await
The spirits that pass through thy bright, pearly gate!

What anthems of rapture, unceasing and high.

Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky!

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.

2 The home of the ransomed, the land of the blest; Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious

where pingrims shall enter a giorious rest,

Shell wander in gladness the pastures of green, And drink the still waters of plea-

Sures serene.

3 The home that our Savieur has gone to prepare— No heart can conceive of the blessed-

ness there;
Of raptures unending awaiting the

When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.

from the dust.

4 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who

call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone
to prepare;

We trust in Thy mercy that, washed from our sin,

Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.

448
I KNOW there's a bright and a glorious land

Away in yon heaven so high, Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus stand;

Will you be there and I?

Will you be there and I?
Will you be there and I? [stand,
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus
Will you be there and I?

2 From every kingdom on earth they'll come,
All by Christ's blood brought nigh;
Thousands of old and thousands of

Thousands of old and thousands of Will you be there and I? [young;

3 If you trust the loving Saviour now, Who for sinners came to die, When He gathers His own in that

When He gathers His own, in that bright home,

Then you'll be there and I.

4 O children, haste to the glorious land, To Jesus, the Lord on high, For blest are they who shall near Him

Will you be there and I? [stand;

WITH harps and with vials there stand a great throng

In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song:

Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from sin, [Amen. Unto Him be the glory for ever!

2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight, Now arrayed in pure garments in

Now arrayed in pure garment praise they unite.

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king.

king,
He hath bought us, and taught us
this new song to sing.

4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been, [from our sini If He never had loved us till cleansed

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring, [song shall sing. So that others, believing, this new

MANSIONS are prepared above
By the gracious God of love;
Many will those mansions see—

Is there one prepared for me?

2 Crowns that dazzle human eye
Wait for those that reach the sky;
Many will those bright crowns be—

Is there one prepared for me?

Robes of spotless white are given
By the glorious King of heaven;
All can have them, they are free—
Is there one prepared for me?

4 Harps of solemn sound above Swell loud praises to His love; Oh, how sweet their sounds will be!— Is there one prepared for me?

Digitized by GOOST

P.M.

451

ONE sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er: I am nearer my home to-day Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer the great white throne. Nearer the crystal sea, Nearer my Father's house. Where the many mansions be.

3 Nearer the bound of life. Where we lay our burdens down: Nearer leaving the cross. Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying darkly between. Winding down through the night. Is the deep and unknown stream To be crossed ere we reach the light.

5 Jesus, perfect my trust, Strengthen the hand of my faith: Let me feel Thee near when I stand On the edge of the shore of death:

6 Feel Thee near when my feet Are slipping over the brink: For it may be I'm nearer home. Nearer now than I think.

452

C.W. JERUSALEM, my happy home! When shall my labours have an end In joy and peace and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heavenbuilt walls And pearly gates behold:

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's Nor sin nor sorrow know; [bloom. Blest seats! through rude and stormy I onward press to you.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there Around my Saviour stand : And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home! My soul still longs for thee: Then shall my labours have an end When I thy joys shall see.

453

C.M. HAVE a dear and happy home. And much my home I love; And yet I know there is for me A better home above.

2 There sin and sorrow cannot come, Or thought of pain and care: God wipes the tears from every face. And all are happy there.

3 No angry passions there are felt. No quarrels ever come: For every heart is full of love Within that happy home.

4 They praise with joy the Saviour's His glorious likeness bear; [name, They love Him with a perfect love. For all are holy there.

5 Lord, when my work on earth is done, A place for me prepare : And take me to that happy home. To dwell for ever there.

The Bible. 454

PATHER of mercies, in Thy word What endless glory shines ! For ever be Thy name adored For these celestial lines.

CK

2 Here springs of consolation rise To cheer the fainting mind. And thirsty souls receive supplies, And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around: And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these hallowed pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see. And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord. Be Thou for ever near: Teach me to love Thy sacred word. And view my Saviour there.

455 Fall the books by man possessed The holy Bible is the best: With life and love 'tis beaming: How bright its sacred truths appear, This fallen world to light and cheer, Like stars 'mid darkness gleaming!

2 Of all the days that speak of rest The holy sabbath is the best. It breathes of peace unfading: A flower-bud from that heavenly clime.

Where never more the mists of time The prospects will be shading.

Digitized by GOOGLE

3 Of all the names that calm the breast The blessed Saviour's is the best, So full of grace and glory;

Each brightest hope, each dearest thought,

Each evil checked, each duty wrought.

Is blended with its story.

4 Of all the homes that man desires,
Of all the mansions he admires,
By far the best is heaven:
Great is the joy, and deep the peace,
And sweet the songs that never cease

To its redeemed ones given.

5 That we may read of books the best,
May learn to prize the Sabbath rest,
And so prepare for heaven;
May love the Name all names above,
And serve Thee here in faith and love:
Let Lord. Thy grace be given.

456
WE seek Thee, Lord, for in Thy
word
Such tender love we see;
With beokoning hand Thou still dost

stand, And bid us come to Thee.

2 Close to Thine arm, from care and harm

Once more the children press; Oh let Thy grace in every place Our Scripture Union bless!

3 Thy help we plead, that as we read True light our souls may fill, Till every heart be taught its part In God's own loving will.

4 One hope we claim, one stedfast aim, Though scattered far and wide— One path to share, one cross to bear, As brethren side by side.

5 From far around, with gladsome sound.

Our pilgrim song is heard, While through the night is gleaming bright

The lantern of God's word.

6 With this their guide, through paths untried

Thy children's steps have trod;
Till little feet have reached the street
Before the throne of God.

7 Grant us at last, our journey past,
To meet from every land,
Through Thy dear love in heaven to
One grand united band! [prove]

457

WE won't give up the Bible, God's boly book of truth, The blessed staff of hoary age,

The guide of early youth;
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,

The voice that speaks a Saviour's
And calls us home to God. [love,

We won't give up the Bible, God's holy book of truth, The blessed staff of hoary age, The guide of early youth.

2 We won't give up the Bible For pleasure or for pain, We'll buy the truth, and sell it not For all that we might gain; Though man should try to take our

By guile or cruel might, [pri
We'll suffer all that man can do,

And God defend the right!

3 We won't give up the Bible, For it alone can tell The way to save our ruined souls From going down to hell.

And it alone can tell us how
We may have hope of heaven—
That through the Saviour's precious
Our sins may be forgiven. [blood]

4 We won't give up the Bible, But spread it far and wide, Until its saving voice be heard

Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know its gracious power,
We, with one voice and heart,

Resolve that from God's sacred word We'll never, never part.

458 11 11, 11 11.

THE Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold

The hopes and the glories its pages

The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;

It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of
His love; [above.
It shows us the way to the mansions

2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth!

How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!

It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bond-

age of vice.

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with

Its truths and its glories our tongue shall employ! We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of

its worth. Tearth. And send its glad tidings afar o'er the

459 TTOW sweet is the Bible, how pure is the light

That streams from its pages divine! 'Tis a star that shines soft through

the gloom of the night, Of iewels a wonderful mine.

2 'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the poor,

A balm for the wounded and sad ; Tis the gift of a Father, His likeness is there,

And the hearts of His children are glad.

3 'Tis the voice of the Saviour-how sweet in the storm!

It speaks to the sinner distressed: The tempest is hushed, and the sea becomes calm.

The troubled and weary find rest.

4 'Tis a Friend's loving counsel—the voice of a Guide,

How gentle, and faithful, and true! No harm can the dear little pilgrim

Whose feet its directions pursue.

5 No words like the words of the Saviour, nor can

Their sweetness or value be told; They are words, "fitly spoken" to sorrowful man.

Like beautiful "apples of gold."

6 Oh, teach me, blest Jesus, to seek for Thy face,

To me let Thy welcome be given; Now speak to my heart some kind message of grace. Theaven. And words that shall guide me to G. T. Congreve.

460 GUARD the Bible well, all its foes The sweet story tell of the Lord:

Guard what God revealed, as our sun and shield: Never, never yield His holy word.

Rally for Rouse then, Christians! the Bible! [abroad: Work on, pray on, spread the truth Stand then like men, in the cause triumphant.

For the Bible is the word of God.

2 Book of love divine, precious word of Thine. Let it ever shine all abroad!

In the Spirit's might we must win

the fight rGod. For this gospel light, the truth of

3 Shout the Bible song, swell the mighty throng!

In the cause be strong of the right: Look to God in prayer when the foe you dare. bright. And for ever wear His armour

4 O ye Christian band, for this Bible stand! To'er;

By the Lord's command, ne'er give Lead the army on, till the strife is

And the cause is won for evermore!

461 THANK God for the Bible! 'tis there that we find

The story of Christ and His love: How He came down to earth from His beautiful home

In the mansions of glory above. Thanks to Him we will bring, Praise to Him we will sing; For He came down to earth from

His beautiful home In the mansions of glory above.

2 While He lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,

And to mourners His blessings

were given;
And He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me. Theaver. For of such is the kingdom of Jesus calls us to come.

He's prepared us a home. For He said, "Let the little ener come unto Me. [heaven."

For of such is the kingdom of 3 In the Bible we read of a beautiful

land. . Where sorrow and pain never come; For Jesus is there with a heavenly

[bosse And 'tis there He's prepared us

P.M.

Jesus calls—shall we stay?
No! we'll gladly obey;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there He's prepared us a
4 Thank God for the Bible! its truth

o'er the earth We'll scatter with bountiful hand; But we never can tell what a Bible is

worth.

worm,
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when
with Jesus we dwell,
In heaven, that beautiful land.

400

COME, thou precious Bible!

Treasure from above;
How thy truths rejoice me,
Swell my heart with love!
Godward thou dost point me,
Heaven thou call'st my home;
More and more I love thee,
Precious treasure, come!

Come, come, my Bible, never old; . . . Show me thy treasure, truth unfold. . . .

Give, give me comfort . . . ne'er give o'er, . . .

Till I'm in glory evermore.

2 Thy sweet words have shown me How to walk aright, Turned to day my darkness, Given brighter light; Cheered me in life's conflict,

Bade me nothing fear; Told me full and plainly,

Told me full and plainly
"Jesus ever near."

Joy in time of sorrow,

Help in trial's hour,
Comforter in sickness,
Or when tempests lower;
Light in hours of darkness,
Safety in the gloom,
Guide throughout life's journey,
Strength unto the tomb!

4 Come, thou holy teacher, Deeper truths reveal;

Give such faith and boldness My poor heart would feel; Then through life's short labours Loudly I'll proclaim:

"Jesus and His gospel
O'er the wide world reign,"

463 P.

LING to the Bible, though all else pure;

Lose not its precepts so precious and Souls that are sleeping its tidings awaken: [sure.

awaken: [sure. Life from the dead in its promises

Cling to the Bible! Our lamp and our guide!

2 Cling to the Bible!—this jewel and treasure [man; Brings life eternal, and saves fallen Surely its value no mortal can measure:

Seek for its blessing, O soul, while you can!

3 Lamp for the feet that in by-ways
have wandered, [otherwise fall;
Guide for the youth that would
Hope for the sinner whose life has
been squandered;
[all!
Staff for the aged, and best book for

64 P.M.

464 P. CING them over again to me,

O Wonderful words of life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty!

Beautiful words! wonderful words! Wonderful words of life!

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Wonderful words of life! Sinner, list to the loving call, Wonderful words of life! All so freely given,

Wooing us to heaven!

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life!
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life!

Wonderful words of life! Jesus, only Saviour, Sanctify for ever!

465
THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page, Majestic, like the sun: It gives a light to every age; Out gives, but borrows none. 3 The hand that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat: His truths upon the nations rise-They rise, but never set.

76. 76. D. 466

TE love the good old Bible. The glorious word of God : The lamp for those who travel O'er all life's dreary road : The watchword in life's battle. The chart on life's dark sea: The beautiful, dear Bible, It shall our teacher be.

2 Who would not love the Bible. So beautiful and wise! Its teachings charm the simple, And all point to the skies. Its stories all so mighty Of men so brave to see. The beautiful, dear Bible, It shall our teacher be.

3 But most we love the Bible. For there we children learn How Christ for us became a child. Our hearts to Him to turn ; And how He bowed to sorrow, That we His face might see: The Bible, oh! the Bible-It shall our teacher be.

4 Then we will hold the Bible-The glorious book of God: We'll ne'er forsake the Bible. Through all life's future road. And when we shall be dying. Whenever that may be, The beautiful dear Bible.

It shall our solace be.

66, 66, 88. 467 WHEN little Samuel woke. And heard his Maker's voice,

At every word he spoke How much did he rejoice! O blessed, happy child, to find The God of heaven so near and kind.

If God would speak to me. And say He was my Friend. How happy I should be! Oh, how would I attend! The smallest sin I then should fear, If God Almighty were so near.

And does He never speak? Oh. yes; for in His word He bids me come and seek The God that Samuel heard: In almost every page I see The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I beneath His care May safely rest my head: I know that God is there To guard my humble bed; And every sin I well may fear Since God Almighty is so near.

Like Samuel let me say. Whene'er I read Thy word.-"Speak, Lord, I would obey The voice that I have heard." And when I in Thy house appear, Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

468 THY word is like a garden, Lord, With flowers bright and fair; And every one who seeks may pluck A lovely nosegay there.

2 Thy word is like a deep, deep mine; And jewels rich and rare Are hidden in its mighty depths For every searcher there.

3 Thy word is like the starry host: A thousand rave of light Are seen to guide the traveller, And make his pathway bright.

4 Thy word is like a glorious choir. And loud its anthems ring : Though many tongues and parts It is one song they sing. Funite.

5 Thy word is like an armoury. Where soldiers may repair. And find for life's long battle-day All needful weapons there.

6 Oh! may I love Thy precious word. May I explore its mine! May I its fragrant flowers glean. May light upon me shine!

7 Oh! may I find my armour there .-Thy word my trusty sword ; I'll learn to fight with every foe The battle of the Lord.

469 THIS is a precious book indeed. Happy the child who loves to read: 'Tis God's own word, which He has

given To show our souls the way to heaven.

2 It tells us how the world was made. And how good men the Lord obeyed; Here His commands are written too, To teach us what we ought to do.

Digitized by GOOGLE

3 It bids us all from sin to fly. Because our souls can never die : Points to that world where angels dwell.

And warns us to escape from hell.

4 But, what is more than all beside. The Bible tells us Jesus died: This is its best, its chief intent. To lead poor sinners to repent.

5 Then teach us children, blessed Lord. To read and keep Thy holy word. Repent, and have our sins forgiven. Believe, and follow Christ to heaven.

470 L.M. THERE is a lamp whose steady light Guides the poor traveller in the night: 'Tis God's own word! Its beaming

Can turn a midnight into day.

2 There is a storehouse of rich fare. Supplied with plenty and to spare: 'Tis God's own word! It spreads a feast For every hungering, thirsty guest.

3 There is a chart whose tracings show The onward course, when tempests blow: fare found 'Tis God's own word! There, there Directions for the homeward bound.

4 There is a tree whose leaves impart Health to the burdened, contrite heart: 'Tis God's own word! It cures of sin, And makes the guilty conscience clean.

5 Give me this lamp to light my road. - This storehouse for my daily food: Give me this chart for life's rough

These healing leaves, this heavenly

471 87, 87. BOOK of grace! and book of glory! Gift of God to age and youth. Wondrous is Thy sacred story, Bright, bright with truth.

2 Book of love! in accents tender Speaking unto such as we; May it lead us, Lord, to render All, all to Thee.

3 Book of hope! the spirit sighing. Sweetest comfort finds in Thee. As it hears the Saviour crying. "Come, come to Me!" Digitized by

4 Book of peace! when nights of sorrow Fall upon us drearily. Thou wilt bring a shining morrow.

Full, full of Thee.

5 Book of life! when we, reposing, Bid farewell to friends we love. Give us, for the life then closing, Life, life above.

472 77, 77. OLY Bible book divine! H Precious treasure, thou art mine! Mine, to tell me whence I came: Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove : Mine, to show a Saviour's love : Mine art Thou, to guide my feet: Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress. Mine, with promise sweet to bless: Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come: Mine, to show the sinner's doom : Holy Bible, book divine. Precious treasure, thou art mine!

478 /THOU best of books, the word of God. How bright thy pages shine! 'Tis sweet to read and sweet to hear Thy sacred truth divine: Thou hast a word for every one.

Whate'er their state may be: To mines of never-failing wealth. Thou art the precious key.

Thou art a lamp to guide our feet. A light to guide our way, Beyond this fleeting, changing To one of endless day. [world,

2 The warning, "Flee the wrath tocome."

The promise of reward To all who meekly bear the cross. And follow Christ the Lord: The "Whosoever will" may take

The stream of life so free. And "Blessed are the pure in heart,"

We learn, and learn from thee. 3 Thy counsels, judgments, and re-

proofs Alike are just and good ; Oh, may we read with prayerful souls.

And love them as we should!

P.M.

Thou best of books, the word of God, How sad our lives would be Without the peace, the hope, the joy That only springs from thee!

The Lord's Wav. 474 7's d.

WELCOME, sacred day of rest, Sweet repose from worldly care; Day above all days the best, When our souls for heaven prepare; Day when our Redeemer rose Victor o'er the host of hell: Thus He vanquished all our foes, Let our lips His glories tell.

2 Gracious Lord, we love this day. When we hear Thy holy word: When we sing Thy praise and pray: Earth can no such joys afford. But a better rest remains-Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,

Rest from sin and rest from pains, Endless joys and endless praise.

475

SABBATH well spent Brings a week of content, And health for the toils of the morrow; But the Sabbath profuned, Whate'er may be gained, Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

The Bible well read. Our souls then are led To seek a bright mansion in heaven; But the Bible despised. Its teachings unprized,

Our souls wander on unforgiven.

The Saviour received. Obeyed, and believed, Iness: Will fill us with joy and with glad-But the Saviour refused, His patience abused,

Will land us in sorrow and sadness.

Lord, help us, we pray, To keep holy Thy day, Thy word to delight in for ever. The Saviour to love, His mercy to prove, Sever. Then naught from God's love shall us

476

64 64 66 64 FESUS, we love to meet On this Thy holy day: We worship round Thy seat On this Thy holy day.

Thou tender, heavenly Friend, To Thee our prayers ascend; O'er our young spirits bend On this Thy holy day.

2 We dare not trifle now. On this Thy holy day: In silent awe we bow

On this Thy holy day. Check every wandering thought. And let us all be taught To serve Thee as we ought. On this Thy holy day.

3 We listen to Thy word On this Thy holy day: Bless all that we have heard On this Thy holy day.

Go with us when we part, And to each youthful heart Thy saving grace impart On this Thy holy day.

477 THEN to the house of God we go To hear His word and sing His love.

We ought to worship Him below As saints and angels do above. 2 Our God is present everywhere.

And watches all our thoughts and **W&V8:**

He marks who humbly join in prayer, And who sincerely sing His praise.

3 The triflers too His eye can see, Who only seem to take a part: They move the lip, and bend the knee, But do not seek Him with the heart.

4 Oh, may we never trifle so, [given; Nor lose the days our God has But learn by Sabbaths here below To spend eternity in heaven!

478

P.M. OD bless our Sunday school. Increase our Sunday school, God bless our school. On it in mercy shine: May every child be Thine. And love all hearts entwine : God bless our school.

2 Our teachers likewise bless. And give them large success In winning souls:

May they encouraged be, And oft around them see Their labours crowned by Thee; God bless our school.

8 So may our school increase
In knowledge, love, and peace;
God bless our school.
And while death's arrows fly,
And honoured teachers die,
Their places still supply:
God bless our school.

A SSEMBLED in our school once O Lord, Thy blessing we implore; We meet to read, and sing, and pray: Be with us then throughout this day.

2 Our fervent prayer to Thee ascends For parents, teachers, foes, and

friends;
And when we in Thy house appear,
Help us to worship in Thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more, May we to endless glory soar, And praise Thee in more lofty strains Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

480 11 11, 11 11.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, a morning of rest,
The day of the week I love dearest

and best! This morning my Saviour arose from

And broke all the fetters of sin and its doom.

How sweet is the Sabbath, a morning of rest. The day of the week I love dearest and best!

2 Oh, let me be thoughtful and good all the day,

Nor spend e'en a moment in trifling or play;

Oh, let me remember these Sabbaths were given

To fit me, instruct me, prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of the Lord, in His pre-

sence and fear,
When I worship to-day may it all be sincere:

In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,

And be grateful to all who watch over me there. Assist me, blest Saviour, wherever I be, [Thee; To live as becometh a follower of Ronew all my heart, keep me firm in

Thy ways:
I would love Thee, and serve Thee,
and give Thee the praise.

481 WE come, Lord, to Thy feet s.x.

Oh, come to us, while here we meet,
To learn, and praise, and pray.

Our many sins forgive,
The Holy Spirit send;

The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3 Lord, fill our hearts with love, Our teachers' labours own; That we and they may meet above To sing before Thy throne.

482 How pleasant is the dawn

11 Of this delightful day!

Now with our teachers let us join,
To read, and praise, and pray.

And may the God of love
Their kind endeavours own,
That we and they may meet above

To sing before His throne.

But let us not forget

That this can never be, [grace, Except our hearts are changed by And we from sin set free.

Dear Saviour, hear our cry; Oh, grant us all Thy grace; And make us fit, while here below, To dwell before Thy face.

483 10's. SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name We raise

With one accord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, [of peace. Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;

With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day:

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon

Thy name.

S.W.

8 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night. light: Turn Thou for us its darkness into From harm and danger keep Thy children free. Thee. For dark and light are both alike to 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our Strife:

earthly life. Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease. Call us. O Lord, to Thine eternal

484

THE light of Sabbath eve Is fading fast away: What pleasing record will it leave To crown the closing day?

Is it a Sabbath spent, Fruitless, and vain, and void?

Or have these precious moments lent Been sacredly employed?

How dreadful and how drear, In you dark world of pain, Will Sabbath seasons lost appear, That cannot come again!

Lord of these Sabbath hours. Oh, may we never dare

To waste in worldly thoughts of ours These sacred days of prayer!

485 C.M. LORD, our hearts would give Thee praise.

Ere now our school we end. For this Thy day, the best of days, Jesus, the children's Friend.

2 Lord, graft Thy word in every heart. Our souls from sin defend. That we from Thee may ne'er depart, Jesus, the children's Friend.

3 Lord. bless our homes and give us Thy Sabbaths so to spend, |grace. That we in heaven may find a place With Thee, the children's Friend.

Morning and Ebening Hymns. 486

THE morning, bright with rosy light. Has waked me from my sleep: Father, I own Thy love alone Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day, I humbly pray, Be Thou my Guard and Guide: My sins forgive, and let me live. Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 Oh. make Thy rest within my breast, Great Spirit of all grace : Make me like Thee, then shall I be Prepared to see Thy face.

487 WAKE, my soul, and with the sun A Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and early rise

To pay thy morning sacrifice. 2 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept: Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake.

I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew: Disperse my sins as morning dew : Guard my first springs of thought and will.

And with Thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day All I design, or do, or say; That all my powers, with all their In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings

Praise Him. all creatures here below: Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

488

NEW every morning is the love Our wakening and uprising prove: Through sleep and darkness safely brought. [thought. Restored to life, and power, and

2 New mercies, each returning day, Hover around us while we pray: New perils past, new sins forgiven, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind Be set to hallow all we find. New treasures still of countless price God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be, As more of heaven in each we see: Some softening gleam of love and prayer

Shall dawn on every cross and care. The trivial round, the common task, Will furnish all we ought to ask: Room to deny ourselves : a road

To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love Fit us for perfect rest above. And help us, this and every day, To live more nearly as we pray.

489

88.84.84. LITTLE child! lie still and sleep : Jesus is near, thou need'st not fear:

No one need fear whom God doth keep

By day or night: Then lay thee down in slumber deep Till morning light.

2 O little child! be still and rest: He sweetly sleeps, whom Jesus keeps, And in the morning wakes so blest. His child to be:

Love every one, but love Him best: He first loved thee.

3 O little child! when thou must die. Fear nothing then, but say "Amen" To God's commands, and quiet lie In His kind hand.

Till He shall say, " Dear child, come, fly To heaven's bright land."

6 Then with thine angel-wings, quick grown, Thou shalt ascend to meet thy

Friend:

Jesus the little child will own. Safe at His side :

And thou shalt live before the throne. Because He died.

F80

87, 87, D.

CAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-O ing. Ere repose our spirits seal;

Sin and want we come confessing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrows past us fly, Angel guards from Thee surround us: We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary. Darkness cannot hide from Thee: Thon art He who, never weary,

Watchest where Thy people be. Should swift death this night o'ertake

us. And our couch become our tomb,

May the morn in heaven awake us. Clad in light and deathless bloom. 491

NOW the daylight goes away: Saviour, listen while I pray, Asking Thee to watch and keep. And to send me quiet sleep.

2 Jesus, Saviour, wash away All that has been wrong to-day: Help me every day to be Good and gentle, more like Thee.

3 Let my near and dear ones be Always near and dear to Thee: Oh, bring me and all I love To Thy happy home above!

4 Now my evening praise I give : Thou did'st die that I might live : All my blessings come from Thee: Oh, how good Thou art to me!

5 Thou, my best and kindest Friend. Thou wilt love me to the end: Let me love Thee more and more. Always better than before!

492

THE day is done, O God the Son. Look down upon Thy little one. O Light of light, keep me this night, And shed round me Thy presence bright.

2 I need not fear if Thou art near : Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear. Thy gentle eye is ever nigh. It watches me when none is by.

3 Thy loving ear is ever near, Thy little children's prayers to hear. So happily and peacefully I lay me down to rest in Thee.

493

QUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near: Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, How sweet to rest

For ever on my Saviour's breast!

8 Abide with me from morn till eve. For without Thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh. For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine, Now, Lcrd, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

71₽

5 Come near and bless us when we wake. [take: Ere through the world our way we Till, in the ocean of Thy love, We lose eurselves in heaven above.

494 77.77.

BLESSED Jesus, ere we part, Speak Thy blessing to each heart; Blessed Jesus, Saviour blest, Breathe Thy peace through every breast.

- 2 When this night our evelids close. Let us in Thine arms repose: Blessed Jesus, Son of God. Wash us in Thy precious blood.
- 3 Blessed Jesus, Saviour dear! Through the darkness be Thou near: Blessed Jesus, Light divine! Let Thy presence round us shine.
- 4 By our couch Thy station keep, Guard from evil while we sleep: Blessed Jesus, Saviour bright, Guide us safe to realms of light. By permission of Mesers, Gall & Inglia.

495

T even, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around Thee lav:

Oh, in what divers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we Oppressed with various ills draw near:

What if Thy form we cannot see? We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel: For some are sick; and some are sad; And some have never loved Thee well; And some have lost the love they

4 And some are pressed with worldly [doubt And some are tried with sinful And some such grievous passions

That only Thou canst cast them

5 And some have found the world is Yet from the world they break not

And some have friends who give them pain. Yet have not sought a friend in

6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, For none are wholly free from sin: And they who fain would serve Thee

Are conscious most of WICE within.

7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man; Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried:

Thy kind but searching glance can

The very wounds that shame would hide.

8 Thy touch has still its ancient power; No word from Thee can fruitless

Hear, in this solemn evening hour. And in Thy mercy heal us all.

496

65,65

NOW the day is over. Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.

- 2 Now the darkness gathers. Stars their watches keep, Birds and beasts and flowers Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose: With Thy tenderest blessing May mine evelids close.
 - 4 Grant to little children Visions bright of Thee: Guard the sailors tossing On the deep blue sea.
- 5 Comfort every sufferer Watching late in pain: Those who plan some evil From their sin restrain.
- 6 Through the long night watches May Thine angels spread Their white wings above me. Watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens. Then may I arise Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy holy eyes.
- 8 Glory to the Father. Glory to the Son. And to Thee, blest Spirit. Whilst all ages run.

Digitized by \$000 C

497 10 10, 10 10.

A BIDE with me, fast falls the evenfast tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
When other helpers fail, and comforts

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; [away; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass Change and decay in all around Isee; O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:

What but Thy grace can foll the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be? [abide with me. Through cloud and sunshine, Lord,

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,

Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? [me.

I triumph still, if Thou abide with 5 Reveal Thyself before my closing

eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point
me to the skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows fiee: [me. In life, in death, O Lord, abide with

LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
CLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself, and I, ere I sleep, at peace may be. [Thee,

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose, And may sweet alsep mine eyelids close,— (make Sleep that may me more vigorous To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:

Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

499

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy little lamb to-night; Through the darkness be Thou near

Keep me safe till morning light.
All this day Thy hand has led me,

2 All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care; Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,

Listen to my evening prayer.

& Let my sins be all forgiven, Bless the friends I love so well; Take me, when I die, to heaven, Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Hymns for Special Occasions.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A A few more seasons come,
And we may be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where suns are not— A far serener clime.

3 A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rocky shore, And we shall be where tempests cease, And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.

A few more Sabbaths here Shall cheer us on our way,

And we shall reach the endless rest, The eternal Sabbath day.

LORY to God in the highest!
Glory to God! glory to God!
Glory to God in the highest;
Shall be our song to-day.

P.M.

128 The Bong that woke the glorious morn. When David's greater Son was born. Sung by a heavenly host, and Girls-{ Would join the angelic company. Glory to God in the highest! Glory to God in the highest! Glory! glory! glory! glory! Glory be to God on high! 2 Glory to God in the highest! Glory to God! glory to God! Glory to God in the highest! Shall be our song to-day. Another year's rich mercies prove Boys-His ceaseless care and boundless love : (So let our loudest voices raise Girls-Our anniversary song of praise. 3 Glory to God in the highest! Glory to God! glory to God! Glory to God in the highest! Shall be our song to-day. Oh, may we, an unbroken band, Around the throne of Jesus stand. And there, with angels and the throng Of His redeemed ones, join the song. 502 65. ESUS, blessed Saviour. Help us now to raise Songs of glad thanksgiving. Songs of holy praise. Oh, how kind and gracious Thou hast always been ! Oh, how many blessings Évery day has seen! Jesus, blessed Saviour. Now our praises hear. For Thy grace and favour Crowning all the year. 2 Jesus, holy Saviour. Only Thou canst tell How we often stumbled. How we often fell 🕈 All our sins, (so many!) Saviour, Thou dost know: In Thy blood most precious Wash us white as snow. Jesus, blessed Saviour, Keep us in Thy fear. Let Thy grace and favour Pardon all the year.

3 Jesus, loving Saviour. Only Thou dost know All that may befall us As we onward go: So we humbly pray Thee. Take us by the hand. Lead us ever upward To the better land. Jesus, blessed Saviour. Keep us ever near. Let Thy grace and favour Shield us all the year. 4 Jesus, precious Saviour. Make us all Thine own. Make us Thine for ever. Make us Thine alone. Let each day, each moment Of this glad new year, Be for Jesus only. Jesus, Saviour dear. Then, O blessed Saviour. Never need we fear : For Thy grace and favour Crown our bright new year.

503 P.M. CTANDING at the portal of the opening year, Tevery fear: Words of comfort meet us, hushing Spoken through the silence by our Father's voice. us rejoice. Tender, strong, and faithful, making Onward then and fear not, children of the day! Dass away! For His word shall never, never

2 I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not afraid. I will help and strengthen, be thou not dismayed!

Yea. I will uphold thee with My own right hand, sight to stand. Thou art called and chosen in My

3 For the year before us, oh, what rich supplies !

For the poor and needy living streams

shall rise: For the sad and sinful shall His grace

abound; [strength be found. For the faint and feeble perfect

4 He will never fail us, He will not forsake: break His eternal covenant He will never Resting on His promise, what have We to fear? Test. God is all-sufficient for the coming 504 P. M. A NOTHER year has passed away, Time swiftly glides along; We come again to praise and pray, And sing our festive song. We come, we come, we come with songs to greet you, We come, we come, we come with

song again. 2 We come the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the wondrous love Of Him who guards us all our days, And leads to heaven above.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given Through every passing year; We'll sing the promises of heaven With voices foud and clear.

505 65, 65, p.

DANSIES, lilies, roses, Flowers of every hue, Take each one as coming Straight from God to you: Telling wondrous secrets Of His power and love, Wearing still the brightness Of the home above. Oh! these flowers of summer, Angel-like are they : Listen to the message Which they bring to-day. 2 Just as earth's creation

Showed the might of God. So does every floweret Springing from the sod. He who guides the star-worlds. Curbs the ocean's power, With the same hand painteth Every leaf and flower.

Prough these sweet flowers gently. So divinely dressed, They are, in earth's language, Thoughts of God expressed. Thoughts of heavenly glory-

Sweetness, purity-Must not He who framed them

Wholly lovely be? 4 Praise Him then with singing.

Tell His love abroad: Be the whole earth ringing With the name of God. Lakes and hills be telling, Sunset skies, and flowers, Something of the beauty Of this God of ours.

From " Voice of Praise the Sunday School Union. 506

76,76, D. KNOW who makes the daisies. And paints them starry bright: I know who clothes the lilies. So sweet and soft and white: And surely needful raiment He will for me provide, Who know Him as my Jesus, And in His love confide.

2 I know who feeds the sparrow. And robin, red and gay; I know who makes the skylark

Soar up to greet the day : And me much more He cares for. And feeds with daily bread, Whom He has taught to love Him, And trust what He has said.

3 The daisy and the lily Obev Him all they can: The robin and the skylark Fulfil His perfect plan : And I, to whom are given A heart and mind and will, Must try to serve Him better. And all His laws fulfil.

4 The daisies, they must perish, The lark and robin die: But I shall live for ever. Above the bright blue sky: Dear Saviour, Thou wilt help me To love Thee more and more, Until in heaven I see Thee, Am like Thee, and adore.

507

XYE plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered By God's almighty hand: He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the grain. The breezes, and the sunshine. And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us Are sent from heaven above; Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord, For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker Of all things near and far: He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star. The winds and waves obey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee then. O Father. For all things bright and good. The seed-time and the harvest. Our life, our health, our food. Accept the gifts we offer For all Thy love imparts. And, what Thou most desirest. Our humble, thankful hearts.

7 8. 7 6. D. KOR ONCE more the joy of harvest The hearts of men doth cheer: The reaper's task is finished. In cornfields far and near: And now to God our Maker We joyfully will raise. For His abundant mercy.

A song of grateful praise. We bless the Lord, we praise the We magnify His name, [Lord. Who proves Himself, through changing years. For evermore the same.

2 The snow that came in winter. The frosts that bound the earth. The rain, the summer sunshine. To harvest-time gave birth. We bless our great Provider.

"Jehovah Jireh" still. Who thus His ancient promise To man doth now fulfil.

A Lord Jesus, make us faithful: And, by Thy power divine. Help us in youth and manhood By holy deeds to shine. Let all around take knowledge That we have been with Thee, And by Thy grace are growing

In love and purity. '4 Then when the angel reapers Shall come to gather in The great and glorious harvest Of souls redeemed from sin.

We in the heavenly garner Safe gathered then shall be. With Father, Son, and Spirit.

To reign eternally.

509 EATH has been here, and borne A scholar from our side: [away Just in the morning of his [her] day, As young as we he [she] died.

2 Perhaps our time may be as short, Our days may fly as fast:

O Lord, impress the solemn thought. That this may be our last.

3 We cannot tell who next may fall Beneath Thy chastening rod : One must be first, but let us all Prepare to meet our God.

All needful strength is Thine to give. To Thee our souls apply For grace to teach us how to live.

And make us fit to die.

510 SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep. A From which none ever wakes to A calm and undisturbed repose. [weep: Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh. how sweet To be for such a slumber meet. With holy confidence to sing sting! That death bath lost its venomed

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest. Whose waking is supremely blest! No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh. for me May such a blissful refuge be! Securely shall my ashes lie. And wait the summons from on high

511 APPY the children who are gone To live with Jesus Christ in peace; Who stand around His glorious throne, Redeemed by blood, and saved by grace.

2 The Saviour, whom they loved below, Hath kindly wiped their tears away: No sin, no sorrow there they know, But dwell in one eternal day.

3 There to their golden harps they sing, While tens of thousands join their songs.

Hosannas to the immortal King. To whom immortal praise belongs.

5 O gracious Saviour, when shall we Be brought with them in bliss to

Thy lovely countenance to see. And sing Thy mercies all divine?

512 YENTLE Shepherd. Thou hast stilled Now Thy little lamb's long weep

Ah! how peaceful, pale, and mild, In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping! And no sign of anguish sore Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it; To the sunny, heavenly plain Dost Thou now with joy receive it: Clothed in robes of spotless white, Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Now it dwells with Thee in light.

8 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we Where it lives may soon be living, And the lovely pastures see That its heavenly food are giving; Then the gain of death we prove, Though Thou take what most we love.

By permission of Mesers. Longmans & Co.

513 Foreign Missions.

If If np the gospel banner, wide be its folds unfurled;
Display the love of Jesus before a guilty world:
Go forth to every creature that dwelleth under heaven,
Proclaim the wondrous tidings of grace and mercy given.
Oh be the gospel banner in every land unfurled,
And be the shout, Hosanna! re-

echoed through the world!

2 Oh stay not! time is fleeting; work while 'tis called to-day,
Thousands on thousands perish each hour that you delay;
They die without the knowledge of God's most holy word;
Without the hopes you cherish in Christ our gracious Lord.

Carist our gracious Lord.

Remember your Redeemer; obey His last command;
And, resting on His promise, in faithful service stand;
Lift up His glorious banner, grace, mercy, peace proclaim,
To all repentant sinners, in Christ the Sayiour's name.

514

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou, who didst come to bring On Thy redeeming wing Healing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the inly blind, Oh, now, to all mankind, Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love, Life giving, holy Dove, Speed forth Thy flight; Move on the water' face, Bearing the lamp of grace, And in earth's darkest place Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, love, might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

515 66, 66, 88.

CAN I, a little child, Do anything for those Who are by sin defiled, To lighten their sad woes? I cannot see the reason why I should not, if I really try.

First, then, I would implore
The Lord to change their heart;
Then from my little store
I freely will impart,
That some kind teachers may be

given [heaven.
To point out Christ, the way to
How would such joyful news

Their inmost souls delight!
And who would then refuse
To give their little mite,
That every heathen child may know
What blessings Jeans can bestow?

516

P.M.

HOW beauteous are their feet.
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice!

How sweet the tidings are! Zion, behold thy Saviour-King; He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

517
I OFTEN think of heathen lands—
Far away!
Where many a pagan temple stands—
Far away!
And there each hapless child is led
To bow to idol gods its head, [said—
Whilst many a muttered charm is

Far away!

2 Oh, how I pity children there— Although the clime be passing fair— I would not leave my humble home, In fields of richest fruit to roam, If there no gospel sound should come—Far away!

3 But I will pray that God would send—Glad tidings of my Saviour Friend—And every little I can spare Shall help to send the Bible there,

And men of God the truth to bear— Far away!

4 And when the silver trumpet swells— And all the love of Jesus tells— Then idols shall, like Dagon, fall, And many a child on God shall call—

And many a child on God shall cal And own my Jesus Lord of all— Far away!

WE have heard the joyful sound:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Tell the message all around:
Jesus saves! Josus saves!
Bear the news to every land,

Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward!—'tis our Lord's command:

Onward!—'tis our Lord's command: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Say to sinners far and wide,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing, ye islands of the sea;
Echo back, ye ocean cayes:

Earth shall keep her jubilee : Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

3 Sing above the toil and strife, Jesus saves! Jesus saves! By His death and endless life Jesus saves! Jesus saves! Sing it softly through the gloom, When the heart for mercy craves: Sing in triumph o'er the tomb, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

4 Give the winds a mighty voice:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves;
This our song of victory,

Jesus saveš! Jesus šaves!

519
664,6664.

FATHER of heaven, bless

Missions with great success,
We humbly pray!
Soon may the gospel sound
Through all the world around,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall own Thy sway.

2 From Greenland's frozen land
To Afric's burning strand,
May Christ be known!
Till on Him all shall call,
Till every idol fall,
Till He be loved by all,
And served alone.

8 O'er every hill and plain Washed by the mighty main Echo the call! Till gods of wood and stone Shall all be overthrown, And Jesus reigns alone, Supreme o'er all!

4 Then spread the gospel's light Till nations all unite Beneath His away! And let us, as we sing Praise to our Saviour-King, Our grateful offerings bring To baste the day!

520

HAK! a distant voice is calling;
Mournfully it meets the ear;
Louder yet its accents falling,
Fill each heart with thoughtful feer:
Let us listen.

Now the sound of woe is near.

2 'Tis the moan of thousands dying: Lost in sin's dark gloom they stray : 'Tis the voice of wanderers crying. "Ye who know the living way,

> Come and guide us To the land of perfect day."

3 We would help them, O our Father: Thou hast bid us freely give : Wilt Thou not the wanderers gather?

Shall not dving spirits live? Hear our pleadings. All our past neglect forgive.

4 Let us send to every nation News of light and life divine. And to spread Thy free salvation Now in youth our lives resign: Take these first-fruits.

Then let all our sheaves be Thine.

521 TESUS shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to

shore. more. Till moons shall wax and wane no

- 2 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song. And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns: The prisoner leaps to lose his chains. The weary find eternal rest. And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honours to our King; Angels, descend with songs again, And, earth, repeat the loud Amen.

522 76, D.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free: To take away transgression. And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers Upon the fruitful earth. And love, joy, hope, like flowers, Spring in His path to birth; Before Him, on the mountains, Shall peace, the herald, go, And righteousness in fountains From hill to valley flow.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him. And gold and incense bring: All nations shall adore Him. His praise all people sing : For He shall have dominion O'er river, sea, and shore. Far as the eagle's pinion Or dove's light wing can soar.

4 O'er every foe victorious. He on His throne shall rest, From age to age more glorious. All-blessing and all-blest: The tide of time shall never His covenant remove: His name shall stand for ever. That name to us is Love.

523 76, 76, D. DROM Greenland's icy mountains. From India's coral strand: Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand : From many an ancient river. From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2 What, though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle : Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile In vain with lavish kindness

The gifts of God are strown: The heathen, in his blindness. Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high— Can we, to men benighted. The lamp of life deny? Salvation! oh, salvation! The joyful sound preclaim.

Till each remotest nation Has learnt Messish's name. 4 Waft, waft, ye winds. His story:

And you, ye waters, roll; Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole : Till o'er our ransomed nature The Lamb for sinners slain. Redeemer, King, Creator, In bliss returns to reign.

524 HARK! what cry arrests my ear? Hark! what accents of despair! Tis the heathen's dving prayer, Friends of Jesus, hear!

"Men of God, to you we cry, Rests on you our tearful eye; Help us, Christians, or we die! Die in dark despair!"

2 Hasten, Christians, haste to save, O'er the land and o'er the wave, Dangers, death, and distance brave: Hark! for help they call! Afric bends her suppliant knee; Asia spreads her hands to thee:

Hark! they urge the heaven-born ples,
"JESUS WELCOMES ALL!"

3 Haste then, spread the Saviour's name; Snatch the firebrands from the flame; Deck His glorious diadem With their ransemed souls,

See! the pagan altars fall! See! the Saviour reigns o'er all! Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all! Echoes round the poles.

525 77,77,D.

I ITTLE travellers Zionward,
I Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:
There, to welcome, Jesus waits
Gives the crown His followers win:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land,"
"I from India's sultry plain,"
"I from Afric's barren sand,"

"I from islands of the main."

3 " All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,

At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "Come!" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,

Let the little travellers in.

526
Oo, sound it abroad, the tidings proclaim,
Salvation to all, through Him that
was slain;
He lives to redeem us: Jesus, our

King, [will bring, To mansions of glory the ransomed.

2 The isles of the deep shall lift up their voice,
And nations afar shall hear and re-

joice;
The harp that was broken sweetly shall ring, [King.

And Judah return to her Saviour and 3 Go, heralds, away! your mission

Go, heralds, away! your mission fulfil;

The gospel declare, we'll pray for

you still;
Be stedfast, be watchful, stand by
the right,

And God will sustain you with wisdom

, and might.

4 Go, heralds, away! the harvest is near,
The reapers will come, the Master ap-

pear;
Be patient in labour, be fervent in love, [above.

love, [above.
And God will reward you in glory
527

O'ER these gloomy hills of darkness Look, my soul; be still, and All the promises do travail [gaze; With a glorious day of grace:

Blessed jubilee!

Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro, Let the rude barbarian see That divine and glorious conquest Once obtained on Calvary; Let the gospel

Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,

Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, eternal gospel.

Win and conquer, never ocase; May thy lasting wide dominion Multiply, and still increase: May Thy sceptre

Sway the enlightened world around.

528 C.F.
OUR Saviour's voice is soft and

When, bending from above, He bids us gather round His feet, And calls us by His love. 2 But while our youthful hearts rejoice
That thus He bids us come,
"Jesus!" we cry with pleading

voice,

"Bring heathen wanderers home."

8 They never heard the Saviour's name, They have not learned His way: They do not know His grace who

To take their sins away. [came 4 Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound

In distant lands be heard;
And, oh! wherever sin is found,
Send forth Thy pardoning word.

5 And if our lips may breathe a prayer, Though raised in trembling fear, Oh! let Thy grace our hearts prepare, And choose some heralds hera.

529 P.M. Go, sound the trump on India's shore,

And bid the Hindu weep no more,— Hindu, weep no more! From idols vain and Ganges' ways

The lowly Saviour comes to save.

From tyrant's power and Satan's

The gospel gives the victory.

2 Go, sound the trump on Afric's shore, And hid the negro weep no more!— Negro, weep no more! From grand shains and glooms grand.

From cruel chains and gloomy grave The lowly Saviour comes to save.

3 Go, sound the trump on Judah's shore,
And say to Israel, weep no more;

Israel, weep no more! The Lord of glory, slain by you, Will yet restore the guilty Jew.

4 Go, sound the trump on every shore,
And bid poor sinners weep no more!
Sinners, weep no more!
The blood that flowed from learn's reine

The blood that flowed from Jesus' veins Will wash away your crimson stains.

Thousands on thousands pass

By permission of Mesers. Gall & Inglia.

530
L.M

THE heathen perish; day by day

away!
O Christians, to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents freely give, Yea, life itself, that they may live; What hath your Saviour done for you! And what for Him will ye not do? 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth, Call in the south, wake up the north; Of every clime, from sun to sun, Gather God's children into one.

76.
THE whole wide world for Jesus!
1 Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart!

2 The whole wide world for Jesus! We'll wing the song with prayer, And link the prayer with labour, Till Christ His crown shall wear.

Casy Hymns for Little Chilbren.

WE are little children, very young indeed,

But the Saviour's promise each of us may plead.

If we seek Him early, if we come to-

We can be His little friends, He has said we may.

2 Little friends of Jesus, what a happy thought!What a precious promise in the Bible

taught!
3 Little friends of Jesus, walking by

His side,
With His arm around us, every step

to guide.

We must love Him dearly, with a constant love.

Then we'll go and see Him, in our home above.

533

If smiled as He stretched out His arms in glad welcome,
While little ones hastened to press

round His knee,

While He laid His kind hand on each little fair forehead,

Saying, "Suffer the children to come unto Me."

2 He loved them e'en then, though His

heart had much sadness,

He loveth them still in their inno-

cent glee;
And still does He utter those words

of sweet welcome,
"Oh! suffer the children to come
uuto Me."

3 "Send not from My presence the children: I love them. And they shall be merry and joy-

ous and free;

But bring them where blessings from heaven are dropping.

Oh, suffer the children to come unto Me."

4 We come then, dear Saviour, by words and by prayers; Oh, Thine, Thine alone may the

little ones be: Still stretch out Thy kind arms, still

give us a welcome, Say, "Suffer the children to come

unto Me." 5 And when our young feet touch the waters of Jordan,

Oh, then may Thy children be dear unto Thee:

Take our hands, lift us up to the palaces golden, Say, "Suffer the children to come

unto Me."

118, 118, p. 534 THINK when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men, How He called little children as lambs Tthen. to His fold, I should like to have been with Him

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,

That His arms had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen His kind [Me." look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go.

And ask for a share of His love: And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,

I shall see Him and hear Him

In that beautiful place He has gone to given; prepare For all who are washed and for-

ing there. "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,

Never heard of that heavenly home:

I should like them to know there is room for them all. come. And that Jesus has bid them to I long for that blessed and glorious time.

The fairest, and brightest, and best; When the dear little children of every

Shall crowd to His arms and be

535 76, 76, D.

HE loves the little children. Does our great God and Lord: He speaks of little children In His most holy word:

He blesses little children .--Christ blessed them when below;

He cleanses little children, And makes them white as snow.

2 He loves the little children. He drew them to His side. With loving arms embraced them. And for their souls He died;

He teaches little children By His good Spirit given.

And when they die, His children Shall be with Him in heaven.

3 He loves the little children, He saves them by His grace, And, some day, all His children Shall see the Saviour's face: Like lambs He bears His children.

And folds them to His breast. And with Him high in glory, They shall for ever rest.

536 11 11, 11 IL TOW kind is the Saviour! how great is His love! above; To bless little children He came from

He left holy angels and their bright Tthem the road abode. To live here with children, and teach

2 He wept in the garden, and died on the tree,

To open a fountain for sinners lib His blood is that fountain, which

pardon bestows, Tit flows And cleanses poor sinners wherever

And many dear children are gather- | 3 He went back to glory, but left " His word.

Which oft from our teachers and pastors we've heard:

He sends forth His Spirit our hearts His name. to inflame With joy in His service, and love W

4 Oh, help us, blest Jesus, more sweetly to praise,

And walk in Thy footsteps the rest of our days;

Then raise us, dear Saviour, to taste of Thy love.

And praise Thee for ever with children above.

537______

JESUS loves the children, J Loves them so, loves them so, That He died to save them From a world of woe.

> I am but a little child, This I know, this I know; But I love the Saviour, Because He loves me so.

2 Jesus bids the children Come to Him, come to Him, Even they may find Him Precious to redeem.

3 Jesus, blessed Jesus, Now I pray, humbly pray, Ever love and keep me, Take my sins away.

538 87,87.

JESUS loves the little children,
Once He took them on His knee,
Gently put His arms around them,
And said, "Let them come to Me!"

2 Oh! He loves to see them kneeling, And, with hands together, pray; Loves to hear them call Him Jesus, If they mean the words they say.

3 Once He gave His life to buy them Back again from Satan's ways, And at last to heaven take them, There to sing His worth and praise.

If they trust Him as their Saviour,
He will wash their sins away;
He will take their hand and lead

them
All along the narrow way.

5 He would have them love each other, And be truthful, meek, and mild, Doing as their parents bid them, As He did when once a child,

6 Then when He shall come to call them,

They shall see Him face to face, And with saints and angels praise

For His matchless love and grace.

539

I AM Jesus' little lamb, Happy all day long I am, He will keep me safe from harm,

For I'm His lamb.

Jesus loves me, this I know,
He will wash me white as snow;
He will keep me pure I know,
For I'm His lamb.

2 By His staff I'm led along, Guarded by His arm so strong; I'm so happy all day long, For I'm His lamb.

3 Then I never will repine, While around His glories shine; I am His, and He is mine,

Yes, I'm His lamb. 540

77,77.

OHRIST is merciful and mild;

He was once a little child;

He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

Lived on earth among the poor.

Thus He laid His glory by
When for us He stooped to die;
How I wonder when I see

His unbounded love to me!

3 He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preached the word:

Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.
4 Every bird can build its nest,
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the world was made

Had not where to lay His head.

He who is the Lord most high
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be

Rich to all eternity.

541

65, 65.

JESUS, tender Saviour,
Hast Thou died for me!
Make me very thankful
In my heart to Thee,
In my heart to Thee.

2 When the sad, sad story Of Thy grief I read, Make me very sorry For my sins indeed, For my sins indeed.

3 Now I know Thou livest,
And dost plead for me:
Make me very thankful,
In my prayers to Thee,
In my prayers to Thee.

P.M.

4 Soon I hope in glory At Thy side to stand: Make me fit to meet Thee In that happy land, In that happy land.

542

65, 65.

I'M a little pilgrim, And a stranger here: Though this world is pleasant. Sin is always near.

> Jesus loves our pilgrim band. He will lead us by the hand. Lead us to the better land. Happy home on high!

- 2 Mine's a better country, Where there is no sin: Where the tones of sorrow Never enter in.
- 3 But a little pilgrim Must have garments clean, If he'd wear the white robes! And with Christ be seen.
- 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me; Teach me to obev: Holy Spirit, guide me On my heavenly way.
- 5 I'm a little pilgrim. And a stranger here : But my home in heaven Cometh ever near. From " Child's Own Hymn Book," by permission

543 10's. OD will take care of you. All Fill: through the day Jesus is near you to keep you from Waking or resting, at work or at play. ſstill.

of Mesers. J. Curwen & Sons.

Jesus is with you, and watching you 2 He will take care of you. All through the night (Receps; Jesus, the Shepherd, His little one Darkness to Him is the same as the

light: He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.

3 He will take care of you. All through the year,

Crowning each day with His kindness and love,

Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear, Leading you on to the bright home

above.

4 He will take care of you. Yes; to the end: Nothing can alter His love for His own; Children, be glad that you have such a Friend: Talone.

He will not leave you one moment 544

GOD is in heaven. Can He hear A little prayer like mine? Yes, that He can: I need not fear: He'll listen unto mine.

2 God is in heaven. Can'He see When I am doing wrong? Yes, that He can; He looks at me All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven. Would He know If I should tell a lie? Yes; though I said it very low. He'd hear it in the akv.

4 God is in heaven. Does He carc. Or is He good to me? Yes: all I have to eat or wear. 'Tis God that gives it me.

5 God is in heaven. May I pray To go there when I die? Yes; seek Him, trust Him, and one He'll call me to the sky.

545 P.K. COOD David, whose psalms have so often been sung.

At first was not noble or grand, But only a shepherd boy when he was young. Cland. Though afterwards king of the

2 He tended his flocks on the pastures by day, And kept them in safety by night:

And though a poor shepherd, he did not delay To do what was holy and right.

3 For while he sat watching his sheep in the fold.

To guard them from danger abroad. It then was his greatest delight, we are told.

To think on the works of the Lord. 4 Thus seeking so early for knowledge and truth.

His childhood in wisdom began, And therefore the Lord was the guide of his youth.

And made him so mighty a man,

5 So he soon was made king, for the mophet foretold That God meant to honour him thus;
And if we will serve Him like David of old,
The Lord will be mindful of us.

546 P.M.

TSUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light;
Like a little candle
Burning in the night:
In this world of darkness,
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it
If our light grows dim:
He looks down from heaven,
To see us shine—
You in your small corner;
And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound,—
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

547

65, 65.

Let me learn of Jesus:
He is kind to me;
Once He died to save me,
Nailed upon the tree.

- 2 If I go to Jesus, He will hear me pray, Make me good and holy, Take my sins away.
- 8 Let me think of Jesus:
 He is full of love,
 Looking down upon me
 From His throne above.
- 4 If I trust in Jesus,
 If I do His will,
 Then I shall be happy,
 Eafe from every ill.
- 6 Oh, how good is Jesus!

 May He hold my hand,
 And at last receive me
 To a better land!

548

8 **8 6,** D.

A ND is it true, what I am told,
That there are lambs within the

Of God's beloved Son? That Jesus Christ, with tender care, Will in His arms most gently bear The helpless "little one"?

2 Yes, I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be His "little one."

3 And He can do all this for me, Because in sorrow on the tree He once for sinners hung; And having put their sins away, He now rejoices, day by day, To cleanse the "little one."

4 Others there are who love me too; But who, with all their love, could do What Jesus Christ has done? Then, if He teaches me to pray, I'll surely go to Him and say, "Lord, keep Thy 'little one.'"

5 Then by this gracious Shepherd fed, And by His mercy gently led Where living waters run, My greatest pleasure will be this: That I'm a little lamb of His, Who loves the "little one."

549

77,77,77.

THOU that once on mother's knee
Wast a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay Thy hands upon my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Baviour dear.

- 2 Be beside me in the light, Be close by me through the night; Make me gentle, kind, and true— Do what I am bid to do; Help and cheer me when I fret, And forgive when I forget.
- 3 Thou art nearer when we pray, Since Thou art so far away; Thou my little hymn wile hear. Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear, Thou that once on mother's knee Wast a little one like ma.

550 777, 6.
JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
J Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, holy Jesus,

2 Little children need not fear When they know that Thou art near; Thou dost love us, Saviour dear: Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little lambs may come to Thee, Thou wilt fold us tenderly, And our careful Shepherd be: Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 Little lives may be divine, Little deeds of love may shine, Little ones be wholly Thine: Hear us, holy Jesus.

551 777,5.

LITTLE ones of God are we,
In Therefore we His praise repeat;
We will pray, on bended knee,
Him to guide our feet.
Load us, lead us, lest we stray,
Lead us, lead us by Thy hand,
Lead us in the blessed way,
To the better land.

2 Little friends of Christ are we, His redeeming love we sing; He who died upon the tree, He shall be our King.

3 Children of the Lord are we, Abba, Father! Thee we call! Help us love and honour Thee;

Give Thy grace to all.

4 Little lambs of God are we;
He, the Shepherd, leads His sheep,
And the lambs most tenderly;

He from harm will keep.

Keep us, keep us, lest we stray,
Keep us, keep us, by Thy hand;
Keep us in the blessed way

To the better land.

If I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.
If I come to Jesus,
Happy I shall be,
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
For He loves me dearly,
And my sins did bear.

3 If I come to Jesus, He will take my hand; He will kindly lead me To a better land.

4 There with happy children, Robed in snowy white, I shall see my Saviour, In that world so bright.

553

COME, little children, come!
The Saviour calls you near;
He'll tell you of His heavenly home,
And gently lead you there.

Haste, little children, haste
To be the Saviour's lambs;
Come, of His lovingkindness taste,
And nestle in His arms.

3 Pray, little children, pray
That you may be forgiven;
And ask that God will lead the way
To Jesus Christ and heaven.

554

I.E.

I KNOW 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded spirit
My nature is by sin defiled, [whole;
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2 How kind is Jesus! oh, how good!
"Twas for my soul He shed His blood:
For children's sake He was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3 When I offend by thought or tongus, Omit the right, or do the wrong, If I repent, He's reconciled, For Jesus loves a little child.

4 To me may Jesus now impart, Although so young, a gracious heart; Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled, Yet Jesus loves a little child.

555.

65.

5. 77,77. GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child;

Pity my simplicity; Help me, Lord, to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought; Gracious God, forbid it not; In the kingdom of Thy grace Give a little child a place. 3 Oh, supply my every want: Feed the young and tender plant : Day and night my keeper be; Every moment watch round me.

556

7 5, 7 5.

YOME to Jesus. little one. Come to Jesus now: Humbly at His gracious throne In submission bow.

- 2 At His feet confess your sin. Seek forgiveness there; For His blood can make you clean-He will hear your prayer.
- 3 Seek His face without delay: Give Him now your heart: Tarry not, but, while you may, Choose the better part.
- 4 Come to Jenus, little one. Come to Jesus now: Humbly at His gracious throne In submission bow.

557

77.77.

DLESSED Jesus, meek and mild, Stoop to hear a little child: At Thy feet I come to pray; Saviour, cast me not away.

- 2 Take away my load of sin. Make me clean and pure within: Teach me all I need to know: Be my Shepherd here below.
- **3 In my** childhood may I be Gentle, meek, and pure, like Thee; Help me every sin to leave. Lest Thy loving heart I grieve.
- 4 Tender Jesus, Thou didst call To Thine arms the children small: Lo! I come, and humbly pray. Saviour, cast me not away.

558

76, 76.

AM a little soldier. Just learning how to fight: Then help me, Lord Almighty, To battle for the right.

- 2 I am a little pilgrim. Just starting on my way: Then lead me, gracious Father. To Thine eternal day.
- 3 I am a little Christian. In Jesus I believe: Then grant me, holy Saviour, Thy blessing to receive.

4 My hands are very feeble. Yet, Jesus, look on me : And give them, in Thy mercy, Some work to do for Thee.

5 And when the task is ended. And when the fight is o'er, Then take me to the country Where I shall sin no more.

559

ORD, look upon a little child. By nature sinful, rude and wild; Oh, put Thy gracious hand on me, And make me all I ought to be.

2 Make me Thy child, a child of God, Washed in my Saviour's precious blood.

And my whole heart from sin set free, A little vessel full of Thee.

3 A star of early dawn and bright, Shining within Thy sacred light; A beam of grace to all around, A little spot of hallowed ground.

4 O Jesus! take me to Thy breast. And bless me that I may be blest; Both when I wake and when I sleep Thy little lamb in safety keep.

580 77.75.

TESUS, when He left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In His mercy passed not by Little ones like me.

- 2 Mothers then the Saviour sought In the places where He taught, And to Him their children brought-Little ones like me.
- 3 Did the Saviour say them nay? No. He kindly bid them stay. Suffered none to turn away Little ones like me.
- 4 'Twas for them His life He gave, To redeem them from the grave; Jesus able is to save Little ones like me.
- 5 Children then should love Him now, Strive His holy will to do: Pray to Him and praise Him too-Little ones like me.

561

'M not too young to sin, I'm not too young to die, I'm not too little to begin A life of faith and joy.

Jesus, I love Thy name: From evil set me free, And ever keep Thy feeble lamb Who puts its trust in Thee.

562 P.M.

WOULD be Thy little lamb. Saviour dear, Saviour dear: Wilt Thou take me as I am? Hast Thou room for me? Wilt Thou lead me all the day In the strait and narrow way? Shall I never, never stray,

Blessed One, from Thee? 2 When I breathe my simple prayer. Thou art near, very near; When I ask Thy tender care. Thou wilt look on me: Softly in my heart, I know. 'Tis Thy voice that murmurs low,

"Come, I'll wash thee white as snow; Child. I died for thee."

3 Didst Thou lay Thy glory by, Saviour mine, Saviour mine? Didst Thou suffer, bleed, and die, For a child like me? Gladly I will come to-day: From Thy love I cannot stay:

All along the heavenly way I will follow Thee.

563 ITTLE child, do you love Jesus? Oh, how He loves! Do you wish to go to heaven? Oh, how He loves! First of all, ask His forgiveness. With your heart: although quite help-Jesus little children blesses. Γless. Oh how He loves!

2 He will listen to your prayer,-Feed you by His tender care,-He became a child just like you, Here He suffered to redeem you, And at last He died to save you,— Oh, how He loves!

3 Trust Him, He will ne'er forget you,-No, He never will forsake you,-None from His strong hand can pluck His almighty arm protects you, [you, Loving once, He ever loves you, Oh, how He loves!

564 65,65, p. N the early spring-time.

When your leaves are fair. Hear the words of Jesus. "Little blossoms rare,

Little buds of promise, Precious they will be: Bring the little children. Let them come to Me.

"Let them come to Me. Let them come to Me: Bring the little children. Let them come to Me."

2 All the little children Gladly will we bring To the arms of Jesus Heaven's exalted King. For the invitation.

Gracious, full, and free. Says to all the children. "Let them come to Me." 3 "Let them come in welcome

To My bleeding side; To secure their pardon, I was crucified: They may be forgiven; From the law set free; I, the Lord, have risen, Let them come to Me.

4 Jesus, we are coming To Thy loving arms. Safely there reposing. Sin no longer harms. From the wiles of Satan Thou can'st set us free: Though we're little children.

We will come to Thee. From "Song Life," by permission of Sunday School Union.

565

ITERE'S a message of love Come down from above. To invite little children to heaven: In God's blessed book Poor sinners may look.

And see how all sin is forgiven. For there they may read How Jesus did bleed,

His life everlasting to give; He cleanseth the soul. He maketh us whole.

That with Him in heaven we may live. And then, when they die.

He takes them on high. To be with Him in heaven above: For so kind is His heart,

That He never will part From a child that has tasted His love. And oh! what delight

In heaven so bright.

When they see the dear Saviour's face, On His beauty to gaze, And sing to His praise,

And rejoice in His boundless grace!

Bymns for Boys' Meetings.

7 IGHT in the darkness, sailor, day

is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair haven's land.

Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er:

Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore:

Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar; Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to

self no more! Leave the poor old stranded wreck

and pull for the shore.

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail:

1 Tthe gale:

will fail; {the gale; Stronger the surges dash and fiercer Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;

Watch the "Bright and Morning Star," and pull for the shore.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor; uplift the eye;

Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh: [more, Safe in the life-boat, sailor; sing ever-

Safe in the life-boat, sailor; sing ever-"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" Pull for the shore.

567 87, 87.
COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Let the road be rough and dreary, And its end far out of sight. Foot it bravely! strong or weary, Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish policy and cunning, Perish all that fears the light! Whether losing, whether winning, Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule, and safest guiding, Inward peace, and inward might, Star upon our path abiding— Trust in God, and do the right. 5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,

Some will flatter, some will slight: Cease from man, and look above thee; Trust in God, and do the right.

VOU'RE starting, my boy, on life's

Journey,

Along the grand highway of life:

You'll meet with a thousand tempta-Each city with evil is rife. [tions, This world is a stage of excitement,

There's danger wherever you go; But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

Have courage, my boy, to say No!.. Have courage, my boy, to say No!.. Have courage, my boy, Have courage,

my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

2 In Jesus alone lies your safety, When you the long journey begin; Your trust in a heavenly Father

Will keep you unspotted from sin. Temptations will go on increasing, As streams from a rivulet flow;

But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

3 Be careful in choosing companions: Seek only the brave and the true,

And stand by your friend when in trial. Ne'er changing the old for the new. And when by false friends you are tempted

The taste of the wine-cup to know.
With firmness, with patience and kindness.

Have courage, my boy, to say No!

569 87.

O! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from afar!

Sons of earth, from slumber waking, Hail the Bright and Moraing Star! Hear the call! oh, gird your armeur Grasp the Spirit's mighty sword, [on, Take the helmet of salvation.

Pressing on to battle for the Lord!

2 Trust in Him who is your Captain, Let no heart in terror quail;

Jesus leads the gathering legions; In His name we shall prevail.

3 Onward marching, firm and steady, Faint not, fear not Satan's frown, For the Lord is with you alway, "Till you wear the victor's crown.

P.M.

4 Conquering hosts with banners wav-

Sweeping on o'er hill and plain, Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

MARCH to the battle-field!

March on with sword and shield!
March on! the foe shall yield
To Christ our King.

Onward! ye faithful band, Onward! at His command, Onward! nor halting stand, But loudly sing:

"This is the victory," "this is the victory," [way; "This is the victory," we sing by the This is the victory, this is the victory, This is the victory, and Faith gains the day.

3 Stand firm against thy foes; Stand, though a host oppose; Stand! well our Leader knows Our conflicts all: "Fear not," He says to thee, "Fear not, but valiant be! Fear not, but trust in Me! The foe must fall."

3 Fight, though thy foes increase; Fight, till the dawn of peace; Fight, till the war shall cease; Then shout and sing:
Shout then triumphantly, Shout, shout the victory; Shout, "Glory be to Thee, O Lord, our King!"

571 11's.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war. [before: Looking unto Jesus, who is gone Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe; [go, Forward into battle, see, his banners Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war, [before.]

Looking unto Jesus, who is gone
2 At the name of Jesus Satan's host
dothflee;
On then, Christian soldiers, on to
victory!

Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise:

of praise:
Brothers, lift your voices: loud your anthems raise.

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3 Like a mighty army, moves the church of God:
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;

We are not divided, all one body we, One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane; But the church of Jesus constant will

remain:
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that
church prevail;

We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song;

Glory, praise, and honour, unto Christ the King;

This through countless ages men and angels sing.

P.E.

572
COUND the battle cry,
See! the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high
For the Lord!
Gird your armour on,
Stand firm every one.

Rest your cause upon

His holy word!

Rouse then, soldiers! rally round the banner!

Ready, steady, pass the word along; Onward! forward! shout aloud Hosanna! [throng! Christ is Captain of the mighty

> 2 Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and bauner bright Gleaming in the light, Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail!

3 O Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call?
Help us, one and all,
By Thy grace:
When the battle's dome,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the orown
Before Thy face!

573

11 11, 11 11. VIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin:

Each victory will help you some other to win:

Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue.

Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you: He is willing to aid you. He'll carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language

disdain. God's name hold in rev'rence, nor

take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, kindhearted and true, Tthrough. Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you

3 To Him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown.

Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down:

He, who is our Saviour, our strength will renew: [through. Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you 574

WE'RE marching to Cansan with banner and song,

We're soldiers enlisted to fight 'gainst the wrong:

But lest in the conflict our strength

should divide. We ask. Who among us is on the Lord's side?

Oh, who is there among us. The true and the tried. Who'll stand by his colours? Who's on the Lord's side?

2 The sword may be burnished, the armour be bright.

For Satan appears as an angel of light: Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide.

While lips are professing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod, Who knows not the pardoning mercy

of God P Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart

in its pride; Oh, haste while He's waiting, and seek the Lord's side.

4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain, or the wrong, For soon shall our sighing be changed

into song ; So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide.

We'll shout as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side ! "

575

76, 76.

WE'RE marching to the conflict In heavenly armour clad. We're singing as we're marching, For Jesus makes us glad: We know we shall be victors When ends this mortal strife. For Jesus leads His army.

The "Children of the Light." Marching to the conflict In heavenly armour clad.

We're singing as we're marching, For Jesus makes us glad. 2 We're marching to the conflict, And guarding every part:

The shield of Faith is turned to stay And quench each flery dart; Stronger than bands of iron. Truth girds us for the strife:

King Jesus is the Way, the Truth. And our eternal Life. 3 We're marching to the conflict,

And, till the tumult cease, Our feet are always carrying Sweet messages of Peace I To those who, faint and weary,

Steel their proud hearts no more, But wide to Christ, their Saviour King,

Open the long-closed door.

4 Bright on each head there glitters Salvation for a crest. Earnest to every warrior child

Of God's eternal rest. Each heart is safely sheltered Neath Christ's own Righteousness, More lasting covering by far

Than our poor soiled dress.

5 We're marching to the conflict, Grasping our two-edged sword. Which never yet returnèd void, For 'tis God's holy word.

Its point is sharp for ever, Both hilt and blade are proof, For forged it was by God's own hand,

His blessed word of truth.

6 We're marching on to conquest. And soon we all shall stand, Waving the palm of victory. On heaven's golden strand;

On heaven's golden strand; Blessing the day when Jesus' voice Called us from shades of night To join His victor army,

The "Children of the Light."

576

COWING the seed by the daylight
fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, [our might;

Sown in our weakness or sown in Gathered in time or eternity, Sure, ah sure, will the harvest be!

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die, Sowing the seed where the thorns will

spoil, Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened

brain, Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of eternal shame: Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops

start; Sowing in hope till the reapers come Gladly to gather the harvest home: Oh, what shall the harvest be?

FIGHT the good fight with all the Might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,

Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face; Life with its way before us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

8 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide; His boundless meroy will provide; Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove, Christ is its life, and Christ its love. 4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near, He changeth not, and thou art dear; Only believe, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

578
ONLY an armour-bearer, firmly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's comMarching if "onward" shall the

order be; Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Hear ye the battle-cry, "Forward!"

See, see the faltering ones, backward they fall:

Surely my Captain will remember me, [be. Though but an armour-bearer I may

2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the field.

Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield:

Waiting to hear the thrilling battlecry, [am L" Ready then to answer, "Master, here

3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share, [wear; Glory immortal, and a bright crown If in the battle to my true I was a

If in the battle to my trust I'm trus.

Mine shall be the honours in the grand review.

579

STANDING by a purpose true, Heeding God's command, Honour them, the faithful few! All hail to Daniel's band!

Dare to be a Daniel!
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known.

2 Many mighty men are lost, Daring not to stand, Who for God had been a host By joining Daniel's band.

3 Many giants, great and tall, Stalking through the land, Headlong to the earth would fall, If met by Daniel's band.

4 Hold the gospel banner high! On to victory grand! Satan and his host defy.

Satan and his host defy, And shout for Daniel's band. 580 P.M. H, what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you going to do? You have thought of some useful

labour, But what is the end in view?

You are fresh from the home of your boyhood,

And just in the bloom of youth: Have you tasted the sparkling water That flows from the fount of truth? Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping?

Remember He died for you! Then what are you going to do,

brother P Say, what are you going to do?

3 Will you honour His cause and king-Wherever your path may be, dom. And stand as a bright example, That others your light may see? Are you willing to live for Jesus. And ready the cross to bear?

Are you willing to meet reproaches-The frowns of the world to share? Your lot may perhaps be humble, But God has a work for you; Then what are you going to do, brother?

Say, what are you going to do? From "American Sacred Songster," by permission of the Sunday School Union.

581

65, D. MARCH along together, Many eyes are watching. Taking note of you. Pleasant winds or foul ones, Cloudy days or bright. Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right!

Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right!

2 Raise on high your banner. That its folds may fly Like the wing of eagle Sweeping to the sky. If you wish to conquer Every foe you fight, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right !

8 Of your heavenly Father Strength and courage seek-Swords are to no purpose Digitized by If the heart be weakEvery arm endowing With a warrior's might: Keep to the right, boys. Keep to the right!

4 Love should be your motto. Duty be your aim, Ever "overcoming" Till a crown you claim: For a fame undying Strive with all your might':

Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right!

582 98, 98, D BROTHER, life's journey begin-

With courage and firmness arise! Look well to the course thou art

choosing:

Be earnest, be watchful, and wise! Remember, two paths are before thee, And both thy attention invite:

But one leadeth on to destruction. The other to joy and delight. God help you to follow His banner. And serve Him wherever you go;

And when you are tempted, my brother. God give you the grace to say "No!"

2 O brother, yield not to the tempter. No matter what others may do: Stand firm in the strength of the Master,

Be loyal, be faithful and true! Each trial will make you the stronger. If you, in the name of the Lord. Fight manfully under your Leader. Obeying the voice of His word.

3 O brother, the Saviour is calling! Beware of the danger of sin : Resist not the voice of the Spirit. That whispers so gently within.

God calls you to enter His service-To live for Him here, day by day, And share by and by in the glory That never shall vanish away.

588 WHEREVER we may go, by night

or day, A loving voice within doth gently say: My son, from ev'ry sinful way depart; Be Satan's slave no more, "Give Me thy heart!"

'Give Me thy heart, give Me thy heart; O weary wandering child, give Me thy

beart."

2 Slight not that voice so kind, but gladly hear. And choose the Lord to-day, while

He is near: He will His pardoning love to thee

impart: Oh, hear Him calling still, " Give Me

thy heart!"

3 We may have chosen long from Him Come: to roam: Yet He will welcome us, if we but Oh, may we not delay, but quickly start-

While Jesus sayeth still, "Give Me

thy heart i"

584 P.M. CAY, where is thy refuge, my brother?

And what is thy prospect to-day? Why toil for the wealth that will

perish-

The treasures that rust and decay? Oh, think of thy soul, that for ever Must live on eternity's shore,

When thou in the dust art forgotten, When pleasure can charm thee no

more.

'Twill profit thee nothing. but fearful the cost.

To gain the whole world, if thy soul should be lost.

2 The summer is waning, my brother: Repent ere the season is past!

God's goodness to thee is extended As long as the day-beam shall last: Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that

Nor-say, when the harvest is ended.

That no one hath cared for thy soul.

585 CHRISTIAN, awake! for the strife is at hand: With helmet and shield, and a sword

in thy hand. To meet the bold tempter, go fear-

lessly, go!

And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

Stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware. But turn not thy back, for no armour

is there:

The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow. Then stand like the brave with thy

face to the foe.

3 The cause of thy Master with vigour defend:

Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end: fgo!

Wherever He leads thee, go valiantly, And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

4 Press on, never doubting! thy Captain is near.

With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer :

His love, like a stream in the desert. will flow; Then stand like the brave with thy

face to the foe.

586 ARCH onward, march onward! our M banner of light

Is waving before us majestic and bright:

March onward through trial, temptation, and strife, No rest from the conflict—the battle of

Press forward, look upward, be strong in the Lord.

Our hope in His mercy, our trust in His word:

Press forward, look upward, march homeward and sing. "All glory to Jesus, to Jesus our 2 March onward, undaunted, whate'er

may oppose; The sword of the Spirit will vanquish

our foes: Though legions of darkness our path-

way assail, If prayer be our watchword, they

cannot prevail. 3 The shaft of the tempter will strike,

but in vain. Our buckler of faith in Immanuel's The storm-cloud may gather, the

thunder may roll. Yet God is the Refuge and Rock of

the soul. 4 March onward, oh, vision of rapture

untold! behold The victors for Jesus ere long shall The land of our promise, the home of our rest.

And dwell with our Captain eternally

587

65. D. TTHO is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His helpers Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?

Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side?

Who for Him will go?

By Thy grand redemption. By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side: Saviour, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory. Not for crown and palm. Enter we the army. Raise the warrior-psalm: But for love that claimeth Lives for whom He died: He whom Jesus nameth

Must be on His side! 3 Jesus. Thou hast bought us. Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood, For Thy diadem : With Thy blessing filling All who come to Thee,

Thou hast made us willing. Thou hast made us free.

4 Fierce may be the conflict, Strong may be the foe: But the King's own army None can overthrow; Round His standard ranging, Victory is secure. For His truth unchanging

Makes the triumph sure.

588 P.M. ARCH along! march along! L Singing a glad, triumphant song : Sing of the love of God to me. Sing of His grace so rich and free; Sing of His goodness by the way, Sing how He keeps me day by day. Sing of the mercy, sing of the love.

Keeping my soul for glory above; March along! march along! Singing a glad, triumphant song.

2 March along! march along! Singing a glad, triumphant song: Sing what He tells me in His word. Brightest and best that e'er was heard! Sing how my Saviour came to die, Sing how He lives and reigns on high.

3 March along! march along! Singing a glad, triumphant song : Sing how He loved my soul so well, Ransomed with blood from sin and hell:

Sing how His precious blood was spilt, Washing away my deepest guilt.

4 March along! march along! Singing a glad, triumphant song: Sing of my Jesus, strong to save ; Sing of His victory o'er the grave; Sing how He rose from death and night, Bringing my soul to endless light.

589

ARE to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no other

can do: Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well, Angels will hasten the story to tell. Dare, dare, dare to do right! Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare to be true! dare to be true!

2 Dare to do right! dare to be true! God, who created you, cares for you ones shed. Tressures the tears that His striving Counts and protects every hair of vour head.

3 Dare to do right! dare to be true! Keep the great judgment-seat always in view : fat it then. Look at your work as you'll look Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

4 Dare to do right! dare to be true! Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you sight. through: City and mansion, and throne all in Can you not dare to be true and do

right? 590

P.M. OH, we are volunteers in the army of the Lord, Forming into line at our Captain's

We are under marching orders to take the battle-field,

And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield. Come and join the army, the army

of the Lord: Jesus is our Captain ; we rally at His word s

Sharp will be the conflict with the | 592

powers of sin. But with such a Leader we are sure to win.

2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove. Gleaming are our swords from the

forge of love : We go forth, but not to battle for

earthly honours vain: 'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.

3 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side : Envy, anger, hatred, with self and

pride: They are cruel, flerce, and strong, ever ready to attack;

We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them back.

4 Oh, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword. Glorious is the kingdom of Christ

our Lord! It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore.

And His people shall be blessed for evermore.

Hymns for Morkers and Teachers. 591 76,76, D.

X/E gather in the children From every street and lane, To train them up for Jesus, Eternal life to gain. For this we band together. And join our fervent prayer,

That Christ, the gracious Teacher, Would bless our earnest care.

2 We gather in the children. Devoutly to impart The Saviour's blessed gospel To every youthful heart. Oh, may the Spirit guide us. His holy words to trace; And while we try to teach them. May He bestow the grace.

3 We gather in the children. With loving hearts and true: And may we ne'er grow weary, While there is aught to do! Though hard may be our labour. Though toiling may be long, And tears bedew the sowing.

We'll bind the sheaves with song.

IN the harvest-field there is work to do. For the grain is ripe, and the reapers And the Master's voice bids the workers true

Heed the call that He gives to-day. Labour on, . . . labour on! . . .

Keep the bright reward in view: 'Tis the Saviour's command; He will strength renew!

Labour on till the close of day. 2 Crowd the garner well with the

sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad, and the heart be light:

Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night

Take the place of the golden day! 3 In the gleaner's path may be rich reward,

Though the time seems long, and the labour hard:

For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared. fdav. Drives the gloom from the darkest

4 Lo! the "harvest home" in the realms above Shall be gained by each who has toiled

and strove, When the Master's voice, in sweet words of love.

Calls away to eternal day.

593 10 10, 10 10 OH, where are the reapers that garner in .

The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin ? With sickles of truth must the work

[vest home." And no one may rest till the "har-Where are the reapers? Oh, who

will come And share in the glory of "har-

vest home"? Oh, who will help us to garner is The sheaves of good from the

fields of sin? 2 Go out in the byeways and search

them all:

The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall:

Then search in the highway, and pass none by, Thigh. But gather from all for the home on 3 The fields are all ripening, and far and wide The world now is waiting the harvest-tide : But reapers are few, and the work is

great, And much will be lost should the har-

vest wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of

And gather together the golden grain: Toil on till the Lord of the harvest

Then share in the joy of the "harvest home."

594 -

P.M. HOW many sheep are straying,

Lost from the Saviour's fold! Upon the lonely mountain They shiver with the cold; Within the tangled thickets. Where poison-vines do creep.

And over rocky ledges Wander the poor, lost sheep.

> Oh, come, let us go and find them: In the paths of death they roam; At the close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say.

"I have brought some lost one home."

2 Oh, who will go to find them? Who, for the Saviour's sake. Will search with tireless patience Through brier and through brake? Unheeding thirst or hunger. Who still, from day to day, Will seek, as for a treasure.

The sheep that go astray?

8 Say, will you seek to find them? From pleasant bowers of ease. Will you go forth determined To find the "least of these"? For still the Saviour calls them. And looks across the wold, And still He holds wide open The door into His fold.

4 How sweet 'twould be at evening. If you and I could say, "Good Shepherd, we've been seeking

The sheep that went astray! Heart-sore and faint with hunger, We heard them making moan. And, lo! we come at nightfall, And bear them safely home."

595

TO the work! to the work! we are servants of God. has trod: Let us follow the path that our Master With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,

Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, Let us hope and trust, [toiling on: Let us watch and pray.

And labour till the Master comes.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed. The led! To the fountain of life let the weary In the cross and its banner our glory [tion is free!" shall be,

While we herald the tidings, "Salva-3 To the work! to the work! there is labour for all, Shall fall! For the kingdom of darkness and error

And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be,

In the loud-swelling chorus, "Salvation is free!"

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,

And a robe and a grown shall our labour reward, When the home of the faithful our

dwelling shall be. And we shout with the ransomed,

"Salvation is free!"

596 P.M. H the bitter shame and sorrow. That a time could ever be,

When I let the Saviour's pity Plead in vain, and proudly answered, "All of self, and none of Thee." 2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him

Bleeding on the accursed tree, Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"

And my wistful heart said faintly— "Some of self, and some of Thee." 3 Day by day His tender mercy,

Healing, helping, full, and free, Sweet and strong, and, oh! so patient, Brought me lower, while I whispered, "Less of self, and more of Thee,"

4 Higher than the highest heavens, Deeper than the deepest sea. Lord, Thy love at last has conquered: Grant me now my supplication-"None of self, and all of Thee."

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus, our Lord, is nigh
Wake, brethren, wake!

Sleep is for sons of night, Ye are children of the light, Yours is the glory bright; Wake, brethren, wake!

2 Call to each waking band, Watch, brethren, watch! Clear is our Lord's command, Watch, brethren, watch! Be ye as men that wat Always at the Master's gate, E'en though He tarry late:

Watch, brethren, watch!

8 Heed we the steward's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all,
Work, brethren, work!
This vineyard of our Lord
Constant labour will afford:
Yours is a sure reward;
Work, brethren, work!

4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the strong One near:
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray!

5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is the Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to lead the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!

598

JESUS, in Thy blest name,
With joyful hearts we meet,
In fellowship with saints above,
Around the mercy-seat,

2 Lord, animate our hearts
With fervent love to Thee,
And nerve each fainting warrior here
With holy energy!

With joyfulness we wait
To see our Master's face;
Come, Jesus, to Thy waiting ones,
And fill this lowly place!

4 Fill it with light and love, Fill it with power divine, And may Thy children hence depart, Fresh sealed and signed as Thine!

DRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah, our God, Declare, oh declare ye His glories

abroad; Proclaim ye His mercy from nation

to nation,
Till the uttermost islands have heard
His salvation.

For His love floweth on, free and full as a river, And His mercy endureth for

ever and ever.

2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sinners was slain,

Who went down to the grave and ascended again;

And who soon shall return when these dark days are o'er, To set up His kingdom in glory and

To set up His kingdom in glory and power.

3 Her bridal attire and her festal array

All nature shall wear on that glorious day; For her King cometh down with His

people to reign,
And His presence shall bless her

with Eden again.

800 P.E.
SOWING in the morning, sowing Seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the

dewy eves:
Waiting for the harvest, and the time
of reaping:

of reaping:
We shall come rejoicing, bringing
in the sheaves!

Bringing in the sheaves! Bringing in the sheaves! We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves!

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fasring neither clouds now winters

Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;

By and by the harvest, and the labour ended,

we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!

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601 P. M.
WHEN my final farewell to the world I have said.

And gladly lie down to my rest; When softly the watchers shall say "He is dead," [breast:

And fold my pale hands o'er my And when, with my glorified vision, at last

The walls of that "city" I see, Will any one then, at the beautiful

gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?

Be waiting ... and watching!... Be waiting and watching for me?

2 There are little ones glancing about in my path

In want of a friend and a guide; There are dear little eyes looking up into mine.

Whose tears could be easily dried:
But Jesus may beckon the children
away, [glee-

In the midst of their grief or their Will any of them, at the beautiful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?

3 There are old and forsaken, who linger awhite have left, In the homes which their dearest And an action of love, or a few gentle

words,
Might cheer the sad spirit bereft.

But the reaper is near to the longstanding corn,

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The weary shall soon be set free: Will any of these, at the beautiful gate, Be waiting and watching for me?

There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love; [street; There are wretched ones pacing the There are friendless and suffering strangers around; [meet:

There are tempted and poor I must There are many unthought of, whom, happy and blest,

In the land of the leal I shall see; Will any of them, at the beautiful

gate, Be waiting and watching for me?

I may be brought there by the manifold grace [give, Of the Saviour who loves to for-Though I bless not the weary ones

near to my side, Pray only for self while I live: 2200 But I think I should mourn o'er my selfish neglect.

If sorrow in heaven could be,
If no one should stand at the beautiful gate,

Just waiting and watching for me!

MY heart is resting, | O my | God,
I | will give | thanks and | sing:
My heart is at the | secret | source
U | every | precious | thing.

2 Now the frail vessel | Thou hast | made.

No | hand but | Thine shall | fill;
The waters of the | earth have | failed,
And | I am | thirsty | still.

3 I thirst for springs of | heavenly | life, And | here all | day they | rise; I seek the treasure | of Thy | love, And | close at | hand it | lies.

4 And a "new song" is | in my | mouth,
To | long-loved | music | set;
Glory to Thee for | all the | grace

I | have not | tasted | yet [
5 I have a heri | tage of | joy,

That | yet I | must not | see;
The hand that bled to | make it | mine
Is | keeping | it for | me.

6 There is a certain | ty of | love, That | sets my | heart at | rest; A calm assurance | for to- | -day, That | to be | poor is | best;

7 A prayer reposing | on Thy | truth, Who | hast made | all things | mine; That draws my captive | will to | Thee, And | makes it | one with | Thine.

603

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying:
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,

Rich reward He offers thee; Who will answer, gladly saying,

"Here am I; send me, send me"?

2 If you cannot speak like angels,

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,

You can say He died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children

To the Saviour's waiting arms.

3 Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do, While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you. Take the task He gives you gladly, Let His work your pleasure be; Answer quickly when He calleth, "Here am I, send me, send me!"

4 If, among the older people. You may not be apt to teach, "Feed My lambs," said Christ our Shepherd, " Place the food within their reach." And it may be that the children You have led with trembling hand-Will be found among your jewels, When you reach the better land.

604

87, 87, D. "MALL them in"-the poor, the

wretched. Sin-stained wanderers from the fold: Peace and pardon freely offer: Can you weigh their worth with gold P

"Call them in "-the weak, the weary, Laden with the doom of sin: Bid them come and rest in Jesus, He is waiting: "Call them in.

2 "Call them in "-the Jew, the Gentile: Bid the stranger to the feast: "Call them in"—the rich, the noble, From the highest to the least. Forth the Father runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrows seen: Robe and ring and royal sandals Wait the lost ones: "Call them in."

3 "Call them in "—the little children Tarrying far away . . . away; Wait-oh, wait not for to-morrow, Christ would have them come to-day. Follow on! the Lamb is leading! He has conquered-we shall win: Bring the halt and blind to Jesus: He will heal them: "Call them

4 "Call them in "-the broken-hearted. Cowering 'neath the brand of shame; Speak love's message low and tender-Twas for sinners Jesus came: See! the shadows lengthen round us. Soon the day-dawn will begin: Can you leave them lost and lonely? Christ is coming: "Call them in."

605

88,88,2

TNHE streets of the city are full Of poor little perishing souls, Who wander away from the light In places that Satan controls! They see not the snare at their feet: They know not the danger they're

O Saviour, can these be Thy lambs. So changed and disfigured by sin? Famishing, perishing every day: Lambs of the flock, how they go astray!

2 Then out of the desert of sin. And out of the darkness of night, Go, bring the dear lambs to the flock, And lead them up into the light. Their voices with tenderness train. Their wilfulness try to subdue; Be patient and tender with them, As Christ has been patient with you

606

DEVIVE Thy work, O Lord! I Now to Thy saints appear! Oh, speak with power to every soul, And let Thy people hear! Revive Thy work, O Lord! . . . While here to Thee we bow: . . Descend, O gracious Lord, descend! Oh, come, and bless us now!

Revive Thy work. O Lord! Exalt Thy precious name! And may Thy love in every heart Be kindled to a flame!

Revive Thy work, O Lord! And bless to all Thy word! And may its pure and sacred truth In living faith be heard!

Revive Thy work, O Lord! Give pentecostal showers! Be Thine the glory, Thine alone! The blessing, Lord, be ours!

607 QAVIOUR! Thy dying love Thos O gavest me, Nor should I aught withhold, my Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow.

My heart fulfil its vow. Some offering bring Thee now. Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat, pleading for me, [Thee:

My feeble faith looks, up. Jesus, to Help me the cross to bear. Thy wondrous love declare. Some song to raise, or prayer-Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—likeness to Thee-

That each departing day henceforth may see

Some work of love begun. Some deed of kindness done, Some wanderer sought and won, Something for Thee.

All that I am and have—Thy gifts so [for Thee! free-In joy, in grief, through life, O Lord,

And when Thy face I see. My ransomed soul shall be, Through all eternity, Something for Thee.

608

NOTHING but leaves! the Spirit O'er sins indulged while conscience slept.

O'er vows and promises unkept, And reaps, from years of strife-Nothing but leaves! nothing but

leaves! 2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered

sheaves

Of life's fair ripening grain: We sow our seeds ; lo, tares and weeds! Words, idle words, for earnest deeds: We reap with toil and pain—

Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves

No veil to bide the past: And as we trace our weary way. [day. Counting each lost and misspent Sadly we find at last-

Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves !

▲ Ah! who shall thus the Master meet, Bearing but withered leaves? Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet, Before the awful judgment-seat, Lay down for golden sheaves Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves?

609

10, labour on; spend, and be spent,

Thy joy to do the Father's will; It is the way the Master went : Should not the servant tread it still ?

2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for naught; Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain: Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee

not: The Master praises ;—what are men?

3 Go, labour on; your hands are weak, Your knees are faint, your soul cast down:

Yet falter not; the prize you seek Is near, a kingdom and a crown.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;

Be wise the erring soul to win; Go forth into the world's highway, Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice; For toil comes rest, for exile home: Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice.

The midnight cry, '" Behold, I come!"

610

WHEN this passing world is done, When has sunk you radiant sun, When I stand with Christ on high, Looking o'er life's history: Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne, Dressed in beauty not my own; When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with unsinning heart: Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear, Loud as thunder to the ear, Loud as many waters' noise, Sweet as harp's melodious voice: Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.

4 E'en on earth, as through a glass, Darkly let Thy glory pass: Make forgiveness feel so sweet, Make Thy Spirit's help so meet :-E'en on earth, Lord, let me know Something of the debt I owe.

5 Chosen not for good in the, Wakened up from wrath to fiee: Hidden in the Saviour's side, By the Spirit sanctified— Teach me, Lord, on earth to show, By my love, how much I owe.

PRAISE God, ye seraphs bright,
Praise Him, ye sons of light,
Jesus adore!

What earthly choirs can swell, What mortal tongues can tell, Thy love, Immanuel? God evermore!

2 Come, saints, in God rejoice; Lift up a mighty voice; Sing to the Lamb! For us His blood was shed, For us His blood was shed, His foes discomfited! Praise the I AM!

3 Soon shall we see His face,
Wearing no mournful trace—
Oh, what a sight!
Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Come, waiting child, away!
Lo, now has dawned the day,
That knows not night!"

JESUS, the sinner's Friend!
We hide ourselves in Thee:

God looks upon Thy sprinkled blood,— It is our only plea.

2 He hears Thy precious name, We claim it as our own: The Father must accept and bless

His well-beloved Son.

He sees Thy spotless robe,
It covers all our sin;

It covers all our sin;
The golden gates have welcomed Thee,
And we may enter in.

4 Thou hast fulfilled the law, And we are justified:

Ours is the blessing, Thine the curse; We live, for Thou hast died!

5 Jesus, the sinner's Friend! We cannot speak Thy praise! No mortal voice can sing the song That ransomed hearts would raise.

6 But when before the throne,
Upon the glassy sea.

Upon the glassy sea, [white. Clothed in our blood-bought robes of Wc stand complete in Thee:

7 Jesus, we'll give Thee then Such praises as are meet, And cast ten thousand golden crowns, Adoring, at Thy feet!

PRAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer:

Sing, O earth! His wonderful love

Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glory.

angels in glory, Strength and honour give to His

holy name.

Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard

His children

His children,
In His arms He carries them all day long:

O ye saints that dwell in the mountains of Zion! [joyful song.
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in

2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus our blessed Redeemer.

blessed Redeemer, For our sins He suffered and bled

and died! He, our Rock, our hope of eternal

salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus the
crucified:—

Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow, Crowned with thorns that cruelly

pierced His brow; Once for us rejected, despised, and

forsaken, [now. Prince of glory, ever triumphant

3 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, Heavenly portals loud with home

nas ring!

Jesus Saviour reigneth for according

Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever,

Crown Him! crown him! Prophet and Priest and King!

and Priest and King!
Death is vanquished! Tell it with
joy, ye faithful; [grave?

joy, ye faithful; [grave? Where is now thy victory, boasting Jesus lives! no longer thy portals are cheerless; [to save.

cheerless; [to save. Jesus lives, the mighty and strong 614.

O SAVIOUR, we adore Thee!

We bless Thy precious name,
That Thou abidest faithful,
That Thou art still the same,

As when Thy children saw Thee, And heard Thy loving voice, "Behold My hands, and touch Me! Oh, fear not, but rejoice!"

2 We cried to Thee for succour, We looked for light to Thee; Thy smile our souls has gladdened With holy radiancy! And now with quickened footsteps We'll run our heavenly way, Thull the shadows vanish,

Until the break of day!

We've sat beside the river,
And tasted of Thy grace;
We long to drink the fountain,
And see Thee face to face!

Sweet, sweet have been the moments
That we have spent in prayer;
But oh, the holy worship

Wherewith we'll praise Thee there!

4 Come, let us blend our voices
With yonder choirs above;
Swell, swell the mighty anthem
Which tells that "God is love!"
Soon shall the fainting warrior,
Soon shall the pilgrim band,
Have fought the last great battle,

Have reached the promised land!

5 Almighty Lord, we bless Thee!
Eternal Father, Son,
And Holy, Holy Spirit—
Mysterious Three in One!
Thou hast done mighty marvels
Before our wondering gaze:
We've Learnt that Thou art faithful

In all Thy words and ways!

615
P.M.

LOVED with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know,

Spirit, breathing from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so!
Oh! this full and perfect peace!
Oh! this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease,

In a love which cannot cease,
I am His, and He is mine.

2 Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is aweeter green!
Something lives in every hue
Ohristless eyes have never seen:
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His, and He is mine.

3 Things that once were wild alarms Cannot now disturb my rest; Closed in everlasting arms, Pillowed on the loving breast:

Oh! to lie for ever here, Doubt and care and self resign.

While He whispers in my car-I am His, and He is mine.

4 His for ever, only His;
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss,
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
Firstborn light in gloom decline;
But while God and I shall be.

I am His, and He is mine.

616

L.M.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek

Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the erring feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed

Thy hungry ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,

I may stretch out a loving hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Obsteach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
[reach

And wing my words, that they may The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me, That I may speak, with soothing

power, A word in season, as from Thee, To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord, Until my very heart o'erfow

In kindling thought and glowing word, [show. Thy love to tell, Thy praise to

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me, Just as Thou wilt, and when, and

where, Until Thy blessed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share 617

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Oh, lead me by Thine own right hand.
Choose Thou the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough. It will be still the best; Winding or straight, it can but lead Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;

But choose Thou for me, O my God, So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sorrow fill, As ever best to Thee may seem: Choose Thou my good or ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends. My sickness or my bealth : Choose Thou my every care for me, My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small: Be Thou to me my Guide, my Strength, My Wisdom! and my All.

618

76, D. WORK, for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours. Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers: Work, when the day grows brighter. Work in the glowing sun : Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming. Work through the sunny noon: Fill brightest hours with labour. Rest comes sure and soon. Give every flying minute Something to keep in store: Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming. Under the sunset skies: While their bright tints are glowing. Work, for daylight flies. Work, till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more:

Work, while the night is darkening. When man's work is o'er.

619

D.S.M. ONVERT our children, Lord! As teachers this we seek: For this we look, and hope, and long, And labour week by week. Convert our children, Lord! Our souls in earnest cry;

Get glory to Thy holy name. And bring salvation nigh.

Convert our children, Lord! Their evil hearts subdue: And by Thy grace and Spirit's power Create them all anew.

Convert our children, Lord! Oh, save their souls from death; Give them to know Thee and Thy ways,

And walk with Thee by faith.

Convert our children, Lord! Do not the work delay; Hallow the spring-time of their life. The morning of their day.

620

O to the hedges and broad highway, Gather them into the fold: Hasten! the Saviour's command obey. Gather them into the fold.

Ga. . . ther them in! Ga. . . ther them in! . Ga. . . ther them! Ga ther them !

Gather them into the fold!

2 Gather them in, both the rich and Gather them into the fold: Open to all is the gospel door. Gather them into the fold!

3 Gather them in from the lane and street, Gather them into the fold:

Gather them in with your songs so sweet.

Gather them into the fold!

4 Gather them in with a glowing love. Gather them into the fold: Lead them along to the home above, Safe to the heavenly fold.

621

WE want the young for Jesus; Now in their youthful days, Oh, may they seek the Saviour, And early sing His praise!

2 We want the young for Jesus: On earth when He was here. With gentle, sweet affection He drew the children near.

3 And still He waits to bless them With fond and yearning love: Kind Shepherd! He would lead them Safe to the fold above.

4 We want the young for Jesus:
Be this our blest employ;
No mission could be nobler,
Or fraught with sweeter joy.

5 For e'en the tiniest jewel
Shall shine in Jesus' crown,
And sparkle there for ever
When time itself has flown.

AM Thine, O Lord; I have heard
Thy voice,
As it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, leded;
Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,
blessed Lord,

To Thy precious bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service,

Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a stedfast
hope,

And my will be lost in Thine.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour

That before Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,

I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know,

Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach.

Till I rest in peace with Thee.

BENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;

A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,

And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter!
O refuge tried and sweet!
O trysting-place where heaven's love

And heaven's justice meet!

As to the holy patriarch

That wondrous dream was given, So seems my Saviour's cross to me A ladder up to heaven. 3 There lies, beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That games both deep and wide.

That gapes both deep and wide:
And there between us stands the cross,

Two arms outstretched to save; Like a watchman set to guard the From that eternal grave. [way

From that eternal grave. [way
Upon that cross of Jesus

Mine eye at times can see The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me;

And from my smitten heart, with Two wonders I confess— [tears, The wonders of His glorious love

And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Christ, Thy shadow,
For my abiding place;

I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of Thy face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss—

My sinful self my only shame, My glory all the cross.

624

5

6

8. M.

A ND may I really tread The palace of my King, Gaze on the glory of His face,

And of His beauty sing?

I am not worthy, Lord,
Not worthy to draw near;
My feet are dusty with the way,

I hesitate—I fear!

"But wherefore tremble thus?
I washed Thee clean and white;

I decked thee with salvation's robe, Fairer than morning light!

4 "I hold thine hand in Mine, And as I walk beside, The pearly gates lift up their heads,

And for us open wide.
"They opened long ago,
Opened to let Me in.

When I, returning from the fight,
Had conquered death and sin!

"And they stand open still, Open, My child, for thee; Then enter in with joyfulness,

And use thy liberty!"

Jesus, I will draw nigh,
And in the "secret place"

Schold the beauty of my Lord

Behold the beauty of my Lord, And banquet on His grace! 625

S.M. HAVE a work, O Lord, Thou gavest it to me,— To lead into Thy pasture-word, and feed Thy lambs for Thee.

Dear Lord, I have a prayer,-Lest I Thy work should fiee, Impress my heart with watchful care To feed the lambs for Thee.

I feel so poor and weak. O Lord, my helper be: Oft in my ears Thy mandate speak, To feed the lambs for Thee.

It is a joy I crave-From thorny ways to free Thy little ones: to bless, to save. And feed the lambs for Thee.

Oh. blissful hope so bright, That I shall one day see Amidst the flowery fields of light The lambs I fed for Thee.

626 GOD be with you till we meet By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you: God be with you till we meet again!

Till we meet! . . . till we meet! . . . Till we meet at Jesus' feet! . . . Till we meet! . . . till we meet! . . . God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again !—-'Neath His wings securely hide you. Daily manna still provide you : God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again !-When life's perils thick confound you, Put His loving arms around you: God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again !-Keep love's banner floating o'er you. Smite death's threatening wave before you:

God be with you till we meet again!

627

87,4 ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing.

I Fill our hearts with joy and peace: Let us each. Thy love possessing.

Triumph in redeeming grace: Oh, refresh us!

Travelling through this wilderness. 2 Thanks we give, and adoration. For Thy gospel's joyful sound:

May the fruits of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound: May Thy presence

With us evermore be found! 3 So, whene'er the signal's given Us from earth to call away; Borne on angels' wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey.

May we ever Reign with Christ in endless day!

87.4

628

VES, we part, but not for ever. Joyful hopes our bosoms swell Those who love the Saviour never Know a long, a last farewell:

Blissful unions Lie beyond this passing vale.

2 Oh, what meetings are before us! Brighter far than tongue can tell-Glorious meetingr, to restore us Him with whom we long to dwell!

With what raptures Will the sight our bosoms swell!

3 Soon will cease our short-lived plea-

Soon will fade this earth away: Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures Wait the full redemption-day. Hail the rising

Of the wished for, new-born ray!

4 Thus we part, but not for ever; Joyful hopes our bosoms swell! They who love the Saviour never Know a last, a long farewell: Blissful unions

Lie beyond this parting vale.



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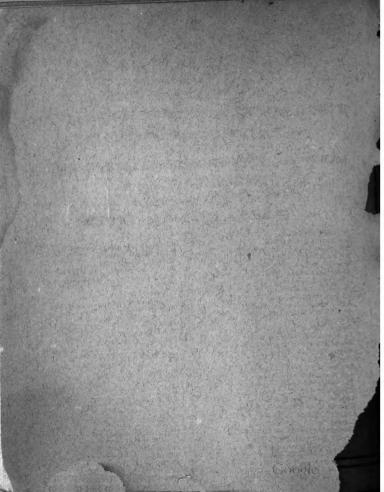
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A.M.D.G.

CHILDREN'S MASS.

[As the Priest enters.]

THE GOOD INTENTION.

My dear Jesus—may I do all for the love—the love of thee.

My Jesus, I do all for thee, for thou didst all for me.

[As Holy Mass begins.]

In the name of the Father and of the Son—and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Now Jesus Christ's true flesh and blood

Will be our sacrifice divine,
The same in mass as on the cross,
Though under forms of bread and
wine.

Offering of Holy Mass for the four ends.

We offer, then, the holy mass, Thee, our Creator, to adore; To thank thee for thy gracious gifts, And praise thy name for evermore.

We pray for pardon, and for grace
To change the lives that we have
led;

And beg thee, for Thy Son's dear sake.

To bless the living and the dead.

THE GOSPEL.

[Let us with the Cross of Jesus, sign our foreheads, lips, and hearts.]

Thy Gospel, Jesus, we believe, And for thy help we humbly pray, That we in thought, and word, and deed,

Thy holy Gospel may obey.

AT THE CREED.

Acts of Faith, Hops, Charity, and Contrition.

My God—I believe in thee, and all thy Church doth teach because thou hast said it,—and thy word is true.

My God, I hope in thee,—for grace and for glory,—because of thy promises, thy mercy, and thy power.

My God.—because thou art so good.—I love thee with all my heart,—and for thy sake, I love—my neighbour as myself.

ACT OF CONTRITION.

O my God, I am very sorry that I have sinned against thee, because thou art so good, and I will not sin again. [At the offertory is sung some hymn appropriate to the season.]

THE CANON.

Prayer for the Living.
O God, be ever with thy Church,
The Pope and all the priesthood
bless
Bless every day our parents dear;
Give them eternal happiness.

We pray for all who want our prayers
To all poor sinners mercy show;
Ah! why should Jesus die in vain
To save them from eternal wee?

Intercession of Saints.
We praise thy saints; may they for us

With Jesus kindly intercede; May Mary pray her sweetest prayer, To help her children in their need.

Before the Consecration.
O God, 'tis now the solemn hour,
When bread and wine are truly

made
The flesh and blood of Jesus Christ,
By words of Consecration said.

AFTER THE ELEVATION.

Act of Faith.

O Heavens, Earth! this wonder hear, What was but earthly bread and

wine,
By God Almighty's wondrous power
Is now Christ's flesh and blood
Divine.

So God has said, so we believe, The word of God cannot deceive.

Act of Adoration.

O Jesus, God, Creator, Judge,
Thee present, humbly we adore,
To thee in this great Sacrament
Be praise and glory evermore.
May every tongue to thee confess,
May every heartthy presence bless

Act of Petition.

Behold, O God, the precious blood Of Jesus on the altar lies; O Father, hear how Jesu's blood For grace and mercy loudly cries. To thee it speaketh to forgive: Forgive us then that we may live.

Prayer for the Dead.

The holy Sacrifice of Mass
Assists the souls in Purgatory,
Through this most holy sacrifice
O God of mercy hear their cry.
May they receive eternal rest,
And with the light of Heaven be blest

Act of Faith.

In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus.
Thou dost give thy flesh and blood,
With thy soul and Godhead also,
As our own most precious foodYes, dear Jesus. I believe it,
And thy presence I adore,
And with all my heart I love thee,

May I love thee more and more. Act of Desire.

Come, sweet Jesus, in thy mercy, Give thy flesh and blood to me; Come to me, O dearest Jesus, Come, my soul's true life to be.

Come, that I may live for ever, Thou in me, and I in thee; Living thus, I shall not perish, But shall live eternally.

Acts of Thanksgiving & Offering.

Blessed be the love of Jesus, Giving us his fiesh and blood; Blessed be His Mother Mary, Mother ever kind and good; Blessed be the great St. Joseph; Sing then with devotion true; Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Heart and sould give to gou.

[During the time the Priest is giving Communion, sing any appropriate hymn.]

The last Gospel.

Let us with the Cross of Jesus, sign our forcheads, lips, and hearts.

THANKSGIVING.

Great God, we thank thee for the grace

Of hearing Holy Mass this day, On Sundays may we always come To hear the Holy Mass and praye

Then may the grace of Holy Mass
Be with us still in all our need,
And keep us from the stain of siu,
In every thought, and word, and
deed.

HYMNS

PARAPHRASE OF THE TE DEUM.

HOLY God, we praise thy name! Lord of all we bow before thec. All on earth thy sceptre own,

All in Heaven above adore thee: Infinite thy vast domain, Everlasting is thy reign.

Hark! with loud and pealing hymns

Thee the angel choirs are praising!
Cherubim and Soraphim
One unceasing chorus raising,
Ever sing with sweet accord,
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!

Lo! the Apostolic choir
Joins to praise thy sacred name:

Thee the white-rob'd Martyrs band,
Thee the Prophets dread proclaim,
While from rise to set of sun,
Through the church the work goes
on!

Thee we worship, Father dread! Thee! His own begotten Son! Thee, O Holy Spirit Blest!
In Person Three—in Godhead Ones
And on low and bended knee,
Meekly own the mystery.

Hail! O King of Glory, Christ!
God's own Son-whose burning
love

The Virgin's womb did not despise.

Leading men to bliss above—
Rising in thy glory bright,
Thou didst opethe gates of light

Coming from thy Father's side, We thy glowing form shall see, Shall with fear and deepest awe Gaze, O Christ, our judge, on thee; When thy voice the world shall shake, And the slumbering dead shall wake.

Spare thy people, Lord! we pray,
By a thousand shares surrounded a

Keep us without sin to-day, Never let us be confounded. Lo! I put my trust in thee,

Never, Lord, ahandon me-

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

TE Deum laudamus : te Dominum confitemur.

Te æternum Patrem omnis terra

neratur.

Tibi omnes angeli, tibi cœli, et iverse potestates:

Tibi cherubim et seraphim, inssabili voce proclamant Sanctus,

nctus. Sanctus: Dominus Deus ibaoth:

Pleni sunt cœli et terra majestatis oriæ tuæ.

Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus.

Te Prophetarum laudabilis nuerus.

Te Martyrum candidatus laudat cercitus.

Te per orbem terrarum sancta con-

atur Ecclesia. Patrem immensæ majestatis.

Venerandum tuum verum et uniım Filium.

Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spitum.

Tu Rex gloriæ, Christe.

Te Patris sempiternus es Filius.

Tu ad liberandum suscepturus minem non horruisti Virginis erum. Tu devicto mortis aculæ, aperu-

ti credentibus regna cœlorum. Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes in gloria

atris. Judex crederis esse venturus.

Te ergo quesumus, tuis famuda b veni, quos pretioso sanguiæ demisti.

Eterna fac cum Sanctis tuis, in

oria numerari.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

WE praise thee, O God; weacknowledge thee to be the-Lord.

Thee, the Father everlasting, al" the earth doth worship.

To thee all angels; to thee, the-

heavens and all the powers: To thee, the cherubim and sara-

phim continually cry;

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

The heavens and the earth arefull of the majesty of thy glory.

Thee, the glorious choir of the Apostles:

Thee, the admirable company of Prophets:

Thee, the white-robed army of Martyrs praise. Thee, the holy Church throughout

the world doth acknowledge.

The Father of infinite majesty. Thine adorable, true, and only Son:

Also the Holy Ghost the Paraclete.

Thou, O Christ, art the King of

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

Thou, having taken upon thee todeliver man, didst nor abhor the Virgin's womb.

Thou having overcome the sting of death, hast opened to believers the kingdom of heaven.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

Thou, we believe, art the Judge to come.

We beseech thee, therefore, tohelp thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with. thy saints, in glory everlasting.

Salvum fac populum tuum, De-

Et rege eos, et extolle illos, usque in seculum seculi.

l'er singulos dies bonedicimus te.

Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæ--alum; et in sæculum sæculi.

Dignare, Domine, die isto, sine peccato nostri, Domine, miserere mostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos: quæmadmodum speravi-

In te, Domine, speravi; non con-

() Lord, save thy people; and bless thine inheritance. And govern them and lift them

up for ever.

Day by day we bless thee.

And we praise thy name for ever : yea, for ever and ever.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day, to keep us without sin.

Have mercy upon us, O Lord; have mercy upon us. Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon

us; as we have trusted in thee.

In thee, O Lord, have I trusted;

PITY, MY GOD.

PITY, my God, 'tis for our loved land,
And for thy Church, we humbly bow in prayer; [band,
'Thy Vicar's captive; break his prison
Try Church's losses, in thy inight repair.
God of mighty power.

God of mighty power, Take thy Vicar's part; Oh, save him in this hour, For Jesus' Sacred Heart.

Our island home, so long enstranged from truth. [throne; Looks up for solace to thy sacred' Light up her faith, that like the

eagle's youth, [shone.
'It be renewed, and shine as once it
Pity, my God, thy Church in other

The Swiss and German seek to break
Oh! may she keep, beneath the
spoilers hands, [befalls.

Her faith to thee, whatever else Pity, my God, on those misguided

Who outrage thee, but know not what they do;

In mercy wait, and draw them back again, [renew. Their faith and love, in sorrow to

let me never be confounded.

MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL.

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat

In depths of burning light.

How dread are thine eternal years
O everlasting Lord!

By prostrate spirits, day and night, Incessantly adored.

How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless

power,
And awful purity.

O how I fear thee, Living God, With deepest, tenderest fears,

With deepest, tenderest fears,

And worship thee with trembling
hope,

And penitential tears. Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,

Almighty as thou art; For thou hast stooped to ask of The love of my poor hears No earthly father loves like thee; No mother half so mild, Bears and forbears as thou hast done

With me thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God. O what a joy it is, [the Name, To think the thoughts, to breathe Earth has no higher bliss.

Father of Jesus, love's reward, What rapture will it be, Prostrate before thy throne to lie And gaze, and gaze on thee.

GOD OF MERCY AND COMPASSION.

GOD of mercy and compassion, Look with pity upon me; Father, let me call thee Father, 'Tis thy child returns to thee.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy, Let me not implore in vain; All my sins I now detest them, Never will I sin again.

By my sins I have deserved Death and endless misery, Hell with all its pains and torments, And for all eternity.

By my sins I have abandoned Right and claim to heaven above; Where the saints rejoice for ever, In a boundless sea of love.

See our Saviour, bleeding, dying.
On the cross of Calvary, [him,
To that cross my sins have nailed
Yet he bleeds and dies for me.

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

Nor because they who love thee not Must burn etermally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me Upon thy cross embrace; For me didst bear the nails and spear,

And manifold disgrace;
And griefs and terments numberless.

And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ, Should I not love thee well? Not for the sake of winning heaven

Not for the sake of winning heaven, Or of escaping hell.

Not with the hope of gaining aught-Nor seeking a reward; But as thyself hast loved me,

O ever-loving Lord.
E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing,
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

I MET THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain, [again; As homeward he carried his lost one I marvelled how gently his burdenhe bore, [adore-And as he passed by me I knelt to

O Shepherd, good Shepherd, thy wounds they are deep,

The wolves have sore hurt thee insaving thy sheep

Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed-

And what is this rent they have made in thy side?

Ah me! how the thorns have entangled thy hair [fair:

And cruelly riven thy forehead so-How feebly thou drawest thy faltering breath,

And lo! on thy face is the paleness of death.

To give thee no longer occasion to mourn.

SAY, O SAY, MY PEOPLE.

SAY, oh say, my people.
Why thus ungrateful prove?
Why repay with coldness,
The ardour of my love?
If I am he who died to save,
Who life-redeeming ransom gave,
Must I complain that all this love
was vain?

When for child did father bear What I for you have borne? When did child to father give, Like you, such cause to mourn? And yet this heart, tho' outraged so, Can nought but fond forgiveness show.

Then come, return, nor all its mercy spurn.

Think not that my heart demands
A sacrifice too great;
It asks of guilty man but love,
And man returns but hate.
Heedful of every passion's nod,
But deaf to me, his Lord and God;
The more I press, he heeds my
voice the less.

Yes, we come, sweet Jesus,
We hearken to thy cail;
And yield thee willing tribute,
Of love, life, freedom—all,
No more the world's deceitful charms
Shall wrest thy children from thy
arms.

Nor Satan win our hearts from thee to sin. JESUS, MY GOD, BEHOLD. TESUS, my God, behold at length

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the time,
When I resolve to turn away from

crime:
O pardon me, Jesus-thy mercy I implore;

I will never more offend thee-ne, never more.

Since my poor soul thy precious blood hath cost,

Suffer it not for ever to be lost. () pardon, &c.

Kneeling in tears, behold me at thy feet: Like Magdalen, forgiveness I entreat

O pardon, &c...
I WAS WANDERING AND WEARY.

I WAS wandering and weary, When my Saviour came unto me; For the ways of sin grew dreary, And the world had ceased to woo me; And I thought I heard him say, As he came along his way,

O silly souls come near me; My sheep should never fear me; I am the Shepherd true!

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought, &c.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw his kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:

And I thought, &c.

He tock me on his shoulder, And tenderly he kissed me; He bade my love be bolder, And said how he had missed me; And I am sure I heard him say, As he went along his way, &c. JESUS, THE ONLY THOUGHT.

JESUS, the only thought of thee, With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far it is to see, And on thy beauty feast.

No sound, no harmony so gay, Can art or music frame; No thoughts can reach, no words can

The sweets of thy blest name.

Jesus, our hope when we repent, Sweet source of all our grace, Sole comfort in our banishment, O! what when face to face?

Jesus! that name inspires my mind With springs of life and light; More than I ask in thee I find, And languish with delight.

No art or eloquence of man Can to the joys of lo e; Only the saints can understand What they in Jesus prove.

Thee, then, I'll seek, retir d apart From world and business free; When these shall knock I'll shut my heart,

And keep it all for thee.

Before the morning light I ll come With Magdalen, to find, In sighs and tears my Jesu's tomb, And there refresh my mind.

My tears upon his grave shall flow, My sighs the garden fill: Then at his feet myself I'll throw, And there I'll seek his will.

Jesus, in thy bless'd steps I'll tread, And walk in all thy ways: I'll never cease to weep and plead, Till I'm restored to grace. MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAISED-

WHEN morning gilds the skies,.
May heart, awaking, cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;

May Jesus Christ be praised.

The sacred minster bell,
It peals o'er hill and dell;
May Jesus Christ be praised...
Oh hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings;
May Jesus Christ be praised...

To thee, my God above,

I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised...
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing

May Jesus Christ be praised.

When you begin the day, Oh never fail to say:

May Jesus Christ be praised.
And at your work repoice,
To sing with heart and voice,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Be this at meals your grace, In every time and place,

May Jesus Christ be praised.
Be this, when day is past,
Of all your thoughts the last,

May Jesus Christ be praised.

To God the Word on high The hosts of angels cry

May Jesus Christ be praised. Let mortals, too, upraise

Their voice in hymns of praise:

May Jesus Christ be praised...

Let earth's wide circle round In joyful notes resound:

May Jesus Christ be praised... Let air, and sea, and sky, From depth to height reply,

May Jesus Christ be praised

JESUS, MY LORD.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All, How can I love thee as I ought?, And how revere this wondrous gift' So far surpassing hope or thought Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore, Oh make us love thee more and more,

Had I but Mary's sinless heart To love thee with, my dearest King, Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing.

Oh see, within a creature's hand The vast Creator deigns to be, Reposing, infant-like, as though On Joseph's arm or Mary's knee.

Thy body, soul, and Godhead, all Oh mystery of love divine, I cannot compass all I have—For all thou hast and art are mine.

Sound, sound his praises higher still, And come, ye angels to our aid; 'Tis God,' tis God, the very God Whose power both man and angels made.

Ring joyfully, ye solemu bells, And wave, O wave ye censers bright, 'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son, And God of God and Light of Light. Oh carth, grow flowers beneath his feet;

And thou, O sun, shine bright this day. [earth, He comes, he comes—O heaven and Our Jesus comes upon his way.

He comes, he comes, the Lord of Hests!

Borne on his throne triumphantly. We see thee, and we know thee, Lord, And yearn to shed our blood for thee. Our hearts leap up; our trembling

Grows fainter still; we can no more

Silence, and let us weep—and die Of very love while we adore. Great Sacrament of love divine, All, all we have, or are, be thine.

SWEET SACRAMENT.

SWEET Sacrament divine, Hid in thy earthly home, Lo! round thy lowly shrine

With suppliant hearts we come.

Jesus, to thee our voice we raise
In songs of love and heartfelt praise,
Sweet Sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of peace,
Dear home of every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease
And sorrows all depart.

Here in thine ear all trustfully We tell our tale of misery, Sweet Sacrament of peace,

Sweet Sacrament of rest, Ark from the ocean's roar, Within thy shelter blest

Soon may we reach the shore.
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves.
Sweet Sacrament of rest.

Sweet Sacrament divine, Earth's light and jubilee, In thy far depths doth shine

Thy Godhead's majesty. Sweet light to shine on us, we pray That earthly joys may fade away, Sweet Sacrament divine.

O JESUS, IT WERE SURELY.

JESUS, it were surely sweet
To sit and listen at thy feet,
With those who in thy life drew near
Thy words of wondrous grace to hear

Yet sweeter far it is to pray
Before thine altar night and day,
And feel the love which bids thee lie
Thus wrapt in holiest mystery.

And it were sweet to walk with thee,
Along the shore of Gallilee;
Or, safe embarked in Peter's boat,
O'er its blue waves with thee to
float.

Yes, Jesus, thou art hidden thus, On this poor earth for love of us; And yet upon thine altar throne, Too oft we leave thee all alone.

Ah! since it is thy chief delight To dwell with us both day and night, Sweet Jesus, make it ours to be Both day and night to stay with thee.

O JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST LORD.

O JESUS, Jesus! dearest Lord!
Forgive me if I say,
For very love thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.

I love thee so, I know not how My transports to control; Thy love is like a burning fire Within my very soul.

O wonderful! that thou shouldst let So vile a heart as mine Love thee with such a love as this, And make so free with thine.

For thou to me art all in all,
My honour and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's
strength.

My soul's eternal health.

What limit is there to thee, love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
Oh! on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

O love of Jesus! blessed love! So will it ever be; Time cannot hold thy wondrous

growth, No, nor eternity. O FLOWERS, O HAPPY FLOWERS.

O FLOWERS, O happy flowers, which day and night So near to my own Jesus silent stay,

And never leave him, till before hissight [away...

sight [away... At length your life in fragrance fades Could I, too, always make my dwelling place

In that dear spot to which your charms you lend,

Oh, what a blessed lot were mine?
what grace! | end .
Close to my truest Life, my life to

O lights, O happy lights, which burn away [claim, The presence of our Jesus to pro-Ah, could I see my heart become oneday, [flame.]

Like you, all fire of love and burning Then, as you waste away, so would I die [divine;

Like you, consumed with fire of love-Oh how I envy you! how blestwere I [with mine-Could I but change your happy let-

O sacred pyx, thou art more favouredstill, [enclose v:
For thou my love concealed dost here.
What nobler, happier part couldcreature fill? [repose.
In thee the very God deigns to
Ah, were the office but for one brief
day
In this my poor and frozen breast
Then would my heart be melted alf
away, [abode.
Of love and fire become the blest.

But ah! sweet flowers, bright lights, and pyx so blest.

Far, far more fortunate than you am I, [breast, When my beloved comes within my

All loving like a tender lamb to lie; O little palace, dear and bright, And I, poor worm, in this frail Host

receive My God, my All, the God of majesty. Why then not burn-my life why [to me? then not give, Since here my treasure gives himself

Away, like fluttering moth around the light,

My raptured soul, about thy Jesus fly Inflamed with faith and love; and at the sight

Of the beloved ever burn and sigh. And when the hour arrives, and he is thine fabove.

Whose very sight makes paradise Oh, press him to thine heart with tire divine, only love. And say thou wilt but love, love,

O, HAPPY FLOWERS.

HAPPY Flowers! O happy Flowers ! How quietly for hours and hours, In dead of night, in cheerful day, Close to my own dear Lord you stay, Until you gently fade away! O happy Flowers, what would I give In your sweet place all day to live, And then to die, my service o'er, Softly as you do, at His door!

O happy Lights! O happy Lights! Watching my Jesus live-long nights, How close you cluster round his throne,

Dying so meekly one by one, As each its faithful watch has done! Could I with you but take my turn, And burn with love of him, and burn Till love had wasted me like you-Sweet Lights, what better could I do?

O happy Pyx! O happy Pyx, Where Jesus doth his dwelling fix:

Where he, who is the world's true light. Spends all the day, and stays all

night,

Ah, if my heart could only be A little home for him like thee. Such fires my happy soul would move,

I could not help but die of love.

O Pyx, and Lights, and Flowers, but I Through envy of you will not die: Nay, happy things, what will you do, For I am better off than you,

The whole day long, the whole night through, For Jesus gives himself to me,

So sweetly and so utterly, By rights long since I should have died

For love of Jesus crucified.

JESUS, JESUS, COME TO ME.

TESUS, Jesus, come to me. O how much I long for thee, Come, thou of all friends the best. Take possession of my breast.

Comfort my poor soul distressed, Come and dwell within my breast: O, how oft I sigh for thee, Jesus, Jesus, come to me.

Empty is all worldly joy, Ever mixed with some alloy: Give me, my true Soverign Good, Jesus, thy own Flesh and Blood. Comfort, &c.

On the cross three hours for me Thou didst hang in agony; I my heart to thee resign. O what rapture to be thine. Comfort &c.

O JESUS, THROUGH THE WEARY.

O JESUS, through the weary night,

My soul for thee has sighed,
The first sweet beams of morning
light,

With rapture it espied.

CHORUS.

O happiness, all joys above,
What can compare to thee?
The God whom I adore and love,
My Jesus, comes to me.

Jesus appears, my heart it beats
With sorrow and delight;
My bliss my Lord not yet completes,
He does but glad my sight.

Jesus, my love and my delight, May all to thee I give; All—every sacrifice is slight, When I with Jesus live.

WHAT MAPPINESS CAN EQUAL.

WHAT happiness can equal

I've found the object of my love, My Saviour and my Lord divine Is come to me from heaven above, He makes my heart his own abode, His flesh becomes my daily bread; He pours on me his healing blood, And with his life my soul is fed.

My love is mine, and I am his, In me he dwells, in him I live; Where could I taste a purer bliss? What greater boen could Jesus give? O royal banquet, heavenly feast, O flowing fount of life and grace, Where God the giver, man the guest, Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

Dear Jesus, now my heart is thine, O may it never from thee fly; My God, be thou for ever mine, And I thine own eternally. No more, O Satan, thee I fear; O world, thy charms I now despise; For Christ himself is with me here— My joy, my life, my paradise.

AH! WHAT IS THIS ENCHANTING.

A II, what is this enchanting calm.
Which thus with peace my bosom fills,

Which o'er my spirit pours a balm, And through my inmost being thrills?

Is there some seraph hither sent, Diffusing sweetness from his wings; To steep my bosom in content, Unknown, unfelt from earthly things?

No, something purer far must dwell Within this raptur'd soul of mine, 'Tis what no mortal tougue can tell, 'Tis more than heavenly, 'tis divine.

My God, my Jesus, is it it thou Art ravishing my heart with bliss; Thy presence is within me now: Ah, could I ask a boon like this?

Yes, stooping from thy throne above, Thou witt not dwell from man apart; Thy dearest home becomes, through love,

The tabernacle of my heart.

SOUL OF MY SAVIOUR.

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast,

His blessed body be my saving guest; [tide— Blood of my Jesus, bathe me in thy

Wash me, ye waters, streaming from his side.

O cross, O death of Jesus, sooth my fears, [tears; Jesus, O hear my sigh, regard my Oh, hide me in thy wounds; there may I stay
And never, never more be torn away.

Save me, oh, save me, from my deadly foe! [wee.
Call me at death from off my bed of And take me in thy arms to hymn thy praise [endless days.

Among thy saints in heaven thro'
HAIL, JBSUS, HAIL!

HAIL, Jesus, hail! who for my take.

HAIL Jesus, hail! who for my sake, take
Sweet blood from Mary's veins did
And shed it all for me;
O, blessed be my Saviour's blood,
My life, my light, my only good,

To all eternity.
To endless ages let us praise
The precious blood whose price could
raise

The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst
appease,

And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe thereiu.

O sweetest blood, that can implore Pardon of God, and heaven restore, The heaven which sin had lost; While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,

What Jesus shed still intercedes For these who wrong him most.

O, to be sprinkled from the wells Of Christ's own sacred blood excels, Earth's best and highest bliss; The uninsters of wrath divine

Hurt not the happy hearts that shine With those red drops of his.

An! there is joy amid the saints, And hell's despairing courage faints When this sweet song we raise. O, louder then and louder still,

Earth with one mighty chorus fill
The precious blood to praise.

JESUS, GENTLE T SAVIOUR.

JESUS, gentlest Saviour, God of might and power, Thou thyself art dwelling In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold thee; Heaven is all too strait For thy endless glory And thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining Of the farthest star, Thou art ever stretching, Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

As men to their gardens, Go to seek sweet flowers, In our hearts, dear Jesus Seeks them at all hours.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now,
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us, That to heaven shall rise; Sing the song that angels Sing above the skies,

Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord! the chiefest—
Grace to persevere.

O, how can we thank thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.

When our hearts thou leavest,
Worthless tho' they be,
Give them to thy mother
To be kept for thee.

CHORUS.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour! Thou art in us now ; Fill us full of goodness Till our hearts o'er flow.

LAUDASION SALVATOREM.

LAUDA Sion Salvatorem, Lauda Lucem et Pastorem In hymnis et canticis. Quantum potes tautum aude; Quia major omni lande. Nec laudare sufficis.

Laudis thema specialis, Panis vivus et vitalis. Hodie proponitar. Quem in sacræ mensa cænæ. Turbæ fratrum duodenæ, Datum non ambigitur.

Sit laus plena, sit sonora, Sit jucunda, sit decora,

Mentis jubilatio. Dies enim solemnis agitur, In qua mensæ prima recolitur Hujus institutio.

In hac mensa novi Regis, Novum Pascha novæ legis.

Phase vetus terminat. Vetustatem novitas. Umbram fugat veritas,

Noctem lux climinat.

Quod in cœna Christus gessit, Faciendum hoc expressit

In sui memoriam. Docti sacris institutis, Panem, vinum in salutus Consecramus hostium.

Dogma datur Christianis. Quod in carnem transit panis, Et vinum in sanguinem. Quod non capis, quod non vides Animosa firmat fides,

Præter rerum ordinem.

Sub diversis speciebus, Signie tantum, et non rebus. Latent res eximia. Caro cibus, sanguis potus ; Manet tamen Christus totus. Sub utraque specie.

A sumente non concisus. Non confractus, non divisus. Integer accipitur. Sumit unus, sumunt mille: Quantum isti, tantum ille.

Nec sumptus consumitur. Samunt boni, sumunt mali : Sorte tamen inæquali,

Vitæ vel interitus. Mors est malis, vita bonis: Vide paris sumptianis, Quam sit dispar exitus:

Fracto demun sacramento. Ne vacilles, sed memento. Tantun esse sub fragmente. Quantum toto tegitur. Nulla rei tit scissura :

Signi tantum fit fratura Qua nec status, nec statura Signati minuitur.

Ecce panis angelorum, Factus cibus viatorem: Vere panis filiorum,

Non mittendus canibus. In figuris prasignatur. Cum Isaac immolatur. Agnus Pasche deputatur.

Datur Manna patribus.

Bone pastor, panis vere. Jesu nostri misercre; Tu nos pace, nos tuere Tu nos bona fac videre In terra viventium

Tu qui cuncta scis, et vales, Tui nos, pascis hic mortales : Tuos ibi commensales, Coheredes et sodales,

Fac sanctorem civium.

AVE VERUM.

AVE verum Corpus natum, Ex Maria virgine, Vere passum immolatum, In cruce pro homine.

Cujus latus perforatum, Vero fluxit sanguine, Esto nobis pregustatum, Mortis in examine. O clemens, O pie, O dulcis Jesu, Fili Mariæ.

I RISE FROM DREAMS OF TIME.

I RISE from dreams of time,
And an angel guides my feet
To the sacred altar-throne,
Where Jesu's heart doth beat.

The lone lamp softly burns,
And a wondrous silence reigns,
Only with a low still voice
The holy one complains:

"Long, long I've waited here, And thou though heed'st not me, The heart of God's own Son, Beats ever on for thee."

In the womb of Mary meek, In the cradle, on the tree: Heart of pure undying love, It lived, loved, bled for me-

Ever pleading, day and night,
Thou canst not from us part;
O veited and wondrous Son,
O love of sacred heart.

TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING.

TO Jesus' heart all burning With fervent love for men, My heart with fondest yearning Shall raise its joyous strain.

While ages course along,
Blest be with loudest song,
The sacred heart of Jesus
My ev'ry heart and tongue.

O heart for sinners riven
By sheer excess of love,
The spear thro' thee was driven
'Twas sin of mine that drove.

Within the cleft I'll cower Of Jesu's wounded side, In sunshine or in shower Securely there I'll hide.

When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done,
Still, sacred heart, in dying,
I'll say, I'm all thine own.

O SACRED HEART!

Our home lies doep in thee, On earth thou art an exile's rest, In heaven the glory of the blest,

O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart,
Thou fount of contrite tears,
Where'er those living waters flew
New life to sinners they bestow,

O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart,
Our trust is all in thee;
For the earth's night be dark and
drear [near
Thou breathest rest when thou art
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart, When shades of death shall fall, Receive us 'neath thy gentle care, And save us from the tempter's

snare:
O Socred Heart.

O Sacred Heart, Lend exiled children home, Where we may ever rest near thee, In peace and joy eternally, O Sacred Heart.

MY CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

NE thing, my God, I've asked of thee,

It was my childhood's pray'r, And the dark storms have swept my soul

One hope is steadfast there! It is, that I may live for thee, From earth's vain joys apart, And find a home, a resting place, Lord, in thy sacred heart.

Oh, if I knew there was one chord, In this poor heart of mine, That throub'd with vain and sinful love.

And beat not true to thine, I'd break the tie, however dear-

Tho' long the wound might smart, For I would live, and love, and die, Lord, in thy sacred heart.

Then to thy love a captive bind. My soul with fetters strong, For it has borne the sinner's chains. And wept in darkness long.

But now I breathe my childhood's pray'r,

"Keep me from sin apart, Let me abide for evermore, Lord, in thy sacred heart."

JESUS, CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

TESUS, creator of the world, Of all mankind redeemer blest; Frue God of God, in whom we see The father's image clear expressed:

CHORUS.

O Jesus, in thy heart divine. May love for us for ever glow ; For ever mercy to mankind, From that exhaustless fountain flow. Thee, Saviour, love alone constrain'd Fo make our mortal flesh thine own;

And as a second Adam come, For the first Adam to atone.

That selfsame love which made the earth, sky, Which made the sea, the stars and Took pity on our misery, And broke the bondage of our birth. For this thy sacred heart was pierced. And both with blood and water ran: To cleanse us from the stains of guilt.

And be the hope and strength of man. To God the Father and the Son. All praise and power and glory be: With thee, O holy Paraclete, Both now and through eternity.

O. SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

SACRED heart of Jesus, take This sinful heart of mine; The fetters that enslave it break. Till it is wholly thine.

All that I have to thee I give, My hopes, my pains, my fears; Let me in thee and for thee live, Thro' life's remaining years.

O, sacred heart! 'tis thou alone Deserve'st my love-my all ; Then let me for the past atone, Nor e'er my gift recall.

If pains and sorrows should be mine: They were thy portion too : Nor can my heart refuse what thine

Through life's sojournings knew. Each breath, each word, each sigh,

shall rise. To thy dear heart on high: Accept, sweet Lord, the sacrifice. Let me thy victim die.

O, sacred heart! one boon I claim; Hear thou my lowly pray'r :-Let me in thy recess remain, My paradise be there:

For bless'd above all hearts is thine, Heart of undying love! Thy tenderness of love divine Found its true source above!

GLORY BE TO JESUS.

LORY be to Jesus. Who in bitter pains Pour'd for me the life blood From his sacred veins.

CHORUS. Lift ye, then, your voices; Swell the mighty flood : Louder still, and louder, Praise the precious blood.

Grace and life eternal In that blood I find : Blest be his compassion. Infinitely kind.

Bless'd through endless ages Be the precious stream, Which from endless torment Doth the world redeem.

Where the fainting spirit Drinks of life her fill; There, as in a fountain, Laves herself at will.

O the blood of Christ! It soothes the father's ire, Opes the gates of heaven, Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeauce Pleaded to the skies; But the blood of Jesus For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled On our guilty hearts, Satan in confusion Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth, exulting. Wafts its praise on high, Hell with terror trembles, Heav'n is filled with joy.

BENEATH THE OUTWARD FORM. BENEATH the outward form of

bread There is a sacred heart,

The tenderest heart that ever bled. Or felt unkindness' smart.

CHORUS.

'Tis ours, blest sacrament, t' atone For wrongs in thee to Jesus done.

The word of God in flesh had clad Himself in Mary's womb, The heart of Jesus now has made The sacrament its home.

Here then he dwells, and here invites The gentle and the rude To make returns of love-but meets Nought but ingratitude.

Then, brethren of the sacred heart. Be this our single aim, In Jesu's griefs to have a part. And sympathise with him.

LIFE ON EARTH IS ALL A WARFARE.

LIFE on earth is all a warfare, Foes within and foes without. Jesus! Jesus! lo the tempter Flees before that battle shout. In the flerce unceasing combats,

Let our tranquil war-cry be: Omnia pro te Cor Jesu! Heart of Jesus! all for thee!

This will nerve the arm that's weary, This will dry the tear that steals This will soothe the wasting anguish That the heart in secret feels.

Ever in my heart 'twill slumber, Often to my lips 'twill start Omnia pro te Cor Jesu!

All for thee! O sacred heart!

Oh! not thus, not thus 'twas always; Sinful dreams begone, depart, Jesus shed his heart's blood for me, He alone can claim my heart.

God's pure eye that resteth on it, Written in that heart shall see, Omnia pre te Cer Jesu! Heart of Josus, all for thee.

All things, all things, hard and easy, High and low, and bright and dark, Nought too poor for me to offer, Neught toe small for thee to mark

Health and siekness, rest and labour. Jey's keen thrill, and grief's keen smart.

Omnia pre te Cer Jesa ! All for thee, O sacred heart,

All, yes all-I would not pilfer From my holosaust a part, Every thought, word, deed, and feeling,

Every beating of my beart. Thine till death, and then for ever My heart's ear in heaven shall be Omnia pre te Cor Jesu! Heart of Jesus, all for thee.

HEART OF THE HOLY CHILD.

HEART of the hold child, Hide me in thee; Purest and undefil'd, Purify me: Joy of my infant life, Far from evil passions rife, Troubling this world of strife, Keep me with thee.

Sweet child of Bethlehem. Open thine heart; Lessons from Nazareth Deign to impart: Mary and Joseph dear; Let us be to Jesus near; With you, we shall not fear From him to part.

JESUS, TEACH ME HOW TO PRAY. TESUS, teach me how to pray.

Send distractions far away. Sweet hely child:

Let me not be rude or wild. Make me humble, meek, and mild. Pure as angels undefiled. Sweet holy child.

When I work or when I play, Be thou with me through the day, Teach me what to do or say. Sweet hely shild.

Make me love thy mother blest, Safe beneath her care to rest, As a bird within its nest, Sweet holy child.

When the hour of death is night Then may Mary, standing by, Take me in her arms to die. Sweet holy child.

So through all eternity, Will I bless their charity. Who first led my steps to thee, Sweet holy child.

HYME TO THE INFANT JESUS.

H! Infant Jesus, all divine. We consecrate our hearts to thee Oh! make them burn with leve like thine,

Till we in heaven thy face shall see-CHORUS.

Theu art our king, our hearts will be Sweet Jesus, ever true to thee, Yes! true to thee. (Repeat.)

Make us, dear Jesus, like to thee Obedient, gentle, meek, and kind, That so, our little hearts each day. In thine own heart a home may find.

Let every action be for thee, For thee each sorrow and each pain, Suffer not my thoughts to stray, | Nor thee each vict'ry that we gain.

INFANT JESUS.

INFANT Jesus, meek and mild, Look on me a little child, Pity mine and pity me, Suffer me to come to thee.

Heart of Jesus, I adore thee, Heart of Mary, I implore thee, "Heart of Joseph, pure and just, An these three hearts I put my trust.

COME. LITTLE CHILDREN.

COME to Jesus, little children, Come to him this very day; Bend upon your knees before him, He will teach you how to pray.

Come to Jesus, for he loves you, He is so great, so kind, so good, Come to Jesus, he will wash you In his own most precious blood.

Blessed Jesus, lave and cleanse us, Make our little hearts all white; Never take thy spirit from us, Till we love and serve thee right.

SEE, THE INFANT JESUS.

SEE, the Infant Jesus lies
Patient in his manger bed,
No warm clothing covers him,
No soft pillow 'neath his head.

Tears are on his little cheeks, See, he trembles with the cold, All because he waits to bring Wandering lambs, home to his fold.

Little Jesus, I must weep Bitter, bitter tears to see All you suffer, all you bear, In the crib for love of me.

Gentle Jesus, I will try Every day to please you more, Pardon all the past, dear Lord, Since for me such pain you bore. Holy Jesus, make me good, I would be a holy child, Blessed Joseph, pray for me, Pray for me, oh, mother mild.

DEAR LITTLE ONB.

DEAR little one how sweet thousart,
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright, they almost seem to speak,
When Mary's look meets thine!

How faint and feeble is thy cry, Like plaint of harmless dove, When thou dost murmur in thy sleep Of sornow and of love!

When Mary bids thee sleep, thouse sleep'st,

Thou wakest when she calls, Thou art content upon her lap, Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of babes! with what a graces
Thou do'st thy mother's will!
Thine infant fashions will betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes thee in his arms. And smooths thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.

Yes, thou art what thou seesn's to be,

A thing of smiles and tears: Yet thou art God, and heaven and earth

Adore thee with their tears.

Yes! dearest babe, those little hands, That play with Mary's hair The weight of all this weary world. This very moment bear.

Art thou, weak babe, my very God? O I must love thee then, flove Love thee, and yearn to spread the Among forgetful men.

AT LAST THOU ART COME.

T last thou art come, little A Sav our, song, And thine angels fill midnight with Thou art come to us, gentle Creater, Whom they creatures have sigh'd for so long.

CHORUS.

All hall, eternal child, God hardly born an hour, Sweet babe of Bethlehem, Hail, Mary's little one, Hail, Hod's eternal Son, Sweet babe of Bethlehem.

Thou are come to thy beautiful Iface; mother, She half boked on thy marvellous Thou axt come to us, maker of Mary, And she was thy channel of grace.

Thou bast brought with thee plenti-

ful pyr lon, And our calls overflow with delight, Our hands are half broken, dear Jeena.

At the jo, of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for the Saviour,

Art thou come to us, dearest, at last? Oh bless thee, dear joy of thy mother, This is worth all the wearisome past.

Thou art come, thou art come, child of Mary,

Wet we harmy believe thou art come, It seems such a wonder to have thee. New brother, with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us, master and maker. more, Thou wilt stay with us now ever-We will play with thee, beautiful brother. On eternity's inbilant shore.

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND

THE snow lay on the ground, The stars shone bright, When Christ our Lord was born, On Christmas night.

'Twas Mary, daughter pure Of holy Anue, That brought into this world. Our God-made-Man.

She laid him in a stall. At Bethlehem, The ass and oxen shared The roof with them.

Saint Joseph, too, was by To tend the child. To guard him, and protect His mother mild.

The angels hovered round. And sang this song: Venite adore mus Dominum.

And thus that manger poor Became a throne ; For he whom Mary bore, Was God the Son. O come then, let us join

The heav'nly host, To praise the Father, Son. And Holy Ghost.

Venite adoremus Dominum. Venite adoremus Dominum.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

SEE, amid the winter's snow, Born for us on earth below-See the tender lamb appears, Promised from eternal years: Hail, thou ever blessed morn, Hail redemption's happy dawn, Sing through all Jerusalem, Sing the babe of Bethlehem.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo," at the end! of each verse

Lo! within a manger lies He who built the starry skies, He who, throned in height sublime, Sits amid the cherubim. Say, ye holy shepherds, say What your joyful news to-day? Wherefore have ye left your sheep On the lonely mountain steep?" · " As we watched at dead of night, Lo! we saw a wondrous light; Angels singing 'Peace on carth. Told us of our Saviour's birth. Sacred infant, all divine, What a tender love was thine, Thus to come from highest bliss Down to such a world as this. Teach, oh teach us, holy child. By thy face so meek and mild: Teach us to resemble thee In thy sweet humility. Virgin mother, Mary blest! By the joys that fill'd thy breast, Pray for us that we may prove

CHILD'S HYMN.

Worthy of the Saviour's love!

JESUS! on thy mother's breast, How beautiful thou art, Winning with those sweet looks of thine,

The love of my young heart.

O Jesus! on thy mother's breast,
How beautiful thou art;
O, may thy love grow day by day
Within my youthful heart.

The tender light within thine eyes Forbids my soul to fear; And tho' thou art a mighty God, I to thy feet draw near.

The shepherds have before me been Their humble gifts I see; [heads And kings have bow'd their royal Dear little one to thee.

Before thee—can I dare— A little child with empty hands. Approach to thee in prayer? O, dost thou ask me for my heart? Yes, I will give it thee; Alas? that it is not more pure For thy sweet eves to see. O, Mary, give it thou to him, He'll take it for thy sake : A richer gift than this poor heart. O, would that I could make. But I will study, holy child, Thy gentle ways so sweet; And day by day come here to lear Thy love at Mary's feet. With Mary, in my breast I'll lay

I have no costly things to lay

Thy words with loving care, And in the garden of my soul, Sweet blossoms they shall bear. The pain and poverty may blight My life—yet still to thee

My life-yet still te thee
My heart shall turn, and holy childs
Thou shalt my comfort be.

SLEEP, HOLY BADE.

SLEEP, holy babe, Upon thy mother's breast; The Lord of earth, and see, and sky, How sweet it is to see thee lie In such a place of rest; Sleep, holy babe! sleep, holy babes

Sleep, holy-babe;
Thine angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings
Before the incarnate king of kings,
In reverend awe profound.

Sleep, holy babe! sleep, holy babes

Sleep, holy babe; While I will be dry gaze
In joy upon the case awhile,
Upon that be did suite
Which there divinely plays.
Sleep, holy babe! sleep, holy babes

Shen, kole bake; Oh, take the brief repose; The quistly will the slumbers break, And take to lengthen'd pains awake, Which death alone shall close. Shen, hely bake! sleep, hely babe!

The a must those hands
Which now so fair I see,
Three feet so levely and divine,
That Bosh so delicately fine,
to never and rent for me?

Be pierced and rent for me?

Then usast that brow
Its thorny enoun receive;
That check, more lovely than the

rose, [with blows, By decreted with blood and marred That I thereby may live?

4) cruel sin! O cruel sin!

O lady blest!

O lady blest!
To thee I suppliant cry;
Forgive the wrong that I have done,
It causing by my sins thy Son
Upon the cross to die.
I lady blest! O lady blest!

O Jesu, Lord!
By thy sweet childhood's years,
Blat out from their terrific page
My sins of youth and later age,
In these my contrite tears.

O Jesu, Lord! O Jesu, Lord!
So may I sing
Immortal praise to thee,
Who, ence a babe of human birth,
Now reignest Lord of heaven and
earth

Through all eternity. Elemity! Eternity!

THE ANGELS SING.

THE angels sing around the stall Where Jesus cradled lies, The shepherds hear the joyful call That wakes the silent skies;

Hark to the music floating by,
Ere yet its echoes cease!
Poured forth from angel's ministrelsy
Is heard the song of peace.

CHORUS.

Glory give to God on high, Glory give to God on high.

The Eastern Kings the stars have-

They hasten on their way; Long time they've watch'd and waiting been

The dawning of that day;— The dawning of that day of grace, The gleam of Jacob's star, The yirgin's child of Jesse's race,

Whom prophets saw afar.

Glory give to God, &c.

And now they open treasures rare,
Which Indian silks enfold, [air,
Of myrrh, which sweetly scents the

Of frankincense and gold.

Their kingly heads they meekly bow
The cradled babe before.

The cradied babe before,
Their God confess, and kneeling low,
In humble faith adore.

Glory give to God, &c.

With them I come to greet my king,
Yet not with them to part;
No gold, no frankincense I bring,
I offer him my heart.
With him to live, with him to die,
Who, by his lowly birth,
Gave glory to our God on high,
And peace to men on earth.
Glory give to God, &c.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD.

A NGELS we have heard on high.
Sweetly singing o'er our plains;
And the mountains in reply,
Echo still their joyous strains.

Gloria in excelsis Dco.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your rapturous strain prolong?
Say what may the tidings be,

Which inspire your heavenly song?

· Come to Bethlehem, come and see Him whose birth the angels sing; · Come, adore on bended knee, The infant Christ, the new-born king.

See within a manger laid, Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth! Mary, Joseph, lend your aid To celebrate your Saviour's birth.

ONCE IN DAVID'S ROYAL CITY.

ONCE in David's royal city.
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a maiden laid her baby,
With a manger for his bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her only child.

He came down to earth from heaven Who is God and Lord of all, And his shelter was a stall. And his cradle was a stall. With the poor, and mean, and hearly, Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all his wondrous child-

He would kenear and obey; Love and watch the fowly maiden In whose gentle arms he lay. Christian children all must be, Mild, shedient, gued as ke.

For he is our childhood's pattern, Day by day like us he grow; He was little, weak, and helpless, Tears and smiles like us be knew. And he feeleth for our radness, And he shareth in our gladness.

ADESTE FIDELES.

A DESTE Fideles,
Leti triumphantes;
Venite, Venite in Bethlehem;
Natum videte,
Regem angelorum;
Venite skorenus Dominum.

Deum de Deo, Lumen de lumine, Gestant puellæ viscera; Deum verum. Genitum non factum.

Cantet nunc io Chorus angelorum, Cantet nunc aula collestium, Gloria in excelsis Dec.

Ergo qui natus, Die hodierna, Jesu tibi sit gloria: Patris æterni, Verbum caro factum.

YR FAITHFUL, CONR.

YE faithful come, rejeice and sing. To listhlehem your praises bring. Behold the new-born angels' king. Come let us adore the Land.

True God of God, and light of light Born in womb of virgin bright; Begot, not made, the God of might.

Angelic choirs with joy new sing, Th' heavenly courts with ectness ring,

Glory on high to God our ting. Jesus, who life this day tiegan, The Father's co-eternal Sen, Glory to him be ever sung.

HAIL, THOU LIVING BREAD.

HAIL thou living bread of heaven Sacrament of awful might! I adore thee—I adore thee— Every moment, day and night.

Holiest Jesus! heart of Jesus!
O'er me shed thy gifts divine:
Holiest Jesus! my Redeemer!
All my heart and soul are thine.

MITANY HYMN.

BY the blood that flowed from thee In thy bitter agony, By the sharrge so meekly borne, By thy purple robe of scorn—

Jesn, Saviour, hear our cry,
Thou wert suffering once as we;
Hear the loving litany
We, thy children, sing to thet.

By the theras that crowned thy head, By thy acceptre of a reed, By thy footstep, faint and slow, Weighted beneath thy cross of woe.

By thy nails and pointed spear, By thy people's cruel jeer, By thy dying prayer which rose, Begging mercy for thy foes.

By the darkness thick as night Blotting out the sun from sight; By the cry with which in death Thou didst yield thy parting breath.

By the sword that pierced her through.

When in anguish standing by On the cross she saw thee die.

THE RESURECTION.

BY the first bright Easter-day, Whea the stone was rolled away; By the glory round thee shed at thy rising from the dead,—

King of glory, hear our cry;
Make us soon thy joys to see;
Hear the loving litany

We thy children sing to thee.

By thy mother's fond embrace; By her joy to see thy face When all bright and radiant bloom Thee she welcom'd from the tomb.

By the joys of Magdalen, When she saw thee once again, And, entranc'd in rapture sweet, Knelt to kiss thy sacred feet.

By their joy who greeted thee, 'Mid the hills of Galilee; By thy keys of might divine, Vested in St. Peter's line.

By thy parting blessing giv'n As thou didst ascend to heav'n; By the cloud of living light, That receiv'd thee out of sight.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

BY the word to Mary giv'n; By thy first descent from heav'n, By thine infant form so fair, Trembling in the midnight air,—

Babe of Bethlehem, hear our cry; Thou wert helpless once as we; Hear the loving litany

We thy children sing to thee.

By thy poor and lowly lot; By the manger and the grot; By thy little feet and hands Folded fast in swaddling bands.

By the worship shepherds paid, By the gifts that sages made, Gold and myrrh and incense sweet Laid in homage at thy feet.

By St. Joseph's thoughts amaz'd When he first upon thee gaz'd, And his Lord and Maker saw Laid upon a bed of straw.

And oh, more than all the rest, By the joy of Mary's breast, When she, kneeling, first ador'd Thee, her child, and yet her Lord.

CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

BY the name which thou didst take Suffering early for our sake; Name ador'd on bended knee, Name of grace and majesty,—

Child of Mary, hear our cry:
Thou wert little once as we;
Hear the loving litany
We thy children sing to thee

By the joy of Simeon blest, When he claspt thee to his breast By the widow'd Anna's song, l'our'd amid the wondering throng.

By thine angel-bidden flight Into Egypt in the night; By thy home at Herod's death In despised Nazareth.

By thy tender mother's fears, By her many sighs and tears, As she sought thee night and day, Turning back upon her way.

By her wond ring love and awe, In the temple when she saw Thee, her child, so young and fair, Wiser than the wigest there.

O COME AND MOURN.

O COME and mourn with me swhile,

See, Mary, calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her,
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for him
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs,
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

Seven times he spoke seven words of love.

And all three hours his silence cried.

For mercy on the souls of men;

Jesus, our love, is crucified.

Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed;

His failing eyes he strove to guide With mindful love to Mary's face ; Jesus, our love, is crucified.

Come, take thy stand beneath the

And let the blood from out his side, Fall gently on thee, drop by drop, Jesus, our love, is crucified.

O love of God! O sin of man; In this dread act your strength is tried:

And victory remains with love, For he, our love, is crucified.

O'BRWHELMED IN DEPTHS.

O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,

Upon the tree of scorn; Hangs the Redeemer of mankind, With racking anguish torn.

See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend,
See, down his face and neck and
breast

His sacred blood descends.

Hark, with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight;

That cry, it pierced his mother sheart,

And 'whelmed her soul in night.

Come, fall before his cross
Who shed for us his blood;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of

Earth Sears, and to its base Books wildly to and fre; [quake, Tombs burst, seas, rivers, mountains The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light, The suid-day heavens grow pale, The moon, the stars, the universe, Their Maker's death hewail.

Shail man alone be mute?

Come, youth and heary hairs;

Come, rich and poor—come, all mankind.

And bathe those feet in tears.

Jesu, all praise to thee, Our joy and endless rest! [here, Be thou our guide while pilgrims Our crown amidst the blest.

MY JESUS, SAY WHAT WRETCH.

Y Jesus, say what wretch has dar'd.
Thy sacred hands to bind,

And who has dared to buffet so Thy face so meek and kind?

Tis I have thus augrateful been! Yet, Jesus, pity take;

O, spare and pardon me, my Lord, For thy sweet mercy's sake.

My Jesus, who with spittle vile Profanel thy ascred brow, | made and whose unpitying scourge has Thy precious blood to flow?

My Jesus! whose the hands that wove

That cruel thorny crown?.

Who made that hard and heavy cross
Which weighs thy shoulders down?

My Jegun, who has mocked thy thirst With wineger and gall?

The held the nads that pierced thy

And meete the hommer fall?

My Jesus, say, who dared to nail.
Those tender feet of thine?
And whose the arm that raised the-lance

To pierce that heart divine?

And, Mary; who was murdered thus-Thy lov'd and only One? Canst thou forgive the blood-stained. hand

That robb'd thee of thy son?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been To Jesus and to thee; Forgive me for thy Jesus' sake, And pray to him for me.

THE RESURRECTION.

Christians haste your yow to pay Offer ye up your praises meet At the Paschal Victim's feet. For the sheep the lamb hath bled. Sinless in the sinner's stead; Christ the Lord is ris'n on high.

Christ, the victim undefil'd, Man to God hath reconciled; Whilst in strange and awful strife Met together death and life.

Now he lives, no more to die.

Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay
Christ the Lord is risen on high,
Now he lives, no more to die.

Say, O wond'ring Mary, say What thou sawest on the way?
"I beheld, where Christ had lain, Empty tomb and angels twain.
I beheld the glory bright Of the rising Lord of Light;

Christ, my hope, is ris'n again, Now he lives, and lives to reign.

Christ, who once for sinners bled, Now the first-born from the dead.

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Thren'd in endless might and power. Lives and reigns for evermore.

Hail! eternal hope on high, Hail! thou King of victory.

Hail! thou Prince of life ador'd Help and save us, gracious Lord.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

IN breathless silence kneel-In trembling rapture feel-The hour of grace is nigh. Watch for the signal given; Ask for a voice from heaven: The Lord is standing by.

Hush! hush! break not the spell. Jesus is here, our hearts know it well: Kneel! kneel! in love and fear. Jesus is God, and Jesus is here.

Hark to the sound of the sanctuary Telling of love burning for ever, for

ever.

Stir not the silent air E'en by the word of prayer: Breathe not too low a sigh : In your heart's deep recess. Your fears, your hopes, express; Send up speechless cry.

Hush! hush! break not the spell, Jesus is here, our hearts know it well: Kneel! kneel! in love and fear, Jesus is God, and Jesus is here. Hark to the sound of the sanctuary

Telling of love burning for ever, for ever. COME, O CREATOR.

VENI, CREATOR, SPIRITUS. TENI Creator Spiritus. Mentes tuorum visita, Imple superna gratia, Que tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus, Altissimi donum Dei, Fons vivus, ignis, charitas, Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere. Digitus Paterna dextera, Tu rite promissum Patris. Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus, Infunde amorem cordibus: Infirma nostri corporis Wirtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius. Pacemque dones protinus; . Ductore sic to pravio Litemus omne noxium.

COME, O Creator, Spirit blest ! And in our souls take up thy rest; Come, with thy grace and heavenly To fill the hearts which thou hast Great Paraclete! to thee we cry.

O highest gift of God most high! O fount of life! O fire of love! And sweet anoi: ting from above! Thou inthe sevenfold gifts art known The finger of God's hand we own, The promise of the Father thou! Who dost the tongue with pow'r mod est saucium, .wobne

Kindle our senses from above, And make our hearts o'erflow with love;

With patience firm, and virtue high, The weakness of our flesh supply. Far from us drive the foe we dread, And grant us thy true peace instead: So shall we not, with thea for guide, Turn from the path of life aside.

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Per te sciamus da Patrem, Noscamus atque Filium, Teque utriusque Spiritum Credamus omui tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria, Et Filio, qui a mortuis Surcexit, ac Paraclito, In sæculorum sæcula.

Amen.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cælitus,
Lucis tuæ radium.

Veni l'ater pauperum,
Veni dator munerum,
Veni lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hespes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.
O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima,
Tuorum fidelium;
Sine tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum, Riga quod est ardium, Sana quod est saucium, Electe quod est rigidum, Fove quod est frigidum, Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fideibas, In te confidentibus, Sacrum septenarium, Da virtutis meritum, Da salutis exitum, Da perenne gaudium,

Oh may thy grace on us bestow, The Father and the Son to know, And thee through endless times confess'd, Of both th' eternal Spirit blest. All glory while the ages run Be to the Father, and the Son Who rose from death; the same to thee O Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen. COME, HOLY GHOST, SEND DOWN. OME, holy Ghost, send down those beams, Which sweetly flow in silent streams From thy bright throne above. O come, thou Father of the poor, O come, thou source of all our store, Come, fill our hearts with love. O thou, of comforters the best, O thou, the soul's delightful guest-The pilgrim's sweet relief-Thou art true rest in toil and sweat, Refreshment in excess of heat, And solace in our grief. Thrice blessed light, shoot home thy darts. hearts And pierce the centres of their Whose faith aspires to thee; Without thy Godhead nothing can Have any price or worth in man. Nothing can harmless be. Lord, wash our sinful stains away, Water from heaven our barren clay. Our wounds and bruises heal; To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow, Snow, Warm with thy fire our hearts of Our wandering feet recall. Grant to thy faithful, dearest Lord. Whose only hope is thy sure word, The seven gifts of the Spirit: Grant us in life thy helping grace, Grant us at death to see thy face, And endless joys inherit.

O SALUTARIS.

O SALUTARIS hostia,
Que cœli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino, Sit sempiterna gloria: Qui vitam sine termino, Nobis donet in patria.

LITANY OF THE BLE

XRIH eleison, Kyrie eleison
Christe eleison, Christe eleison
Eyrie eleison, Kyrie eleison
Christe audi nos
Ohriste exaudi nos
Pater de ocelis Deus, miserere nobis

Fili-Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis

Spiritus Sancte Deus, miserere nobis Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, miserere nebis

Sancta Maria Sancta Dei Genetrix Sancta Virgo Virginum Mater Christi **M**ater Divina gratia, Mater purissima Mater custissima Mater inviolata Mater intemerata Mater amabilis Mater admirabilis Mater Creatoris Mater Salvatoris Virgo prudentissima Virgo veneranda Virgo predicanda Virgo potens Virgo clemens Virgo fidelis Spesalum justitics Sedes sapientis Causa nostra latitia Vas soi tualo Vas honorable Vas insi no devotionis Ross mystica Turcis Davidica Tarri - sbarnes. Domus aurea Fooderis area Janua cœli Stella matulina

Salus infirmorum

BLEISED VIRGIN. T ORD have mercy upon us

L1 Christ have merey upon us
Lord have merey upon us
Ohrist hear us
Christ graciously hear us
God the Father of heaven, have merey
upon us
God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have
merey upon us
God the Holy Ghost, have mercy upon us
Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy upon us
Holy Mary

Holy Mother of God Holy Virgin of virgins Mother of Christ Mother of divine grace Mother most pure Mother most chaste Mother inviolate Mother undefiled Mother most amiable Mother most admirable Mother of ou. Creator Mother of ou Saviour Most prudent virgin Most venerable virgin Most renowned virgin Most powerful virgin Most merciful virgin Most faithful virgin Mirror of justice Seat of wildom Cause of our joy Spiritual vessel Vessel of honour Vessel of singular devotion Mystical rose Tower of David Tower of ivory House of gold Ark of the Covenant

Health of the nick
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Gate of heaven

Morning star

Christi.

Refugium peccatorum
Consolatrix afflictorum
Auxilium Christianorum
Regina angelorum
Regina partiarcharum
Regina apostolorum
Regina confessorum
Regina virginum
Regina sanctorum omnium
Regina sine labe originali concepta
A 20 1 11.20 12 21

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis Domine

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, exaudi nos Domine. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi.

miserere iobis.

Vo. pro nobis sancta Del Genitrix.

R — digni efficiamur promissionibus

PANGE LINGUA.

PANGE lingua gloriosi, Corporis mysterium, Sanguinisque pretiosi, Quem in mundi pretium; Fructus ventris generosi Rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus Ex intacta Virgine, Et in mundo conversatus Sparso verbi semine, Sui moras incolatus, Miro clausit ordine

In supremæ nocte cænæ,
Recumbus cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus.
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
se dat suis manibus.
Verum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Aldes sufficit.

Refuge of sinners
Comforter of the afflicted
Help of Christians
Queen of angels
Queen of patriarchs
Queen of prophets
Queen of prophets
Queen of martyrs
Queen of martyrs
Queen of confessors
Queen of virgins
Queen of all saints
Queen conceived without original sin

Lamb of Gol, who takest away the sins of

the world, spare us, O Lord. Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, graciously hear us, O Lord. Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy moon us.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.
R. That we may be worthy of the premises of Christ.

TANTUM ERGO.

TANTUM ergo sacramentum, Veneremur cernni; Et antiquum documentum Novo cedat ritui; Præstet fides supplementum Sensuum defectui.

Genitori, Genitoque Laus et jubilatio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque Sit et benedictio: Procedenti ab utroque Compar sit laudatio.

V. Panem de cœlo præstitisti cis. R. Omne delectamentem in se habentem.

A DOREMUS in seternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum.

L AUDATE Dominum omnes gentes: laudate eum omnes populi. Quoniam confirmata est super nes misericordia ejus; et veritas Domina manet in æternum. Gloria Patri. &c.

MONTH OF MARY.

WELCOME to this world of woe
To each pilgrim here below;
Nature's voice on hill and dale;
Bids you, mouth of Mary, hail;
Come, ye children of the spring,
Fair and fragrant flow'rets bring.
Welcome, menth of Mary.

Come, that from your treasures sweet, We may twine a chaplet meet, To be offered at the shrine Of the mother-maid divine;

Of the mother-maid divine; Bring the rose, for in its hue, Mary's ardent love we view.

Mystic rose, the precious name, Mary from the church doth claim; In the lily's silver bells The purity of Mary dwells; In the myrtle's fideless green Mary's constancy is seen.

Month of bright and radiant skies Tribute flowers to greet you rise; Come, for we are wearied here, Till your music greets the ear; Till your rosy fingers fair Scatter perfumes on the air.

We do love you, month most fair, For the precious name you bear; And we hail you with delight, Mary's name sheds lustre bright; Every flow ret seems to say, Mary's is the month of May.

Come, for at your gladsome voice Every creature doth rejoice; Come, for we would garlands twine Around the mother-maiden's shrine; For that virgin's sweetest sake, All your days we festive make.

WE ASSEMBLED HERE TO-DAY.

E assembled here to-day,
Lady of Mount Carmel, pray

That thou would'st by God's blest will:

Guard this flack from every ill; Guide us with thy heavenly light "Morning Star" of radiance bright

CHORUS.

Ave Maria! mother dear.
Smile upon thy children here;
Gentle patron, ever blest,
On thine aid our hopes we rest;
De our advocate on high,
In our home beyond the sky.

With us dwell for evermore,
"Seat of wisdom," we implore!
Now and in the coming days,
When to thee our voice we raise;
When our floral offerings sweet,
We shall bring with reverence uncer-

Churches, schools, and faithful hearts;
Who to us this dower imparts?

Who to us this dower imparts?
Mary, Mary, whose dear name,
Friends without will soon preclaims
Calling her the "Blessed one,"
As the Book of God has done.

Hymns by many a lisping tongue Morn and eve shall here be sung; Here thy praise shall find new birth, When our hearts lie cold in earth; All our future here do we, Mother, dedicate to thee.

Come, and each young soul inspire.
With thy pure and ardent fire;
Lightning us o'er life's dark sea,
To a bright eternity;
Where, a blest and happy band,
We around thy throne shall stand.

PLL SING A HYMN TO MARY.

I'LL sing a hymn to Mary,
The mother of my God;
The virgin of all virgins.
Of David's royal blood.

O teach me, holy Mary. A loving song to frame, When wicked men blasphame thee,

I'll love and bless thy name.

O lily of the valley, O mystic rose, what tree, Or flower, e'en the fairest, Is half so fair as thee.

O let me, though so lowly, Recite my mether's fam;

When wicked men blaspheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.

O noble tower of David, Of gold and ivory, The ark of God's own promise, The gate of heaven to me.

To live, and not to love thee, Would fill my soul with shame; When wicked men blaspheme thee,

I'll love and bless thy name. When troubles dark afflict me. In sorrow and in care;

Thy light doth ever guide me O beauteous morning star.

So I'll be ever ready Thy goodly help to claim, When wicked men blaspheme thee, To love and bless thy name.

The saints are high in glory, With golden crowns so bright; **Bat** brighter far is Mary,

Upon her throne of light. O that which God did give thee.

Let mortal ne'er disclaim; When wicked men blaspheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.

But in the crown of Mary, There lies a wondrous gem, As queen of all the angels,

Which Mary shares with them. "No sin hath e'er defiled thee," So doth our faith proclaim .

When wicked men blasphems thee, I'll leve and bless thy name.

And new, O Virgin Mary, My mother and my queen.

I've sung thy praise-so bless me And keep my heart from sin.

When others peer and mock thee I'll often thick how I,

To shield my morher Mary, Would lay me down and die.

HAIL, VIRGIN, DEAREST MARK

HAIL Virgin! dearest Mary, Our lovely Queen of May; O spetiess, blessed lady! Our lovely Queen of May!

The children humbly bending. Areund thy shrine so dear, With heart and voice ascending, Sweet Mary, hear our prayer!

We'll gather fresh bright flowers To buil our fair Queen's brow; From gay and verdant bewers. We haste to crown thee now.

The rese and lily wreathing, The humble violet fair, To thee their perfumes breathing With sweetness scent the air.

The heliotrops, sweet type of love, And star of Bethlehen too. The lily of the valley. Complete the wreath for you.

And now, our blessed mother li Smile on our festal day; Accept our wreath of flowers, And be our Queen of May.

FAREWELL, SWEET MONTH OF MAY.

FAREWELL, farewell, sweet month of May,

How swift has passed each day; Your flowers fade, but Mary's leve Will never pass away.

Farewell, sweet month that scents the air.

We're grieved that you depart; But Mary's love will stay with us, And dwell within each heart.

Farewell, farewell, sweet month, farewell,

Too soon alas! we part;
But Mary's love will stay with us,
It dwells within each heart.

O MOTHER, WILL IT ALWAYS BE

MOTHER, will it always be,
That every passing year
Shall make thee seem more beautiful,
Shall make thee grow more dear?

And art thou really infinite,
That thou shouldst thus unfold
Fresh glories every feast that comes,
New grandeurs yet untold.

We knew thee to be free from stain As is the sun's white beam; We knew God's mother must be great

Above what we could dream.

We knew thy sorrows and thy joys; We knew thee full of grace; We seemed to know thy very heart, And the look upon thy face.

Yet now it seems we knew thee not; Each feast day we begin To know thee in a truer way, And truer love to win.

O mother! thou art like the life The blessed lead above, Unchangeable, yet growing still In glory and in love.

Thou art, and yet art not, the same; Old things pass not away; Yet thou to-morrow wilt be more Than the Mary of to-day. CHORUS.

How close to God, how full of God, Dear mother, must thou be! For still the more we know of God, The more we think of thee.

ST. CASIMIR'S HYMN.

DAILY, daily, sing to Mary,
Sing, my soul, her praises due
All her feasts, her actions worship
With the heart's devotion true.
Lost in wond'ring contemplations
Be her majesty confess'd;
Call her mother, call her virgin,
Happy mother, virgin blest.

She is mighty to deliver; Call her, trust her lovingly; When the tempest rages round thee, She will calm the troubled ser. Gifts of heaven she has given, Noble lady, to our race; She's the queen who decks her

subjects
With the light of God's own grace

Sing, my tongue, the virgin's trophies,

Who for us her Maker bore, For the curse of old inflicted, Peace and blessing to restore. Sing in songs of praise uncuding Sing the world's unjestic queen; Weary not, nor faint, in telling All the gifts she gives to man.

All my senses, heart, affections, Strive to show her glory forth; Spread abroad the sweet memorials Of the virgin's priceless worth. Where the voice of music thrilling Where the tongue of eloquence, That can ut er hymns beseeming All her matchless excellence?

All our joys do flow from Mary, All then join her praise to sing; Trembling sing the virgin mother, Mother of our Lord and King.

While we sing her awful glory, Far above our fancy's reach, Let our hearts be quick to offer Love the heart alone can teach.

HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

HAIL, Queen of heaven, the ocean star,

Guide of the wand'rer here below, Thrown on life's surge we claim thy care,

Save as from peril and from woe. Mother of Christ, star of the sea, Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

e gentle, chaste, and spotless maid, We sinners make our prayers through thee:

Remind thy Sou that he has paid The price of our iniquity. Virgin most pure, star of the sea, Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears, To thee, blest advocate, we cry; Pity our sorrows, calm our fears, And soothe with hope our misery. Refuge in grief, star of the sea, Pray for the mourner. pray for me.

And while to him who reigns above, In Godhead one, in Persons three, The source of life, of grace, of love, Homage we pay on bended knee, Do thou, brightqueen, star of the sea, Pray for thy children, pray for me.

" AVE MARIA.

A VE Maria,
Star of the sea,
Virgin and mother,
The Lord is with thee.
The gate which was closed
Is open and free,
Ave Meria,

All honour to three, Ave Maria, Star of the sea. Ave Maria.

Light of our day, Help us to banish

All evils away.

Be thou a mother To tend us, and we, Ave Maria,

Will look up to thee, Ave Maria,

Star of the sea.

Ave Maria,
So gentle and pure,
Through this life's journey,
O! guardian secure
Pray that in heaven
Our portion may be,
Ave Maria,
With Jesus and thee,

Ave Maria, Star of the sea.

ALL HAIL, BRIGHT QUEEN.

A LL hail, bright queen, hail mother kind, O Maria.
In thee we life and hope do find:
O Maria.

Praise her, O ye seraphim; Love her, O ye cherubim; We the while on earth shall sing, Salve, salve, salve Regina.

We cry to thee in tears and prayer,.
O Maria;

Look down on us, O virgin fair, O Maria.

And when our exile here is done, .

Then show us to thy blessed Son, O Maria.

Most queenly and most beautiful, O Maria,

Most element and most merciful, O Maria.

AVE MARIS STELLA.

A VE maris stella,
Dei mater alma,
Atque semper virgo,
Feix cœli porta.

Sumens ibud Ave Gabrielis ore, Funda nos in pace, Mutans Evæ nomen.

Salve vincla reis, Profer lumen cacis, Blain mostra pelle, Boun cancta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem, Sumat per te preces, Qui pro nobis natus, Talit esse tuus,

Virgo singularis, Inter omnes mitis, Nos culpis solutus, Mites fac et castos.

Titam presta puram, liter para tutum, Ut videntes Jesum, Semper colletemur.

Sat lans Deo Patri, Saumo Christo decus, Spiritui Sancto, Tribas bonor unus. Amen.

O SANCTISSIMA.

O anctissima, O purissima, Dulcis Virgo Maria! Mater amata, intenerata, Ora, ora pro nobis.

Teta pulchra es, O Maria, E2 macula non est in te, Mater amata, &c.

Sirut lilium inter spina, Sir Maria inter filias,

Mater amata, &c.

HAIL, THOU STAR OF OCEAN.

HAIL, thou star of ocean! Portal of the sky! Ever Virgin mother Of the Lord most high!

Oh! by Gabriel's Ave, Utter'd long ago, Eva's name reversing, Grant us peace below.

Break the captive's fetters; Light on blindness pour, All our ills expelling, Every bliss implore.

Show thyself a mother; Offer him our sighs, Who for us incarnate Did not thee despise.

Virgins of all virgins! To thy shelter take us: Gentlest of the gentle! Chaste and gentle make us.

Still as on we journey, Help our weak endeavour; Till with thee and Jesus We rejoice for ever.

Through the highest heaven, To the Almighty Three, Father, Son, and Spirit, One same glory be. Amen.

O MOST HOLY.

Most holy, O most pure Sweet Virgin Mary, Mother beloved, inviolate, Pray, pray for us.

All beautiful thou art, O Mary, And stain is not in thee.

. Mother beloved, &c.

As the lily amongst thorns, [men...] So Mary amongst the daughters of Mother beloved, &c. HAIL, THOU RESPLENDENT.

HAIL, then resplendent Star That shinest o'er the main; Blest Mother of our God, And ever virgin Queen.

Hail, happy gate of bliss, Greeted by Gabriel's tongue! Negotiate our peace, And cancel Eva's wrong.

Loosen the sinner's bands, All evils drive away: Bring light unto the blind, And for all graces pray.

Exert a mother's care, And us thy children own! To him convey our prayer Who choose to be thy Son.

O pure, O spotless Maid, Whose meekness all surpassed, Our lusts and passions quell, And make us mild and chaste.

Preserve our lives unstained, And guard us on our way, Until we come to thee, To joys that ne'er decay.

Praise to the Father be, With Christ his only Son, And to the Holy Ghost, Thrice blessed Three in One.

STAR OF JACOB.

STAR of Jacob, ever beaming
With a radiance all divine;
Midst the stars of highest heaven,
Glows no purer ray thau thine.

All in stoles of snowy whiteness
Unto thee, the angels sing,
Unto thee the virgin choirs,
Mother of th' eternal King,

Joyful in thy path they scatter Roses white and lilies fair; Yet with thy celestial beauty Rose nor lily may compare. O that this low earth of ours, Answ'ring to th' angelic strain, With thy praises might re-echo, Till the heav'ns replied again.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to thee, O virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

LET US MINGLE.

LET us mingle together
Voices joyful and gay;
Singing hymns to our mother—
Tis her own month of May.

Bring the choicest of flowers, Search the woodland and grove : Wreathe a crown for our Lady, As a pledge of our love.

What are the fast-fading roses. All the lilies that grow? Nothing worthy of Mary Has the whole world to bestow.

Mary asks for a treasure— One that each can impart; Hear, and grant her petition— "Sinner, give me thy heart."

Fairest Star of the Morning! Cheer our hearts with thy light; Pierce the clouds that hang o'er us In the region of night.

Light our path o'er life's ocean, Guide us safe on our way; Hear the prayer of thy client In thy own month of May.

Let us join, then, our voices With the chorus above; Angels singing thy glory— We thy mercy and love.

PERPETUAL SUCCOUR.

Mary, let perpetual succour

Be the answer to our prayer;
For thy Son of all the wretched
Gives to thee perpetual care.

CHORUS.

Ever ready help hast thou, Let thy children feel it now.

Though we try to rise, yet ever
Down in misery we fall;
So, like feeble children, sadly
For our mother's help we call.

Of our passions we are weary, Weary of the yoke of sin; Yet, though longing to be holy, Faint of heart, we ne'er begin.

Let us feel thy help in sorrow;
Mouraers look for joy to thee;
Spurn not God's unhappy creatures,
Whatsoe'er their faults may be.

Succour all, both priest and people, Who to thee their homage pay, Toiling men and praying women, Help them on thy festal day.

MARY, MOTHER OF MERCY.

TOOK down, O mother Mary, From thy bright throne above; Cast down upon thy children One only glance of love.

And if a heart so tender, With pity flow not o'er, Then turn away, O mother, And look on us no more.

See how ingrate and guilty
We stand before thy Son;
His loving Heart reproaches
The evil we have done.

But if thou wilt appease him, Speak for us but one word; Thou only caust obtain us The pardon of our Lord.

Oh Mary, dearest Mother,
If thou wouldst have us live,
Say that we are thy children,
And then he will forgive.

Our sins make us unworthy That title still to bear; But thou art still our mother, Then show a mother's care...

Open to us thy mantle,
There stay we without fear :
What evil can befall us,
If, mother, thou art near?

Oh, sweetest, dearest mother, Thy sinful children save: Look down on us with pity, Who thy protection crave.

MOTHER OF MERCY.

MOTHER of mercy, day by day My love for thee grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,

Like sands upon the great sea shore.

Though poverty and work and woe,

The masters of my life may be

Though poverty and work and woe,
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not
know

Darkness is light with love of thee.

But scornful men have coldly said Thy love was leading me from God; And yet in this I did but tread The very path my Saviour trod.

They know but little of thy worth, Who speak those heartless words tome.

For what did Jesus love on earth One half so tenderly as thee?

Get me the grace to love thee more, Jesus will give if thou wilt plead; And mother, when life's cares are o'er, O'l shall love thee then indeed.

Jesus, when his three hours were run, Bequeathed thee from the cross to me How can I rightly love thy Son, Sweet mother, if I love not thee.

MOTHER OF GOD.

MOTHER of God, my life, my hope, my treasure. [above: Look on thy child, and hear me from Mother of God, what joy, what untold pleasure, fall thy love. Thrill through the soul that thinks on Mary, dear mother, thy love impart, Nothing shall sever thee from my

heart.
Mother of God, my infancy caressing Fondly thine eye watched o'er my cradle bed; [a blessing Mother of God, each moment counts

Which o'er my soul thy watchful love has shed.

Mother of God, my heart o'erwhelm'd with sadness.

Found sweet relief when raised to thee in prayer;

Mother of God, the breath of holy gladness [care Comes to my spirit from thy tender

Angels of heaven, in choir sublime adoring,

Mark this my vow in heaven's bright sphere above:

Mother of God, my grateful heart's outpouring

Is pleaged to thee in everlasting love

Mother of God, if e'er my heart forgetting [me_ The love unceasing that has guarded

Mother of God—oh, then may deep regretting [and thee Recall my soul to the love of God

STAR OF THE SEA.

SWEET mother, turn those gentle

Of pity down on me; Oh hear thy suppliant's tearful cries. My humble prayer do not despise.

Star of the pathless sea.

In dark temptation's dreary bear.
To thee, bright Queen, we flee,
Oh, then exert a mother's power,
When sterms are rough and tempests
Star of the raging sen.

Through all my joys and cases,

sweet maid, May I still look on thee

Who bore the price our rassous paid. And ue'er the suppliant's cry lasth staved:

Star of the azure sea-

And when my last expering sigh.
My soul from earth shall free,
Do thou, bright Queen of Saints,
stand nigh,

And bear it up to God on kigh, Star of the boundless see

MOTHER OF THE WORD.

BLEST mother of the Word divine I come a suppliant to thee, But dare not raise my eyes to three, I've sinnel exceedingly. Often through life I've grieved the

Son, His precepts disobeved:

His blessed will I've selden dene, And from him I have strayed.

Mary, pray for me.

I have, undeed, invoked his name, And promised often to repeat, Yet still, alas! remain the same, On earthly pleasures bent. Yet, mother, I would save my same, And gain eternal life; Exert, in pity, thy control, And stay this inward strife.

Stretch forth, O gracious Oucce, the

And guide me safely on my way. That I may reach that kappy to all Where reigns cternal day.

For all my hopes are placed in thee. | When my eves are closed in sleen. I trust in thee alone: O tender mother, watch o'er me, And bring me to thy Son.

MOTHER OF HELP.

MOTHER of help and beautiful ſstain. L leve, 1 bely virgin conceived without From thy bright throne 'midst the arreels above.

Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain.

Many, we love thee, do thou, mother dear. Teach us our sins our sins to deplore

With thee our help we have nothing to fear.

Drake as love-love thee still more.

Mother of help, thy sweet powers to reign. display. Mever, oh Queen, in our souls cease And all our passions still help to allay;

Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain.

Mother of belp, O dear Mary mild, In leve of Jesus our hearts ever train, Each of us with him embrace as thy child.

Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain. Mother of help, yet this last grace

supply, When, at death's hour, our bright

erown we would gain. In Jesu's arms O grant we may die! Hear, ch hear our suppliant strain.

MAIDEN MOTHER.

FAIDEN mother, meck and mild, imard. O guard thy little child. All men life Offic it be. By best joy to think of thee. CHORES. Sencta Marie, ora pro 🖾 🔻

Through the night my slumbers. keep;

Make my latest thought to be. How to love thy Son and thee.

Teach me when the sunbeam bright-Calls me with its golden light. How my walking thoughts may be Turned to Jesus and to thee.

And oh! teach me through the day. Oft to raise my heart and say: Maiden mother meek and mild! Guard, oh guard thy little child.

Thus, sweet mother, day and night,. Thou shalt guide my steps aright; And my dying words shall be, Virgin Mother, pray for me.

O TENDER MOTHER.

O TENDER mother, virgin fair. As none appeal in vain to thee, With contrite heart, and hambleprayer,

Let this our homage grateful be.

For when through years gone by welook

And pender deeds of mercy o'er. We find inscribed in memory's book. Of thy dear gifts a boundless store.

O let no cloud this glory veil, On which with beaming joy we gaze, As then may now our prayer avail, Accept, O still accept our praise.

HAIL THOU GOOD,

[AIL! thou good and gracious. mother, Virgin brighter than the sun; Crowned with glory which no other Eyes but thine could look upon. Sweeter than the honey glowing, Beauteous above all that's bright, Blooming as the roses blowing, Fairer than the lilies white.

Thou'rt that light whose dazzling glory

Cheers the hearts of all the good;
Thou'rt the church's light that Jesus
Purchased with his sacred blood.
Where's the heart, however troubled
Thou canst not from pain release?
Thou'rt its beaeon, thou'rt its refuge
Queen of clemency and peace.

In our souls, O Queen of Mercy, Every stain of sin destroy; [mourn, Soothe the griefs of those that Morning star of peace and joy. [us, Come, oh come, make haste to heal Sweet the peace thy power imparts; Come and pour the oil of gladness On our weak and troubled hearts,

MARY, MOTHER, SHIELD US.

MARY, mother! shield us through life!

Protect us from the ocean's strife;
Calm the wild sea, bid the tempests
cease;
[peace.
Through thee we reach the shore in

Star of the main, beneath the veil,
Clinging to thee we safely sail.
Calm the wild sea, &c.

O mother dear, O Virgin blest, Our footsteps guide till death's long

rest.

Calm the wild sea, &c.

Sweet Morning Star, when life is o'er, Then land us on th' eternal shore. Calm the wild sea, &c.

O MARY, MY MOTHER.

MARY, my mother, so tender,

so true.
In all my afflictions I hasten to you;
Thy heart is so gentle, so loving, so

mild. [pliant child. Thou cannot reject thy poor sup-O holy Mary, let me come, [home. Son to be happy with thee in thy

O Mary, my mother, I long so to see The glory thy Son has bestowed. upon thee,

That heaven of glory so purely thins. The reward that thy spotless virginity won.

O Mary, my mother, sweet mother most mild, [thy child; Remember how Jesus bequeathed me-Secure me midst dangers from enemies free, [and thee-

And conduct me at death up to Jesus
O Mary, my mother, sweet Mystical

Rose, [blows! The fairest of lilies in Eden that I will live in thy shining, bright star of the sea, [back by thee.]

I will love thee for ever, to be leved TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

MARY,my mother, most lovely, most mild, [lowly child, Look down upon me, your poor weak, From the land of my exile I call upon thee, [on me. Then Mary, my mother, look kindig.

CHORUS,

Then Mary, in pity, look down upon me, [calling on thee. 'Tis the voice of thy child that is

If thou shouldst forsake me, ake where should I go? [of woe; My comfort and hope in this valley When the world and its dangers with terror I view,

Sweet hope comes to cheer me in pointing to you.

In sorrow, in darkness, be still at my side, and my guide; My light and my refuge, my guard. Though snares should surround me, yet why should I fear?

I know I am weak, but my mother is near.

MARY, DEAREST MOTHER.

MARY, dearest mother,
From thy heavenly height,
Look on us thy children,
Lost in earth's dark night.
Chorus ad lib.—Viva Marin, &c.

Mary, purest creature.

Keep us free from sin:

Help us erring mortals

Grace in heaven to win.

Mary, Queen and mother, Get us still more grace; With still greater fervour, How to run our race.

Daughter of the Father, Lady kind and sweet, Lead us to our Father, Leave us at his feet.

Mother of our Saviour,
Joy of God above,
Jesus bade thee keep us
In his fear and love.

Mary, spouse and servant
Of the Holy Ghost,
Keep for him his creatures,
Who would else be lost.

Holy Queen of Angels,
Bid thine angels come
To escort us safely
To our heavenly home.

Bid the saints in heaven
Pray for us their prayers;
They are thine, dear mother,
That thou may'st be theirs.

HOLY MARY, HOLY MOTHER.

HOLY Mary, noisy mother, Holy if thou hadst not been, Surely God had never made thee Of all holy things the Queen. Holy in thy first conception, Sole of Eva's daughters found Free from every stain and sportess, Shrine of Godhead, holy ground.

Sin within that fair enclosure Never dared to raise his throne, For he saw that God, enamoured, Kept thee wholly as his own.

Holy Mary, from thy birth time, Grace replenished every hour; Fair the lily when but budding, Fairer far the blossomed flower.

Vessel prized of God most highly Soon as chosen for his Son, When the Holy One had entered, How enhanced thy glory then.

Had we c'en the tongues of angels, Filled with heavenly eloquence, Yet we could not, as beseems thee, Tell thy peerless excellence.

How can we, then, sing thy praises—We, the heirs of sin and wee?
How perceive thy varied glories,
While we wander here below?

Holy living, holy dying,
When the cleansing flames do try
All of earth that clings around us,
Leaving nought but purity.

Hail, oh hail the hour of glory, Hastened by thy loving aid; When the debt of praises due thee Shall by holy souls be paid.

OH MARY, MOTHER MARY.

OH Mary, mother Mary,
We place our trust in thee;
Our faith shall never vary,
Though weak the flosh may be...
Too oft with steps unwary,
From duty's path we've bent;
Oh Mary, mother Mary,
Teach us to repent.

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The grisly form of terror Now rises on our way; Now more seductive error Would lead our feet astray. Sntan is strong and wary,

Satan is strong and wary, But then wilt crush his might; Oh Mary, mether Mary,

Strengthen us in the fight.

From dangerous occasions
That blind imprudent eyes;
From treacherous persuasions
That point net to the skies;
From mirth tee light and airy,
From thenghts tee sad and deep,
Oh Mary, mether Mary.

Thy little children keep.

Let us remember ever
The presence of the Lord;
To serve him let's endeavour,
In thought, in deed, in word.

As monster or as fairy
Satan may take the field;
But Mary, mother Mary.

Thy name will be our shield.

O MARY, DEAREST MOTHER.

OH MARY, dearest mother!
Of heaven's immortal bowers,
Will you gather for a little child,
A bouquet of sweet flowers?

CHORUS.

I wish my little heart to be A cradle fair and gay, Where my blessed Jesus may repose, On my (first) Communion day.

"My little child I can obtain So bright a wreath for thee, That Jesus will delight to come Within thy heart to be.

The violet of humility
Will yield a sweet perfume;
And Jesus will delight to dwell,
Within thy little room.

But then, remember, my dear chill The flowers that I give, Require a constant watching. Or they will cease to live.

And very often, too, they need The wat'ring of a prayer; And tell me, little daughter, Will you promise to take care?

"Oh mother, dearest mether? You know hew frail I am: A very giddy, thoughtless child.—A weak and helpless lamb.

And oh, if you will but send down.
These precious flowers to me,
I doubt not but, with your good help.
Well watered they will be."

Then Mary from her holy hands,
Those precious flowers sent down.
As bright and pure they were those

That wreathe an angel's crown.

And, like the turtle in its nest,
The blessed Jesus lay;
Oh, that little child was richly blast
On her (first) Communion day.

MOTHER MARY.

MOTHER Mary at thine alter.
We thy little daughters brook
With a faith that cannot falter.
To thy goodness we appeal.
We are seeking for a mother
O'er the carth so waste and wide.
And from his cross our Brooker

Points to Mary by his side.
We have seen thy pictures often.
With thy little babe in arms.
And it ever seemed to soften.
All our sorrows with its change.

So we want thee for our mother, In thy gentle arms to rest, And to share with him, our Brother, That sweet pillow on thy breast.

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Mother Mary! to thy keeping Soul and body we confide; Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping

To be ever at thy side.

Cares that vex us, joys that please us, Life and death we trust to thee; Thou must make them all for Jesus, And for all eternity.

THE YOW IS MADE.

THE vew is made, and we belong to Mary; [love; After her Sou, to her we give our Life is but short to offer in her service; [prove. Even in death our loyal love we'll

The vow is made! we'll break it never.

Mother of God, we are thine for ever The vow is made unto our dearest

mother;

world! we know thy false and

fatal charm;
Yet though our hearts be weak, and
weak our voices. fharm.

Mary can keep us safe from sin and

The yow is made; it is before thine

altar;
And here we give our hearts and some to thee, [them! Mary! retrace thy gentle image on Mary! thine own, O let them ever be

The vow is heard; 'tis heard by God on high, [tones,

Angels have listened to its trembling And sho, their queen, has looked

with eyes benign

On those whom now she as her
children owns.

CHILDREN OF MARY.

THE green boughs meet above our heads,
The sun shines down between;

The summer winds waves to and for The banners of our Queen. Song is the voice of love, never growing weary; [Mary Sing then, for evermore, children &

Of all the joys of loving hearts, No joy can bring such bliss; Of all the triumphs that are ours

No triumph is like this.

We bear with us in crowned state

The image of that Queen
Who far above in heaven's own keels.
Is decked in glorious sheen.

And as we lift our voices up,
We think the while we sing
Of that bright home, the skies above.

Where she is with our King.

O Mother, we can scarcely wait.

To see that sight so fair:

Our pilgrim hearts are wearying.
To go and love thee there.

Think, mother, think of that blest hour

When 'mid the solemn rite, We gave our youthful heart to thee, Our youthful faith did plight.

We give them now, we give them alf.
We pledge them at thy shrine a
For ever keep them true to thee,
For ever make them thine.

O MARY, OUR QUEEN.

MARY, our Queen, we implement thee

Be ever in elemency nigh,
Thy pure hands unfolded before thee
To offer our prayers on high,
Still in our hearts, O Mary,
Cherish the love we bear thee;
O make it grow warmer each breath T
Until thy arms fold us in death.

How sweet'tis in thee thus consuling To Jesus for pardon to run. Who here on our alturs residing. Obeys thee, for still he's thy Son. Each night when devoutly addressing
Onr sighs to thee e'er we repose,
Oh grant, dearest Queen, that thy

blessing

May chasten our eyes ere they close.

And cease not to watch o'er us

sleeping,
That so from all sinful thoughts free,
We may, the night passed in thy
keeping,

Awake, blessing Jesus and thee.

AVE MARIA.

AVE Maria, hear the prayer
Of thy poor helpless child:
Beneath thy sweet maternal care
Preserve me undefiled.

Ave Maria, do I sigh
In deep affliction's hour;
Nor to a suppliant heart deny
Thy meditative power.

Ave Maria! for to thee, Whom God has pleased to choose The mother of his Son to be, No prayer can he refuse.

Ave Maria! then implore
One only grace for me—
This heart to give for evermore,
To God alone and thea.

MARY, HOW SWEETLY.

MARY—how sweetly falls that word
On my enraptured ear;
Oft do I breathe in accents low
That sound, when none are near.
Sing, O my lips, and joyful exclaim
Oh, Mary, how sweet is the mane.

Sweet as the warbling of a bird, Sweet as a mother's voice; So sweet to me is that dear name, It makes my soul rejoice. Bright as the glittering stars appear Bright as the moonbeams shine; So bright in my mind's eye is seen Thy loveliness divine.

Through thee I offer my requests, And when my prayer is doue, In ecstacy sublime I see Thee seated near thy Son.

Thy form before me often comes, When thou wert but a child, With heavenly beauty, and with eyes So serious and mild.

I see thee gathering fragrant flowers To deck God's holy place; And with fond rapture I behold Thy infancy and grace;

But must I view thee as thou art Pleading with earnest prayer For those dear wanderers who claim Thy pity and thy care.

Sweet Lady, wilt thou intercede For me, amongst the rest? Oh wilt thou still those passions wild,

And reign within my breast? VIRGIN BENIGN.

VIRGIN benign, O mother dear Of every heart the joy, May love of thee all doubt and fear, All dread of ill destroy.

For none who in this dreary vale Of want or woe complain, E'er find thy potent succour fail Or call on thee in vain.

Our life's great hope, God's precious gift,

To sinking man thon'rt given His heart from grovelling vice to lift And point the way to heaven.

In infant days, through years of youth,

Though arts of hell assail,

In thy maternal love and truth Our efforts will prevail.

Obtain that through our rising days From God we ne'er depart, And let our guide to all his ways Be thy devoted heart.

O mother, prized beyond all worth, Ineffable and mild, May every pious youth on earth Be e'er thy cherished child.

ROSE OF THE CROSS.

Rose of the cross, oh mystic

I lift my heart to thee. In every melancholy hour, Mary remember me.

A wand'rer here through many a while,
Which few their way can see.

Look on thy children with a smile:

Mary remember me.

Rose of the cross, thou thornless flower!

May I thy follower be;
And when temptation yields its
power.

Mary reinember me.

Teach me for ever to adore
The glorious one in Three,
And while I tremble more and more,
Mary remember me.

Let me but stand where thou hast stood,

Beside the crimson tree,

And by the water and the blood,

Mary remember me.

And when I've gone life's weary way
And earth's no more for me,
Oh then, sweet mother, by me stay:
Mary remember me.

O FLOWER OF GRACE.

FLOW'R of grace! divinest flower,

God's light thy life, God's love thy

That all alone with virgin ray Dost make in heaven eternal May Sweet falls the pearless dignity Of God's eternal choice on thee!

CHORUS.

Mother dearest! mother fairest, Maiden purest! maiden rarest! Help to earth and joy of heavem Love and praise to thee be given, Blissful mother! blissful maiden.

Choicest flower that bloomest on the

Of Jesus, which is now thy rest, As thine was once the chosen bed Of his dear Heart, and sacred Head : O Mary! sweet it is to see Thy Son's creation graced by thee,

O queenly flower; enthroned above, The tropky of Almighty love; Ah me! how he hath hung thee round

With all love-tokens that abound, With God's own light—beyond the reach.

Of angel-songs or mortal speech.

O flower of God! divinest flower, Elected from his immost bower; Where angels come not, there art thou.

A crown of glory on thy brow; While far below, all bright and brave, [wave_

Their gleamy palms the ransomed Yet thou didst bloom on earth at first Iu meckness proved, in sorrow nursed, fearth,

And heaven must own its debt to Sweet flower, for thy surpassing worth;

And socrets, for their Queen's dear soice, [make.]
Our read to thee more smooth shall GREEK ARE THE LEAVES.

GREEN are the leaves, and sweet the tlowers.

And rich the hues of May;
We see them in the gardens round

And market panniers gay;

And e'en among our streets and
lanes.

Ami alleys we descry,

By firful gleams, the fair sunshine The bine transparent sky.

O mother-maid-be thou our aid, Now in the opening year;

Last sights of earth to sin to give

And bring the tempter near.

Green is the grass, but wait awhile, "Livill grow and then 'twill wither; The flow rets, brightly as they smile Will perish altogether;

The merry sun you sure would say

But earth's best joys have all an end, And sin a heavy doom.

Est mother-maid, thou dost not fade
With stars above thy brow,

And the pale moon beneath thy feet, For ever throned art thou.

The green, green grass, the glittering grove,

The heaven's majestic dome, They image forth a tenderer bower,

A more refulgent home.

They tell us of that paradise,

Of everlasting rost.

[fruit]

Of everlasting rest, [fruit, Aud that high tree, all flowers and The aweetest and the best.

Blary, pure and beautiful,
Then art the Queen of May;
Our gardands wear about thy hair

Our gardants wear about thy hair And they will ne'er decay.

EVENING HYMN.

As the dewy shades of even Gather o'er the balmy air, Listen, goutle Queen of Heaven, Listen to my vesper prayer. Holy mother, near me hover, Free my thoughts from aught defil's. With thy wings of mercy cover Save from harm thy helpless child

Thine own sinless heart was broken. Sorrow's sword had pierced it

through;

Give, oh give me some sweet token
Of thy tender love so true.
Queen of Sorrows, guard and
guideLet me to thine arms repair;
In thy tender bosom hide me,
Mary, take me to thy care,

LIKE THE VOICELESS

LIKE the voiceless starlight falling
Thro'the darkness of the night,
Like the silent dewdrops forming
In the cold moon's cloudless light
So there come to hearts in sorrow
Mary's angels dear and bright.

Like the scents of countless blossoms. That are trembling in the air, Like the breaths of gums that perfume

Sandy deserts bleak and bare, Are Our Lady's ceaseless auswers To affliction's lowly prayer.

They are endless, they are countless—Like the leaves upon the trees;
They are healings sweetly hidden,
Like the fragrance in the brocze;
They are spirits to the drooping,
Like the freshness from the seas.

For in Mary's car all sorrow Singeth ever like Section Welcome, mother, are the tempests, Which thou layest with thy calm; Sweet the broken hearts thou healest

With thine own heart's nameless balm.

COME, LET US HERE REPOSE.

Come, let us here repose and

On Mary's face awhile; We wander to and fro all day, And now we want her smile.

The godless look of things without-O how it drives us here, To prize with grateful hearts the

bliss

Of finding Mary near.

The very walls we pass each day, Cry out their impious tale; And blasphemies are heard that make

The stoutest spirit quail.
Oh leave we then the crowded streets
Their poice, and dust, and places

Their noise, and dust, and glare, We've thought, and talked, and sim'd since morn;

We need a moment's prayer.

A prayer breath'd forth will calm the soul,

Faith lifts the veil, and we, Children of Mary, see her star Shine o'er the restless sea. We gaze with faith's rejoicing eye On what seems dark erewhile; Then to the world at home we bear

The brightness of her smile. THE IMAGE OF OUR QUEEN.

THIS is the image of our Queen.
Who reigns in bliss above;
Of her who is the hope of men,
Whom men and angels love.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;

In this thy own sweet month of May, (In all my joy, in all my pain.) Pray thou to God for me.

The sacred homage that we pay
To Mary's image here,
To Mary's self, then on to God,
Ascends the starry sphere.

Most holy Mary, &c, (In my tempations each and all)

Sweet are the flowers we have culled. This image to adorn.

But sweeter far is Mary's self— That rose without a thorn.

Most holy Mary, &c. (When on the bed of death I lie),

Oh Lady, by the star, that make A glory round thy head; And by thy pure uplifted hands, That for thy children plead.

When at the Judgment Seat I stand,

And my dread Saviour see; When hell is raging for my soul. Pray thou to God for me.

O PUREST OF CREATURES.

O PUREST of creatures, sweet mother, sweet maid,
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid:

Dark night hath come down on us, mother, and we

Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Deep night hath come done on this rough-spoken world,

And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurl'd,

And the tempest-tost Church all her eyes are on thee,

They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea

The Church doth what God had first taught her to do;

He looked o'er the world to find hearts that were true;

Through the ages he looked, and he found none but thee,

And he loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

He gazed on thy soul-it was spotless and fair,

For the empire of sin it had never been there;

None had e'er owned thee, dear mother, but he,

And he blest thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Earth gave him one lodging—'twas deep in thy breast—

And God found a home where the sinner finds rest,

His home and his hiding-place both

were in thee,

He was won by thy shining, sweet

Star of the Sea.

O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest

That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast;

For the heaven he left he found

heaven in thee,
And he shone in thy shining, sweet
Star of the Sea.

CONSECRATION TO MARY.

TAKE our hearts, dear mother, Guard them as thine own, Keep them pure and holy, Pleasing God alone.

CHORUS.

Then, bless us, gentle mother, now; This day we give our hearts to thee, O may we ever faithful be.

Tho' we're weak and wayward, Ever prone to ill, Help us, mother dearest, Our promise to fulfil.

And protect us ever From the tempter's snare, Shield us from temptation, 'Neath thy loving care.

MARY IMMACULATE.

O I'LL invoke the heavenly choirs
To tune for me their sweetest
lyres;

I'll call on man to join them too, And praise the gifts of God in you. Song is the voice of love.

Never growing weary, Sing, then, for evermore, Children of Mary,

Immaculate! immaculate!
I'll summon all creation round.

To chorus in the joyful sound;
To chorus in the joyful sound;
And with one mighty voice to greet
Mary conceived immaculate!

Thy God hath done great things in thee,

And marked thee from etornity.

And marked thee from etornity, Thou lovely gem, whose brilliant hae No stain or shadow ever knew.

His sacred ark, unspotted dove, Bless'd object of his fondest love Virgin all pure, with grace replete, Mary, conceived immaculate!

IMMACULATE.

O MOTHER I could weep for mirth.

Joy fills my heart so fast;

My soul to-day is heaven on earth O could the transport last? I think of thee and what thou art.

Thy majesty, thy state,
And I keep singing in my heart
Immaculate! immaculate.

I would rather, mother dear,
Thou shouldst be what thou art
Than sit where thou dost—oh so
near!

Unto the Sacred Heart.

O I would forfeit all for thee, Rather than thou shouldst miss One jewel from thy majesty, One glory from bliss.

O I would die with such a sense, It were but loss to live, If I could die in dear defence

Of this prerogative.

Conceived, conceived immaculate, O what a joy for thee! Conceived, conceived immaculate, O greater joy for me!

Immaculate Conception!—far Above all graces blest! Thou shinest like a royal star On God's eternal breast.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

THE day is o'er, the moon serenley beaming, [drest; In silver light hath field and forest A thousand twinkling stars are gently gleaming,

The world is hush'd, and all is laid to rest.

Hail! full of grace.

Save one, who wakeful in her lonely dwelling,

Of Juda born, a stem of Jesse's rod A virgin pure, all others far excelling, [to God. Uplifts her heart in tranquil prayer

The while she prays behold the silence broken, [her face; She starts, a look of fear o'crspreads

She hears, till then to mortal ears unspoken, Those words of love, "Hail Mary,

Those words of love, "Hail Mary, full of grace."

"Fear not, the Lord is with thee:
thou art called"

The virgin mother of thy God to be:
And many a heart in chains of sin
enthralled [thee.
Shell resound he by Joseph here.

Shall rescued be by Jesus born of

THE VISITATION.

ELIZABETH was wrapt in prayer Her thoughts were turned on high:

high;
But see, there comes a maiden fair,
The Lord of heaven is nigh.

O whence to me this favour done, What salutation's this?

The mother of our Lord is come, My infant shares my bliss.

Then to their God the hosts above
Their adorations paid,
As all inflamed with holy love,

The blessed Virgin said:—

My soul doth magnify the Lord.

My spirit doth rejoice In God, who hath looked down on me. The haudmaid of his choice.

And me henceforth shall all men bless.

For he of holy name, The mighty God hath raised me up, Despite my lowly claim.

His mercy is from age to age,
To those that fear his name;
His arm he hath stretched out in

might, And put the proud to shame.

The great ones he hath thrust aside,
To set up lowliness:

Hath fed the hungry, but the rick Hath left to emptiness.

His servant Israel, the Lord In mercy hath watched o'er, Remembering the words he spoke

To Abraham of Google

Praise to the Father, born of none; With equal love proclaim Our Christ, his co-eternal Son;

And Holy Ghost the same.

WHAT A SEA OF BITTER SORROW.

WHAT a sea of bitter sqrow
Did the soul of Mary toss,
To and fro upon its billows
While she wept her bitter loss;
In her arms her Jesus holding,
Torn but newly from the cross.

Oh that mournful virgiu mother See her tears how fast thy flow Down upon his mangled body, Wounded side, and thorny brow; While his hands and feet she kisses Picture of immortal wee.

Oft and oft his arms and bosom, Fondly straining to her own; Oft her pallid lips imprinting On each wound of her dear Son, Till at last in swoons of anguish Sense and consciousness are gone.

Gentle mother, we beseech thee, By thy tears and troubles sore; By the death of thy dear Offspring, By the bloody wounds he bore, Touch our hearts with that true sorrow

That afflicted him of yore.

STABAT MATER.

STABAT Mater dolorosa, Juxta crucem lacrymosa, Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem, Contristatam, et dolentem, Per transivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta, Fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti!

Quæ mærebat et dolabat, Pia Mater, dum videbat Nati pænæ inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret Matrem Christi si videret In tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari, Christi Matrem contemplari Doleutem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis Vidit Jesum in tormentis, Et dagellis subditum.

STABAT MATER.

PLUNGED in grief the mother stood.

Weeping where the crimsoned wood Held on high her dying Son.

Thro' her soul, whose moanings low Told how grievous was her woe, Sorrow like a sword had gone.

Oh how sad, how sorrow laden, Stood the meek and blessed maiden, God's true mother undefiled.

Trembling, weeping, 'whelmed in woes

Witnessing the dying throes Of her own immortal child.

Who is he who would not weep, Could he know what anguish deep Pierced the mother of our Lord?

Who from sorrow could refrain, Gazing on that mother's pain Weeping with her Son adored?

She beheld the torments sore, He for his own people bore, Bow'd beneath the scourging dread Tidit saum dulcem Natum Moriendo desolatum, Dum emisit spiritum.

Ein Mater, fons amoris, Me sentire vim doloris Fac, ut tecum lugeam:

Fac ut ardeat cor meum In amando Christum Deum, Ut sibi complaceam

Sancta Mater, istud agas, Crucifixi fige plagas Cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati, Tam digniti pro me pati, Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere, Crucifixo condolere, Donex ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare Et me tibi sociare In planetu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara, Mihi jam non sis amara, Fac me tecum piangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem Passionis fac consortem, Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari, Fac me cruce inebriari, Et cruore Filii.

Inflammatus ac accensus Per te, Virgo, sim defensus In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri Morte Christi præmuniri Confoveri gratia.

Christi, cum sit hinc exire, Da per Matrem me venire Ad palmam victoriæ. She beheld her only-born Death-struck, utterly forlorn, When his parting spirit fled.

Come, O mother, love's sweet spring: Let me share thy sorrowing Let my tears unite with thine.

Let my heart be all on fire, Stiff to seek with fond desire, Christ, my God, my Love divine.

Holy mother, this impart, Deeply print upon my heart All the wounds my Saviour bore.

Let me share his pains with thee, Who so tenderly for me, Deigned his Sacred Blood to pour-

Let our tears in mingling tide, Flow for Jesus crucified, Till life cease within my breast.

By the cross to take my station, Sharing thy sweet lamentation, This is my most fond request.

Holiest of the virgin train, Do not thou my prayer disdain: Come and share thy griefs with me.

Let me trace his sufferings o'er, Bear the very death he bore, When they nailed him on the tree-

Feel his wounds within my heart, In his chalice take my part, All for love of thy dear Son.

Wrapt in flames of love divine, Keep me still, O mother mine, When the judgment day draws on-

May his cross be my defence, And his death my confidence, Nursed by his sweet charity.

Lord, when these my days are dong. Let thy mother lead me on To the palm of victory.

·Quando corpus morietur Fac ut animæ donetur Paradisi gloria—Amen. When this mortal body dies, May my soul to heaven uprise Glorified and blest by thee.—An

THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

HAIL, thou virgin mother Of our Lord and King! From the angel's ave All our blessings spring.

By thy loving visit
To thy cousin dear,
Our cold hearts inflame with
Charity sincere.

See the God of heaven
In a manger laid!
To be poor like Jesus,
Who should be afraid?

Jesus is presented
By his mother blest;
Simeon in rapture
Clasps him to his breast,

Mary in the Temple Finds her dear lost Child; Like her let us seek him, Wisdom undefiled.

THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

In the garden, prostrate lying, For my sins in anguish sighing Jesus bleeds at every pore.

On his back now fall their scourges, Lash on lash their hatred urges; For me five thousand stripes he bore. With a wreath of thouse they

With a wreath of thorns they crowned him, And a purple robe threw round him For sceptre handing him a reed.

-Jesus with his cross now loaded, Thro' Jerusalem is goaded, Simon helps him in his need. On the cross, with blood all stressing,
Jesus hangs, the world redeeming.
Bleeds and dies for guilty man.

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

THE Lord is truly risen, Acknowledge him thy King; Proclaim his glorious triumph, And Alleluia sing.

Proclaim his glorious triumph, And Allcluin sing, Amid angelic choirs, And saints of every land, Jesus ascends to heaven,

Our God at God's right hand. Thou who in tongues of fire, Didst on the apostles rest, Enkindle, Holy Spirit, Thy love within my breast. Who, from this vale of tears, Now soars above the sky? "Tis Mary, Queen of Heaven, Mother of God most high. The roses on thy crown,

The stars and sun outshine:
Yet wilt thou, gracious Lady,
Accept this wreath of mine?
THE ASSUMPTION.

Sing, ye angel-bands, All beautiful and bright; For higher still and higher, Through fields of starry light, Mary, your Queen ascends, Like the sweet moon at night.

See! see! the Eternal Hands

Put on her radiant crown, And the sweet majesty Of mercy sitteth down, For ever and for ever, On her predestined throne. On earth hath never been, And save the throne of God, Your heavens have never seen A wonder half so bright As your ascending Queen. O happy angels! look, How beautiful she is; See! Jesus bears her up, Her hand is locked in his; O who can tell the height

A fairer flower than she

And shall I lose thee, then,
Lose my sweet right to thee?
Ah, no! the angels' Queen
Man's mother still will be;
And thou upon thy throne
Wilt keep thy love for me.

af that fair mother's bliss.

HEART OF MARY.

OH! how the heart of Mary burns,
Unitr'd, unchang'd, in love it turns
With ecaseless breathings of desire,
Towards Jesu's Heart, its sacred fire.

O Mary, be this heart our stay, Till death shall call our songs away; From this! rail dust whene'er we part, Hide us, O Mary, in thy heart. The chains of love which Jesus threw

Around his heart, bound Mary's too;
Living by love, both breathe the same
Umchang'd, unconquerable flame.
Heart of the best of mothers, hear
'The voice of thy poor suppliant's prayer;

Examt to our hearts, O Heart divine, Some portion of that love of thine. Through that pure heart where thou dost

May all their meed of homage send.
To thee, for ages without end.

QUEEN, OF THE VIRGIN CHOIR.

QUEEN of all the virgin choir,
Enthroned above the starry sky!
Thy God was nurtured in thy arms
and thou did'st hush his infant cry.

Ave Maria, gratia plena.

What man hath lost in hapless Eve, Thy mered womb to man restores; Thou to the wretched here beneath Hast open'd heaven's eternal doors. Ave Maria, gratia plena.

Hail, O refulgent hall of light! Hail, gate sublims of heaven's high King-Through thee, redeemed to endless life, Thy praise let all the nations sing,

Ave Maria, gratia plena.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghout eternally.

And Holy Ghost eternally, Ave Maria, gratia plena.

ASSUMPTION.

TAKE upward flight, with great delight.
Do not delay the angels gay;
They wait for thee, in ecatasy;
O mother-maid ascend, they wait.

All, all is joy; no longer now Does sorrows dart transfix thy heart; Earth's former day has passed away; Ascend on high, beyond the sky.

The prophets say, now comes the day That we shall see the Virgin Queen; A mother maid, as we have said, From Jesse's sprout, from David's house.

The angels' choir now all admire God's mother dear, approaching near; None e'er hath seen so great a Queen, What beauty rare, how spotless fair,

My daughter, come, embrace thy Son, Is the sweet word of her dear Lord; Thon shalt now reign a royal Queen: Behold the heavens to thee are given.

GLORIOUS ADVOCATE.

CLORIOUS Advocate, heavenly Queen Tenderest of mothers, Virgin most mild,

Pray for the souls that are wandering below Broken with sorrow, with sin all defiled. Gause of our gladness, mother of God, Filling the heavens with joy from thy birth. Pray for the mourners who turn to theenow.

Mother, forget not thy children on earth.
Lily of Israel, rose within thorns,
Glorious flower of Immaculate bloom
Pray for the sinners whose refuge thou art
Save us, oh I save us from our terrible doom.

Virgin most powerful, Mother of Christ, Mistress and Queen of his merciful Heart, Pray at the hour of their death for thine

Stand by their side, force their focs to depart.

FOR THE HOLY SOULS.

O TUICN to Jesus, Mother! turn, And call him by his tenderest names. Pray for the holy souls that burn This hour amid the cleansing damos.

Ah! they have fought a gallant fight, In death's cold arms they persevered; And after life's uncheery night, The harbour of their rest is neared.

In pains beyond all earthly pains, Favourites of Jesus, there they lie, Letting the fire wear out their stains, And worshipping God's purity.

They are the children of thy tears; Then hasten, Mother! to their aid: In pity think each hour appears An age while glory is delayed,

Ah me! the love of Jesus yearns
O'er that abyss of sacred pain;
And as he looks, his bosom burns
With Oalvary's dear thirst again.

O Mary, let thy Son no more His lingering spouses thus expect; God's children to their God restore, And to the Spirit his elect.

Pray then as thou hast ever prayed; Angels and souls all look to thee; God waits thy prayers, for he hath made Those prayers his laws of charity.

THE WAITING SOULS.

THEY are waiting for our petitions,

Their lips no prayer can utter

No supplicant pealm;
We have made them all too weary
With long delay;

For the souls in their still agony Good Christian pray.

Requiescant in pace.

For the souls thou holdest dearest, Let prayers arise, The voice of love is mighty And will pierce the skies. Waste not in selfish weeping
One precious day,
But speeding thy love to heaven,
Good Christian, pray.

For the soul by all forgotten, Even its own,

By its nearest and its dearest, Left all alone.

Whisper a De Profundis.
Or gently lay

Alms in some good beggar's outstretched Good Christian pray.

For the soul that is nearest heaven.
That sees the gate

E'en now ajar, and the light within.

And yet must wait.

Ere the angels come to convey is
In bright array!

For the eager soul so near to jey, Good Christian pray.

The soul that most loved one Lady -

Speed with thy supplications, To its home above; And our mother in benediction.

Her hand will lay, Tenderly on thy bowed-down head. Good Christian pray,

For the love of the Heart of Jesus,
They love it too—
By all sweet home affections

That once they knew;
As thou hopest in thy utmost need
To find thy stay

In the prayers of those who loved the

YE SOULS OF THE FAITHFUL

YE souls of the faithful who sleep in fremark. But as yet are shut out from year fand O would I could lend you assistance to by From your prison below to your polace on high.

O Father of mercies! thine anger withhold These works of thy land in thy most behold;

Too oft from thy path they have wanders
But thee, their Creator, they never desired.

O tryider Redeemer, their misery see; Beliver the souls that were ransomed by thee, (pain

Restore them, restore them to favour again

FULL IN THE PANTING HEART.

FULL in the panting heart of Rome.

Beneath the apostle's crowning dome From pilgrim's lips that kiss the ground, (sound: Breathes in all tongues one only

Breathes in all tongues one only "God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

The golden roof, the marble walls, The Vatican's majestic halls, The note redouble, till it fills With echoes sweet the seven hills, "God bless," &c.

Then surging through each hallowed gate, Where martyrs' glory in peace await

It sweeps beyond the solemn plain, Peals over Alps, across the main. "God bless," &c.

From torrid South to frozen North
That wave harmonious stretches
forth; [Rome's

Tet strikes no chord more true to Than rings within our hearts and homes; "God bless," &c.

For like the sparks of unseen fire That speak along the magic wire. From home to home, from heart to heart, (dart: These words of countless children

"God bless," &c.
HOLY FAMILY.

APPY we, who thus united,
Join in cheerful melody,
Praising Jesus, Mary, Joseph,

In the "Holy Kamily."

Jesus, Mary, Josepa, help us,
That we ever true may be,
To the promises that bind us
To the "Holy Family."

Jesus, whose Almighty bidding
All created things fulfil,
Lives on earth in meek subjection

To His carthly parents' will,

Sweetest Infant: make us patient, And obedient for thy sake: Teach us to be chaste and gentle, All our stormy passions breaker

Mary! thou alone were chosen
To be mother of thy Lord:
Thou did'st guide the early footsteps

Of the great Incarnate Word,
Dearest Mother! make us humble,
For thy Son will take his rest,

For thy Son will take his rest, In the poor and lowly dwelling Of an humble sinner's breast.

Joseph! thou wert called the Father Of thy Maker and thy Lord, Thine it was to save thy Saviour From the cruel Herod's sword.

rom the cruel Herod's sword.

Suffer us to call thee Father,
Show to us a father's love;
Lead us safe through every danger—
Till we meet in heaven above.

HAIL, HOLY JOSEPH.

HAIL, holy Joseph, hail! Husband of Mary, hail! Chaste as the lily flow'r In Eden's peaceful vale. Hail, holy Joseph, hail!

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! Father of Christ esteemed; Father, be thou to those Thy Foster Son redeem'd.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! Prince of the house of God, May his best graces be By thy sweet hands bestowed.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! Comrade of angels, hail! Cheer thou the hearts that faint, And guide the steps that fail.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! God's choice wert then alone; To thee the Word made flesh Was subject as a Son.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail! Teach us our flesh to tame; And Mary, keep the hearts That loye St. Joseph's name.

Mother of Jesus, bless, And bless, ye saints on high, All meek and simple souls That to St. Joseph cry.

ST. JOSEPH.

TITHERE are many saints above Who love us with true love; Many angels ever nigh; But, Joseph, mone there be, Dh! none that love like thee. Dearest of saints be near us when we die.

Thou wert Mary's carthly guide. For ever at her side; Oh, for her make, hear our cry; For we follow in the way, Loving Mary as we may— .Sadly o'er the desert sands, Into Egypt's darksome lands, As an exile didst thou fly; And we are exiles too. With a world to travel through. When thy gentle years were run On the bosom of thy Son, Like an infant didst thou lie. Wh, by thy happy death, In the tranquil Nazareth.

SAINT JOSEPH.

SAINT Joseph, I have never loved A saint as I love thee; Whence hast thou caught that lovely That preaches so to me? Sermon and prayer thy statue is. And music to the eye-Song to the soul, a song that sings Of sweetest purity.

A blessing on thy name, dear saint! Blessings from young and old.

For thy sweet prayer has gained for Grace and gifts untold. If ever there were poor man's sais That very saint art thou! If ever time were fit for thee. Dear saint, the time is now.

Saint of the overworked and peer_ Saint of the sad and gay. Jesus and Mary be with those Who keep to thy true way. O bless us. Joseph, saint most dear Thy loving children bless, [he

And gain for those who seek the The gift of holiness.

PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

EAR husband of Mary, dear nurse of her child. Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild: Bleak sands are all round us. home can we see Sweet spouse of our Lady, we

upon thec. For thou to the pilgrim art father and guide,

And Jesus and Mary felt safe by should I be thy side; Oh, blessed St. Joseph how rafe Sweet spouse of our Lady if the wert with me.

O blessed St. Joseph, how great was thy worth

The one chosen shadow of Ged upou earth thou 🛰 The father of Jesus; ah, then will Sweet spouse of our Lady, a father to me?

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary; wilt thou (thee now Forgive a poor exile for choosing

There is no saint in heaven, I honser like thee: (to love mc-Sweet spouse of our Lady, O deigs

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HAIL, GLORIOUS ST. PATRICK.

AIL, glorious St. Patrick, dear
saint of our isle,

The use the proof children bestow a

On us, thy poor children, bestow a sweet smile;

And now thou art high in thy mansions above,

In Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.

Hail, glorious St. Patrick, thy words were once strong

gainst Satan's wiles and a heretic

throng: lot less is thy might where in

heaven thou art,
h, come to our aid, in our battle
take part.

the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,

ear saint, may thy children resist

unto death;

ay their strength be in meekness, in penance, and prayer.

heir banner the cross, which they glory to bear.

y people, now exiles on many a shore, [be no more all love and revere thee till time

the fire thou hast kindled shall

ever burn bright-

its light.

cr bless and defend us in this

we labour and toil amid hard-

ship and strife:

number our hearts shall yet burn,

wherever we roam, God, and St. Patrick, and our

mative home,

ST. DOMINI.

[XOU whe hero-like hast striven For the cause of God and have a superstances.]

Dominic, whose life was given Sinners to recall.

Saint of high and dhuntless spirit, By thy vast unmeasured merit, By thy name which we inherit,

Hear us when we call.

Flower of charity, the fairest Of her lily buds thou bearest, Snow-white as the robe thou wearest Gift from hands divine.

With thy brow of starry splendeur, With thine eyes so mild and tender, Mary's client—truth's defender,

To our prayers incline.

Great apostle, ever claiming Souls for Jesus—by thy naming Mary and her Son proclaiming Mysteries of faith, Still, O Dominic, the preaching, Of those child-like heads is reaching

Child-like hearts, all sweetly teach-Christ's own life and death.

With those Aves, first and plainest Of the Church's prayers, thou rainest Blessing on the earth and gainest Souls whom Jesus made.

Loving father, at thy station Of scraphic contemplation, In each hour of dark temptation Give thy saving aid.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSIST.

HIGH amid the choirs of light Where the highest scraphs soar There the blessed Francis stands, Loving Jesus evermore.

Now no more shall earthly grief Dim his eyes with painful tears; Now no more his spirit sinks 'Neath the weight of earthly fears,

Saintly father, we before thee Wait with weeping, for thy prayers,

Saintly father, oh, remember Those who struggled 'mid earth's cares.

Thou hast fought and thou hast conquer'd.

But for us the fight remains; Speed thee, gentle saint, to help us, Lest we sink beneath our pains.

By thy thirst so deep, so burning For the wounds of Christ, thy Love On our needs one kind glance turning Help us till we come above.

By thy heart, so kind and gentle, By thy tender, thoughtful ways, By thy most unearthly raptures, By thy ecstasics of praise:

By thy weary ceaseless vigils, By thy constant care and strife, Whilst thy body here subduing, Bring us to the land of life.

By our blessed mother Mary, By her heart so dear to thine; Holy father, hear our pleading, To thy children's prayer incline.

We are pining, we are striving, But for thee the strife is o'er; Help us then, most blessed father, Bring us to the golden shore.

There with thee for ever praising God the Father, Spirit, Son; We will sing our joys unending, While the ceaseless ages run.

ST. GEORGE.

A RM! arm! for the struggle approaches,
Prepare for the combat of life;
St. George! be our watchword in battle [strife.
St. George! be our strength in the Great saint, from thy throne of thy splendour,
Look down on thy own chosen isle,

Soon, soon may they share in thy

Who faithfully strive here awhile.

The land of thy love is a desert, Its temples and altars are bare; The finger of death is upon it, The footprints of Satan are there.

Arise in the might of thy power,
And scatter the foes of the Lord;
As the idols of Rome in their
temple [word.
Were crushed at the sound of thy
Oh bring back the faith that we
cherish. [stood
For which thou hast nobly with—
The tortures and racks of the
tyrants, [thy blood.
That faith which thou scaled with

ST. ALBAN.

HAIL, holy martyr! first of this isle (word, Who gave thy life for God and his Favoured in life, and happy in death Pray for thy children unto our Lord

Hail, holy martyr! our patron saint Kind to the stranger, faithful to grace, [reward, Great as the promise, greater the A prophet's recompense thou dock embrace.

This land of saints, as ere it was call'd,

Claims thy protection, pity, and care Before thy altar, humble though it be.

Of heavenly blessings gain us a shore

Hely Saint Alban, zealous thou werk Heedless of riches, honours, and fame,

Pattern of faith, of charity, of hope, Come to our aid invoking thy mace.

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Thine is the end of life's weary cares Be not unmindful of thy children snares. here. Guard and protect us from all our Pray that our faith enliven'd may be Pray that our hope may ever increase Pray that our love may grow more

Thine is the triumph, ours is the fight

and more peace. Till we are called to the kingdom of Holy St. Alban, honour'd and blest, Fain would thy children share thy

reward; way. May all thy glory cheer us on our In ev'ry thought and deed and word.

ST. CHAD.

Ì

HOLY patron, thee saluting, Here we meet with hearts sincere:

Bless'd St. Chad, we all uniting, Call on thee to hear our prayer. CHORUS.

Sweet St. Chad, O holy Bishop, Of our Church the patron kind, Hear thy children, thee imploring, May we thy protection find.

May our fervent prayers ascending, Move thee for our souls to plead; May thy smile of peace descending, Benedictions on us shed.

Make us meck, O make us humble, Make us pure as thou wert pure; Strongest purposes will crumble If we boast and make too sure.

Make us watchful, make us wary, Sin and death are all around; Bring us Jesus, bring us Mary, We shall conquer and be crown'd.

ST. JOHN EVANGELIST. CAINT of the Sacred Heart, Sweet teacher of the word. Partner of Mary's woes, And favourite of thy Lord!

We know not all thy gifts; But this Christ bids us see. That he who so loved all. Found more to love in thee. When the last evening came, Thy head was on his breast, Pillowed on earth, where now In heaven the saints find rest-

Dear saint, I stand far off. With vilest sins opprest; O may I dare, like thee, To lean upon his breast?

His touch could heal the sick. His voice could raise the dead x O that my soul might be Where he allows thy head.

The gifts he gave to thee, He gave thee to impart; And I, too, claim with thee. His mother and his Heart.

O teach me then, dear saint. The secret Christ taught thee; The beatings of his Heart, And how it beat for me.

ST. ALOYSIUS.

EAREST saint, look down from heaven, From thy throne of glory there, On thy children, who are raising Unto thee their song and prayer.

Saint, whose pure young heart was given,

All to God in life's bright morn. Let our hearts all fresh to Jesus By thy loving hands be borne.

Purest saint, with eyes so holy, Never lifted but to God, Keep us mid life's dazzling sunshine In the path thy feet have trod.

Meekest saint, with voice so gentle, Haunt us with its soothing tone;

And in times of doubt and danger Bid the tempter to be gone.

Saint of all who learn the patron, Saint of all who teach the guide, While we teach and while we study Be for ever at our side.

ST. ALOYSIUS.

DEAR saint who on thy natal day To Mary's tender care was giv'n, And did beneath her gentle sway Almost unsinning pass to heaven.

Sweet flower which loved to bloom unknown, [pride A saint 'mid worldly pomp and Who at the footsteps of a throne Knew nought but Jesus crucified.

Blest youth who cast a crown away, To be with Christ despised and poor Teach us to walk our humble way. Content, though little be our store.

Teach us like thee to shrink from sin Like thee to love sweet purity; That we from Mary's heart may win The love she once bestowed on thee.

Thus safe beneath her gentle sway Oh may the grace to us be given To pass from earth some happy day, And join thee in the courts of heav'n

HYMN OF STS. PETER AND PAUL.

T is no earthly summer's ray that sheds around

This golden brightness, crowning all with heavenly light;

A day when Martyrs, Chiefs, Apostles gained a crown, (their sight.

And heaven was opened once and all unto

Two chiefs triumphant, glorious, honoured East and West,

Baint Peter from Bethsaida's town in Is chosen prince of all, and next the twelve is called (sea. 'postle Paul, of birth by Tarsus near the

Fathers of mighty Rome, and keepers of the Keys

Which bind in Heaven, on earth, and so for life or death; (rious,

One by the 'cross on Tiber's shore victo-The sword another gained the martyr's laurel wreath.

Rome, happy Rome, made hely oft by faith and love.

City of martyrs! Thou alone excellest all Earth's best and fairest cities bow to Peter's throne, And empires, nations, peoples far obey his

Prince of Apostles, made the chief and corner stone.

Look down from Heaven and guard thy people here below;

And may he who was called to preach his Saviour's word, (and woe The doctor of the Gentiles soothe our cares

All honour, power, praise to Him above
who reigns (in heaven;
In bliss on high for endless, endless years
One only God, in persons three, the Trinity
For ages adoration be for ever given.

BLEST SPIRITS OF LIGHT.

BLEST spirits of light, ye who have not forsaken

The children of earth, 'tho fallen from bliss O still watch around us, our bosoms awaken (than this.

To thoughts of a world that is brighter

Ah! kindly watch over us, guard and protect us, (bliss. Sweet angels and guide to the mansions of

The lily of innocence fondly we'll cherish, Averting whatever its blossoms may stair; And O, if, tis fading and ready to perish, Restore it, sweet angels, its beauty again.

Then pray for thy children, and guard and defend them.

And ask of our Father, thy Maker that wa May faithfully serve him, may love and adore him.

In heaven, sweet angel, united with thee-

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

DEAR angel, ever at my side, How loving must thou be

2

To leave thy home in heav'n to guide ! A guilty child like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face I see not, though se near : The sweetness of thy seft lew voice I am too deaf to hear.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts Fighting with sin for me: And when my heart loves God I know The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear spirit, I kneel down Morning and night to prayer, Something there is within my heart Which tells me thou art there. Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too, Thy prayer is all for me: But when I sleep, thou sleepest not, But watchest patiently. And thou in life's last hour wilt bring A fresh supply of grace, And afterwards will let me kiss Thy beautiful bright face. Ah me, how lovely they must be Whom God has glorified: Yet one of them, oh sweetest thought Is ever at my side. Then for thy sake, dear angel, now More humble will I be:

But I am weak, and when I fall Oh, weary not of me.

Oh, weary not, but love me still. For Mary's sake, thy Queen; She never tires of me, though I Her worst of sons have been. Then love me, love me, angel dear,

And I will love thee more ; And help me when my soul is cast Upon the eternal shore.

FEAST OF THE ANGELS. IS the feast of our angels, Then let us rejoice; In strains deep and grateful We'll new mise our voice.

In praise of those spirits Of beauty and light, Who stand round the throne Of the God of all might. But gladly they turn From their high place above, To fill unte carth Their fond mission of love. Now lending to catch The fast-falling tear Of the penitent heart Now true and sincere.

O PARADISE.

PARADISH! O Paradise! Who doth not erave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land, Where they that loved are blest?

Where loyal hearts, and true, Stand ever in the light. All rapture through and through. In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Puradise! Wherefore doth death delay; Bright death that is the welcome daws Of our eternal day: O Paradise! O Paradise! 'Tis weary waiting here; I long to be where Jesus is. To feel, to see him near.

O Paradise! O Paradise! I want to sin no more I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spotless shope. O Paradise! O Paradise! I feel 'twill not be long : Patience! I almost think I hear Faint fragments of thy song.

YES, HEAVEN IS THE PRIZE TES, heaven is the prize. My soul shall strive to gain Oue glimpse of Paradise Repays a life of pain. 'Tis heaven ;—'tis heaven ;—yes heaven 🐱 the prize.

Yes, heaven is the prize; My soul, oh think of this; All earthly goods despise, For such a grown of



Yes, heaven is the prize!
When sorrows press around,
Look up beyond the skies
Where hope and strength are found.

Yes, heaven is the prize; Oh, 'tis not hard to gain; He surely wins who tries— For hope can conquer pain.

Yes, heaven is the prize;
The strife will soon be past,
Faint not; but raise your eyes,
And struggle to the last.

Yes, heaven is the prize;
Faith shows the crown to gain,
Hope lights the way and dies—
But love will always reign,

Yes, heaven is the prize;
Too much cannot be given,
And he alone is wise
Who gives up all for heaven.

ARM FOR DEADLY FIGHT.

ARM for deadly fight,
And swear in lasting bonds to bind us;
Raise the cross on high,
Jesus 'is our cry,
With Jesus still the foe shall find us.

The accursed crew have lost their treasure That heavenly bliss which knows no measure.

And reckless now with envy burning, Their fury on cur souls are turning.

The devil, flosh, and world combining, Around our souls their snares are twining; With proffered joys they seek to lure us; O God, our only hope, secure us.

Woe to the man in self confiding, Woe to the man alone abiding Defeat his lot, and bonds unfailing, Eternal death and endless wailing.

Thrice happy he who heavenwards turning Prays while he fights with ardour burning Begs aid from those who here have striven And succour from the Queen of heaven.

Though crafty is the foes contriving, And ruthless his releutless striving, On Got our hope, our strongth relying, We are faith undviry. When the strife is o'er
We shall fear no more
The hatred of our foe infernal:
Strive while yet we may,
Strive but for a day,
The pain is short—the crown eternal.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

PAITH of our Fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeou, fire and sworl
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
When'er we hear that glorious word.
Faith of our Fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark Were still in heart and conscience free; How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee.

Faith of our Father's! Mary's prayers Shall win our country back to thee: And thro'the truth that comes from God, England shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our Fathers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife! And preach thee, too, as love known how, By kindly words and virtuous life.

TO SIN BID ADIEU.

To sin bid adieu;
For sinning is slaying your Jesus anewyes, sin,—sin adien:
To Jesus we'll ever be faithful and true.

Bid cursing adieu:
For cursing is stabbing your Jesus ancw.
False swearing adiou:

Such oaths stain the honour of Jesus and To drink bid adieu; (in your for drunkenness drowneth his friendship

Obscenity adieu :

For this brings on Jesus the scourges ane T Bid slander adien: (anex-

This murders your neighbour, and Jest-

Bid rancour adien: For, hating one only, your love is not tra-

Bid vengeance adien:
Forgive, or no pardon has Jesus for you

Bid stealing adieu: A thief for a tritle sells Jesus anew.

Bid scandal adieus

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